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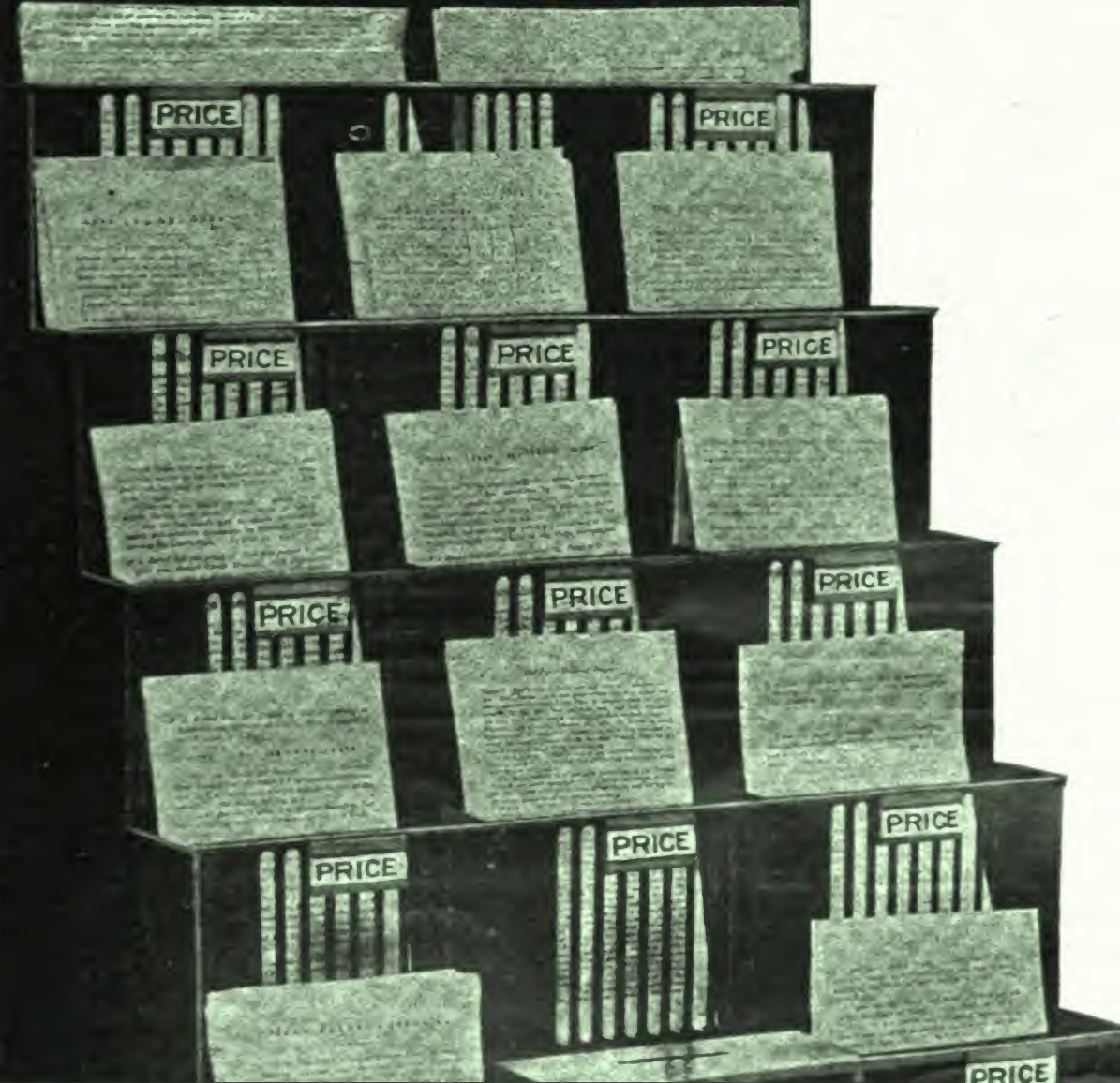
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THE
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THE CARDINAL'S JUBILEE.

1861-1911.

BY EDWARD A. PACE, PH.D.

THE occurrence and the celebration of Cardinal Gibbons' twofold jubilee may well be regarded as notable events in the religious history of 1911. It is not merely the fact that the distinguished jubilarian has spent fifty years in the priesthood, nor even that during this long period he has attained to such high position in the Church; but rather that an occasion which means so much for him personally should have called forth universal congratulation. One might say that it was not the Cardinal alone but the entire country that observed his anniversary—with a heartiness approaching enthusiasm.

For those who share his Catholic faith it is quite natural to rejoice and be thankful that so many years, with fruits so abundant, should have been granted him. But they have further reason for gratification in the fact that their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen were no less eager in paying the Cardinal their tribute of respect and esteem. The public manifestation in his honor in which our leading citizens took part, was characteristic of our national spirit. It showed plainly that whatever be their special beliefs or attitudes towards religion, men of discernment and breadth are able and willing to ap-

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preciate the worth of one whose qualities are the explanation both of his ecclesiastical rank and of his influence for good in the country at large.

The feelings of regard which found expression on this occasion were not suddenly aroused; they have grown steadily through the course of a long career. They are shared by men who have observed closely the trend of events and have helped to make our history. How rapidly it has been made during half a century, what far-reaching changes its record includes, cannot yet be fully realized. The relative importance of each movement that in passing has absorbed much interest and involved much effort, can only be determined by the perspective that will be drawn from some later viewpoint. As to the predominance, likewise, of any one tendency, opinions will probably differ; and it would hardly be correct to say that the changes or happenings of greatest importance have been political or social, economic, scientific or religious. Amid them all, however, as affecting them and as affected by them in turn, the educational movement claims special consideration. It has led to much discussion within its own lines, and it has reached out to the testing of principles which belong with equal or even prior right to different spheres of thought and action. On the other hand, an education undertakes to give a preparation for complete living, it brings into prominence certain standards of value which enable us to decide what service is real, and to see why a given sort of service calls forth general recognition. Controlled as it is by ideals and directed by principles, the educational movement suggests at least one way of determining by what attitudes and aims and courses of action, the needs of our country can be adequately supplied.

What we chiefly want is the American in the true sense, the man who is glad to have the country vouch for him, but is still more anxious to have the country get credit because of him and his doings at home and abroad. It is understood that we must set high standards, and therefore a great deal is said on the platform and put down in the books about the civic ideal. Good citizenship is held forth as the aim for which all should strive, and even as the concrete form of the best morality. The chief purpose of the school and of the vast machinery of education is declared to be the training for

citizenship. And frequently enough it is urged that the main duty of the churches is, or should be, to inculcate those principles on which depend the security of the social structure and the prosperity of the state. In all this there is a certain measure of truth; for it is beyond question that the agencies which educate should keep in view the social and moral welfare of the nation. But the most effectual lesson in this matter is found and given, not in words but in lives that realize the ideal.

The same holds true, in due proportion, of our Catholic position as regards the nature and foundation of citizenship. Once it is understood that morality is the basis of the social relation, it may be further shown without much difficulty that morality itself must have religion for its support. It is well to insist on this conclusion, were it only to show that it is the logical and practical outcome of sound principles. But here again it is both instructive and gratifying to see in an actual example the verification of our claims and the argument of fact in behalf of our theory. And when the example is given with a force and steadfastness that are in keeping with exalted station in the Church, it is all the more convincing and the more likely to secure imitation.

Now imitation, to be genuine, must aim not simply at achievements similar to those which have made others illustrious, but also at reproducing the qualities, the force and purity of character, that are the sources of all true achievement. Care then should be taken to avoid the fallacy that consists in drawing fine pictures and setting them up for general admiration without adopting any effectual means to obtain the appropriate result. It is nowadays quite common to make lengthy discourses upon those who are proposed as models of civic virtue. Their memory is perpetuated in brass and stone and printed page—as though such tributes could dispense us from building the one real monument that their greatness deserves. The child in school is taught to hold their names in benediction, and gradually a calendar is being formed, which year by year, culls out new holidays for patriotic observance. And doubtless this is as it should be; but one naturally asks whether it is consistent to extol these patterns of moral excellence and at the same time exclude morality from education or reduce it to the barest so-called essentials. That imitation is an all-

important factor in the development of character, no one denies, and probably it will be admitted that at present more than at any previous time in our educational history, there is an abundance of copies which the growing mind is invited to follow. And yet it is obvious enough that the imitations discernible in private and in public life are not altogether perfect; they would hardly be mistaken for the originals. This, of course, does not mean that the principle of imitation is to be abandoned; but it does indicate very clearly that if the principle is to yield its full value, a more definite sort of morality must be taught and the methods of teaching must become more effective.

There is a principle of even larger import which is considered as fundamental in determining the aims of education and which, properly interpreted and wisely applied, may be productive of excellent results. Life, we are told, depends upon adaptation to environment. The organism thrives in proportion as it adjusts its activities to the conditions which surround it. Mental development implies an increasing correspondence between thought and reality, and more efficient reaction to the impressions, situations, and opportunities which experience brings. Education, then, is essentially a process of adjustment, and the educated individual invariably shows a power of adaptation. Life itself, in the social and moral sense, no less than in the physical, is vigorous according to the way it meets the demands of environment; and a successful life is one in which the response is complete.

Not only is this principle, generally speaking, an expression of the truth; it moreover condenses to very brief form a number of ideas, each of which is full of significance. It implies, first of all, that the worthy life is no mere passive existence or inert tenure of any position however dignified for a succession of years however prolonged. It means action, attainment, results—not necessarily of the conspicuous sort, nor in the direct line of human appreciation, yet always in the way of developing to the utmost the capacities with which one is endowed, and in turning to the best advantage every occasion that offers. Activity, however, is quite a different thing from the restless, aimless doing that expends itself now in one pursuit now in another, with endless schemes that do not get beyond the beginning or with vain attempts to realize

utopian fancies. Activity to be of any value must be a vital response, must be guided by a clear understanding of the environment, its problems, possibilities, and dangers; and when these are intelligently grasped, it must resolutely face them and, if needs be, oppose them. Adjustment, in other words, is by no means that shifting about as circumstances require which so often involves the surrender of principle. Those who are ready to do, or leave undone, any and every thing, just to get along in the world, are turned and moulded by the spirit of the age or the passing fashion of its thought; they are good illustrations of plasticity, but not of adaptation in the true sense. And the little success that they win at one moment is likely to be spoiled at the next.

Against such passive yielding to outward influences, the vigorous life finds protection in striving for definite purposes. Its action is indeed a response, but in responding it modifies to some extent the forces that are exerted upon it, and thus, in a measure, it shapes anew the environment in view of its own further aims. What the quality of these aims may be, and especially what relation they hold to morality, are questions that do not need to be considered as determining success in the ordinary acceptation of the word. In fact the tendency of many very active people would seem to imply that success is the real standard of values. This unacademic pragmatism has evidently no place in a philosophy of life that takes its guidance from religion. For if morality is opposed to a supine acceptance of the situation, it is equally at variance with the active adjustment that seeks only self or compasses unworthy ends. Religion, on the contrary, demands that the whole process of adaptation be inspired and directed by the highest of purposes. The action which it calls forth must not only be influential, but also and chiefly must be influential for good. To sway public opinion or shape the course of events is one thing; it is something more to lead thought into the way of truth, and action into the path of righteousness. In each case there is evidence of power and in each the result is success; yet the processes are not identical nor the final attainments of equal value.

In one respect, however, the two kinds of adjustment agree. As they presuppose a due consideration of the factors with which they deal, they also exhibit in their dealing a

spirit of forbearance and moderation. Violence is not vitality. Organic development is gradual, going forward unceasingly but without abrupt change or sudden display of energy. The progress of mental life, the normal growth of society, and the safest course of all institutional activity, are characterized by the same gentle steadiness. The adaptation which makes endeavor on any plane successful is patient yet never idle, timely but without haste; and in the very exercise of its power, it gives evidence of greater power held in reserve. When, as the moral order requires, the sense of duty and respect for the rights of the fellowman become dominant factors, and when further these are tempered by breadth of sympathy with whatever is good in others, there results a union of strength and gentleness which marks the true personality.

Thus interpreted, the principle of adjustment, though recent in its formulation, is as old as the Church herself. It is one proof, and not the least striking, of her vitality, that she has adapted her action to the most widely different conditions and to the ceaselessly varying needs of humanity. Favorable or unfavorable as the environment might be, the Church has met it in all times and in all lands with unbending adherence to doctrine and moral principle and yet with a comprehensive charity that makes adequate allowance for the weakness and waywardness of men. Where by yielding, to drift with the current of the time, she might have had a smoother course, she has stood firmly for the teachings of the Gospel; and where it was clear that by modifying her own legislation she might direct human thought and action into safer channels, she has known how to make concessions without sacrifice of what is essential. Thus to each succeeding civilization and to each new form of culture, of scientific acquisition and of social reconstruction, she has adapted her message of truth, presenting it in terms that all might understand yet no whit lessening its import. But such vital adjustment would have been impossible were the Church not fully conscious of her divinely-given mission and of the Spirit of God abiding with her forever. Here is the source of her activity; here, too, the inspiration of her purpose. For amid all the variations of her environment, through all struggle and reverse and interval of peace, she has steadfastly pursued the one aim of leading

men to salvation. The pursuit itself, even where it seemed beset with the worst difficulties, has turned to her advantage. It has proven her loyalty to Christ and her superiority to worldly considerations. It has enriched her with an experience which no other existing organization can claim. Out of conflict even more than from the rarer enjoyment of peace, have arisen her great leaders, the strong-willed pontiffs and bishops who have fought for her rights against the mighty ones of earth. But through it all, and especially when failure seemed imminent, the Church has lived on, patiently yet resolutely striving to make all men sharers in her own indestructible life.

The evidences of this salutary adjustment are written through the history of the Church. They are as clear in the later centuries as in those that went before. And they are nowhere and at no time more obvious than in our own day and our own country. The progress of Catholicism in America, notably during the last fifty years, has illustrated in a remarkable way the power of adaptation which the Church possesses. The larger freedom which she enjoys has permitted her to come into closer contact with the people and to devote her entire energy to the work of religion. Of a necessity also the Church is affected by the countless movements in which the activity of a vigorous national life finds expression. From the problems that grow out of rapidly changing conditions and that involve, in one way or another, the social, moral and religious welfare of the country, the Church may not hold aloof; she is bound not only to recognize them as actual and urgent but also to grapple with them and seek their solution. In a word it may be said that the Church here has a better opportunity than ever before to permeate and quicken the national life in all its phases with her own spiritual energy. And this means that there is very special need of churchmen who shall grasp the situation and profit by the opportunity.

It is important for the Church as well as for the Republic that the foundations of our national institutions be preserved intact. If liberty and individual rights are to mean anything more than resonant vociferation, they must be properly understood. Their obligations, no less than their advantages, must be emphasized and brought home to every citizen. Each and

all must be made to realize that the very fulness of freedom which they enjoy entails duties proportionately serious and manifold, that the discharge of these obligations is no mere optional affair, but that, on the contrary, it is the essential condition on which the perpetuation of liberty depends. To say that society is impossible without law and observance of law, is a truism; to make it a principle of action, the individual must be convinced that the law is for him and that his observance is what social welfare and his own best interest require. If the same jealous zeal were shown in complying with law as appears in making the law and selecting the law-makers, the courts would find their task lightened.

It is just at this point that one may plainly see how indispensable for the common weal is the basic principle of Catholicism considered as a system of government. The element of authority with the corresponding duty of obedience is what gives the Church unity and strength; and it is precisely what is needed to safeguard our free institutions. Where this element is rejected as forming no part of religious belief or organization, it is hard to see what aid the state can logically expect from the spiritual order. Where on the contrary, as in the Church, there is not only a recognition of the principle of authority but a concrete application of it in duly appointed rulers, the whole force of religion is brought to the support of laws that are justly enacted by the state. The hierarchy is thus more than a well-ordered series of honorable positions; it is authority in action; and those who are elevated to its highest ranks are men whose qualification to rule has been well attested by their readiness to obey. From such representatives of an authority that deals with the most vital of all interests, the country may well expect words of counsel and of warning; and their utterance loses none of its force when its key-note is deep concern for the maintenance of our institutions through integrity in all public and private relations.

That morality is an essential requisite for the well-being of any nation, is generally recognized. But too often the mistake is committed of supposing that there can be a genuine morality quite apart from religion, as though one's duties to God were of no consequence so long as other obligations are fulfilled. The inconsistency of such a view is not its worst

feature, for it practically results in weakening the sense of obligation and of responsibility to any authority whatever. It leads to a subjectivism which is even more disastrous in the moral sphere than it is in the sphere of knowledge. Once the individual is persuaded that he is the only arbiter of right and wrong in the matter of his own conduct, he naturally takes it upon himself to decide whether and how far he shall yield obedience to any power; and his decision, in most cases, is the outcome of his personal interests and aims. On this basis he easily severs the bonds that should hold inviolate the social order, both in regard to the community at large and, in particular, the sacred obligations of domestic life.

Without the sanctions of religion it is vain to hope that the family tie or any other will be kept secure by even the most stringent legislation. The confidence that is reposed in public opinion as a corrector of wrongs and abuses is justified no doubt whenever that opinion itself, formed on right principles and in accordance with true standards, is strong enough to prevail and to deal out summary justice to those who defy it. But public opinion is an affair of the general conscience, and when this is blunted or weakened, its protest against wrong-doing must lose its earlier vigor, and dwindle into a passive indifference if not into an outright endorsement of what it should condemn. And since legislation also is so largely affected by public opinion, remedial enactments, if framed at all, will hardly get beyond the page of the statute-book. They will not, at any rate, have the binding force that they would have if they could presuppose on the part of the individual citizen that deeper moral sense which seeks first the kingdom of God and His justice.

Hence arises the problem, in some respects the most serious that confronts the Church in this country—how shall the teachings and practices of the Catholic faith be brought to bear as a vitalizing influence upon the thought and action of all our people. Noting that adjustment in some of its phases has been achieved, as is shown by the growth and prosperous condition of the Church, we have further to ask by what means a complete adjustment is to be attained. The Church must not only continue to exist, but must also increase, putting forth her activity in an ever-widening field, with greater efficiency and more abundant results. Where so many

other agencies have failed and so many movements have come to naught, it yet remains to be seen what vivifying power the Church can exert and through what forms of action it can best be exerted.

The hopeful aspect of the situation is found in certain traits of the national character which under the influence of religion can be developed into the firmest setting and support of the moral and spiritual life. There is a sense of practical utility that can be trained to appreciate the benefits which religion confers and a spirit of generosity that often approaches the sacrifice of self in its efforts for good. The love of independence, wisely guided, can become the source of fearlessness in striving for truth and righteousness, while the tendency to frank and open expression is quite compatible with respect for authority and with heartfelt reverence for all that is justly revered. The eagerness to honor those who promise little and do much, the general contempt for sham and the readiness to denounce evil that is done in high places, are surely qualities which religion can turn to the best account. They do not imply perfection nor justify a boastful self-complacency; but they do encourage such endeavor on the part of the Church as is needed to lift them to a higher plane and to eliminate other less desirable characteristics, not all of which, however, are American in origin or normally assimilated by the best type of our citizens. Even the intense devotion to business and the often censured love of gain cannot do away with the fact that the things of the mind are appreciated and sought after, while material pursuits not rarely convince the winners of success that the intellectual needs of the people are the first that should be supplied.

The interest in education which has thus become as profound as it is widespread, makes new and special demands upon all who seek to better our moral and social conditions, to deepen respect for authority and to place the home on surer foundations. The school has taken up a position of prime importance as the medium through which the country is to be saved. And in consequence, the teacher has advanced to the first rank as a factor in determining what sort of men and women our future citizens shall be. There is indeed a tendency to regard education in a narrow sense as the remedy for all our ills and to dispense with moral and

religious training. But this exaggerated view in no wise diminishes the significance of the school and of the teacher for the welfare of religion; it rather emphasizes the need of insisting on a complete education in which religion with its truths and obligations shall be the central, vitalizing element. The teacher who with kindly skill places the truths of Christianity within reach of the child is doing a blessed work. And the teacher who helps thousands to a better understanding of Catholic belief, removes thereby one of the principal difficulties that the Church and the Catholic school encounter.

There can be no doubt that many people in this country, intelligent and fair-minded in other respects, have very inaccurate and inadequate notions regarding the Church. With an imperfect knowledge of her history they often combine a settled conviction that at some time or times more or less remote she abandoned the doctrine of the earliest days and gradually replaced it with the baseless traditions of men and the complexities of theological systems. It would almost seem that in their judgment the Church had not only grown with the centuries, but also that she had outgrown the original truth of the Gospel and had over-adapted her teaching to the requirements of human speculation. Such misunderstandings, of course, are dealt with at length and the historical truth set forth in numberless books of theology. Non-Catholic scholarship also has made it easy to trace to the primitive Church the doctrines that are held by the Church of to-day. But neither dogmatic treatises nor the fruits of patristic research will come to the knowledge of the many unless they be cast in a form at once simple and attractive. Truth is meant to save men, not to frighten or turn them away. The light falls gently. Hard sayings can be softened by the zeal to win. And charity is certainly a true witness to the faith of our fathers. No other method would avail to meet the needs of our generation, and none could prove more clearly that our Catholic belief has handed on with ever increasing value our Christian heritage.

From the beginning the Church was careful to safeguard the deposit of faith by instructing the people. The earliest Christian schools were mainly devoted to the teaching of religion. When in later ages, the cathedral arose, the school

sprang up at its side and the liberal arts were taught under the eye of the bishop who took a direct and personal interest in the progress of learning. At length came the universities founded by Popes and Prelates with the co-operation of the civil power. About these centers were grouped the religious orders in whose cloisters the classics had been preserved, the Scriptures diligently studied, and the great teachers of the medieval schools prepared for their chief undertaking, the construction of a vast synthesis combining in unity all the elements of knowledge. Thus, in due time, the Church of her own initiative had built up a complete educational system and had given it as its inner, directive principle the truth and the practice of religion.

Something of the kind has been accomplished in this country during the last half century. The parochial schools have been brought to a high degree of efficiency, while academies, colleges and seminaries have provided for the education of laity and clergy in every department of knowledge. And the important thing is that this work has been done not with the support of the state, but through the loyalty and generosity of the Catholic people. It is the best evidence that they regard as precious and worthy of much sacrifice the faith which is their inheritance. It has solved, without fine theorizing but with earnest, practical effort, the problem of moral instruction, and it has made possible the latest and most important phase of our educational progress.

The foundation of the Catholic University is in large measure due to the solicitude of Cardinal Gibbons for the diffusion of Catholic truth. In its organization and development he has taken an active part. Under his direction it has centered around the teaching of the sacred sciences the various departments of knowledge that deal with nature and life, with mind and society and the history of human endeavor. And it has gathered upon its borders, as did the universities of old, the sons of Francis and Dominic as well as religious communities of more recent origin. Within two decades it has extended an influence which is felt throughout the entire system of Catholic schools, and which must finally result in their thorough co-ordination. To unite all our teaching forces, to strengthen each and help it to do its work in the best possible way, is a purpose which is in keeping with the scope of the University

and with the efforts of its Chancellor in behalf of education. Nothing in fact could afford him deeper satisfaction than the growth of an institution to which he has given so much thought and for which he has made more than one sacrifice in order that the whole Church in America and every section of the country may derive the benefit.

It is, therefore, fitting that the University should observe the Cardinal's Jubilee in a manner appropriate both to its own special character and to his deservedly high position in the educational world. The new hall that bears his name and that is to be dedicated this month, will serve as a reminder of his earnest endeavors in behalf of higher education; the University itself, alike in its material structure and in its academic spirit, will manifest more clearly as time goes on, the largeness of purpose, the courage and hopefulness that have sustained its Chancellor, and each graduate who quits its halls to engage in the service of the Church, the work of the professions or the apostolate of our Catholic schools, will owe him a debt of gratitude.

But the truer, more lasting memorial is not built with hands nor written down in the language of learning. It is a tribute of intelligence, indeed, yet even more of affectionate esteem. It is the testimony of many hearts to whom his words, either spoken or written, have brought light and comfort, to whom his priestly ministration has been as a message of peace and his example an incentive to right living. To this number, greater than he himself can tell, in a word to the people, he will be as for fifty years he has been, the ambassador of Christ.

THE BUST OF MARCEL MATHIEU.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



ABBÉ MATHIEU fed his silkworms and visited his bees. His peaches were ripening on the south wall. His garden was like a tight nose-gay, so filled in was it with all manner of flowers. His pears and apricots were excellent. The last bottle of wine he had brought up from the cellar had the glow and the fragrance of the South in it. It was going to be a good vintage this year—if but *ces scélérats* from Paris and from Marseilles would permit it to ripen and be gathered in peace. The corn was golden-white on the long Southern slopes—if but *ces scélérats* would permit it to be reaped and threshed and ground in peace.

With his hands hidden in the wide sleeves of his rusty old cassock he came back from the bees, his old poodle, Aristide, following at his heels. *Ces scélérats!* M. l'Abbé said it to himself with a virtuous intensity. Yet—if they had but spared the King and Queen!—if they had not persecuted God and His Church! *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!* There was that in the brave words which set the old heart to beating under the rusty cassock. After all, these Reds—of Paris and the Midi—were they not the children of the movement he had preached for and written for forty years ago?

Mathieu! It had been a name to stir the blood once: People still remembered those moving songs of the Revolution who had forgotten, if they ever knew, that Marcel Mathieu, terrified of the hurly-burly he had helped to raise, had all of a sudden retraced his steps—gone back to rest with the old Mother he had forsaken. He had abandoned, deserted, the cause of the Revolution. He himself would have said that with the years he had grown humbler and wiser—that he was frightened of the armed Revolution which had sprung up from the seeds he and such as he had sown. Up in Paris now the Revolution was devouring her children. Many of those who had dreamed fine dreams with him of how the people should be free and should rise to the height of their freedom had gone in the tumbrils to the Place de la Grève.

The noblest and fairest heads had tumbled in the basket. The Gironde was a tragic memory. The King and Queen were in prison awaiting the mockery of a trial. They were tearing the Constitution to rags and tatters up there in Paris. How little they could have foreseen it all when their heads were stuffed with fine dreams, and it seemed such a small matter to their inexperienced youth to pull down the world and rebuild it at their pleasure!

Marcel Mathieu! The name was quite lost in M. l'Abbé Mathieu, who made hymns now where he had made battle-songs, who was a quiet, peace-loving, snuff-taking old man, with his silkworms and bees and vegetables for his interests, beyond the little flock which was so hard-working and simple and innocent that it gave its pastor no cause for anxiety. The silkworms might do badly, or foul brood come upon the hives, as it had done once or twice within the forty peaceful years. Material calamities might threaten the village. There might be a bad harvest or a bad vintage and Bois-le-Saint go pinched and hollow-checked till another year made up for the ill deeds of this one. There might even be illness. There had been an epidemic of low fever the winter before last; and one summer the Boulogne fever had carried off a score of children and nearly broken M. l'Abbé's heart. But the people were good always; there was very little to distress a poor priest's heart. And Mme. Du Châtel and Mlle. Clémentine at the Château des Tournelles were good to the people. They were a happy little family at Bois-le-Saint, where the years had gone by like a placid dream for M. l'Abbé.

Bois-le-Saint was out of the track of the Revolution. Buried between hills, a tiny village of some two hundred souls—the squat tower of Notre Dame de la Pietié rising amid the graves at one end, the two pointed turrets of the Château at the other end—rumors of the Revolution had only reached it faintly, from far away. M. Du Châtel, Mlle. Clémentine's brother, had been in the movement in Paris up to a point. He had thought, as Marcel Mathieu had thought forty years ago, that one might let the sea loose and chain it up at will. The day of the flight to Varrennes he had been found by the King's side. That was well. Old Mme. Du Châtel had forgiven her grandson for that much, which had all but broken her heart. She lifted her head proudly now as she talked of Henri. He had been misled, the poor boy, but he had atoned

for that. No one knew where he was now. He had escaped to England perhaps. Certainly he was not in the Conciergerie, nor in La Force, nor in Les Carmes, nor in L'Abbaye. Of that Madame was assured, having yet good friends up in Paris.

As M. l'Abbé paced slowly down his garden walk, by the holly-hocks in bloom, his thoughts were much concerned with M. Henri. The young marquis was very dear to him. He had christened him; he had heard his first confession; given him his first Communion. He had taught him his Greek and Latin and various accomplishments proper to a gentleman. He wondered whether in the teaching something had not slipped into the boy's mind from his own; whether it was not due to him that M. Henri had been a Jacobin—a leader, up to a point, of the party of the Revolution. And if so, the boy had been shocked, horrified, as he had, at the spectacle of their white lady with her garments dabbled in blood; a Mænad where they had thought to see a goddess; a fury, drunken with the blood of nobles and saints, of the innocent and the gentle.

He did not yet know all the things that were happening in Paris, else he would have had no heart for his garden, for his bees and silkworms. So far away was he from the terror that he could yet enjoy his game of dominoes of evenings with Mme. Du Châtel. It distracted the poor lady and kept her from thinking incessantly of Paris and M. Henri. Mlle. Clémentine too. The poor lady's *fiancé* was in La Force. Any day Marat might find him on his list of condemned. M. le Vicomte was forty if he was a day, and had lived, as they say. Perhaps Mademoiselle had not been so very desirous of the marriage when it had been a matter of the immediate future, although she was too dutiful to set herself against Mme. la Marquise. But now—with M. le Vicomte in prison, as likely as not in the tumbrils any day that rose—Mlle. Clémentine had come to wear a proud and suffering look which told how her heart was making a hero and a martyr of her middle-aged *fiancé*.

Surely the Revolution would pass them by in the Bois-le-Saint! No one was desirous of it. Even Guilbert, the cobbler, who was suspected of being Red, was a good soul, not at all one to desire the death and plunder of those whom the will of God had placed over him. Thinking of Guilbert, M. l'Abbé smiled as he held a pinch of snuff between his finger

and his thumb. Guilbert had been frugal and had bought some hectares of land. He had a bit of vineyard. The Revolution had gone too far and fast for him. He was a man of property. When he thought of a party of Reds from Marseilles or Avignon trampling down his vines and plundering at their will, he breathed fire and fury against them, as he had been used to against the aristocrats.

The little garden, between its walls, was very warm. M. l'Abbé muttered to himself, "pouf!" and again "pouf!" as he came into the cool darkness of the white house with the green jalousies closed over the window-spaces. Something glimmered white in the gloom—yellow-white—the marble bust of himself done in Paris in the great days forty years ago. It stood between the two windows, on a pedestal, the name "Mathieu," cut deeply and gilt, beneath the bust.

It was like and unlike M. l'Abbé. The hair fell upon the shoulders; it was their protest in those days against the powder and periwigs which were a part of the luxury of the aristocrats. A shirt a little open at the neck. The face was smooth and young. In M. l'Abbé it had fallen into lines and wrinkles. But the expression was recognizable over forty years. The heart of a priest keeps very young. M. l'Abbé would have something of the boy in his face when he lay in his coffin.

It was almost the hour for the *déjeuner*. M. l'Abbé could hear Clairette stirring about among her pots and pans. He dropped into a chair and wiped his face with his red handkerchief. Aristide stretched himself with a sigh at his feet. It was certainly very hot. M. l'Abbé nodded. A lock of silken white hair fell forward in the middle of his forehead. It brought out his likeness to the bust as he nodded asleep.

A delicious odor from the kitchen filled the room, conflicting with the warm scents of the flowers outside. M. l'Abbé dreamt of M. Henri. They were reading together the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus. A bee droned in the room, and it was summer weather. He looked affectionately at the handsome young profile. The boy's cheek was in his hand. He was reading the Latin easily and fluently. He had the making of an accomplished scholar, had M. Henri. M. l'Abbé was proud of his pupil.

Over against him as he slept there was a tall slender bookcase, the upper shelf of which contained in one corner a

little sheaf of slender volumes, each tied with a ribbon, each inscribed across its cover with a name in gilt lettering, deeply tooled—"Mathieu"—M. l'Abbé's poems. He had often thought that he ought to destroy them. They were the dragon's teeth that had sown the Revolution. He was not aware that up in Paris they were singing some of his songs. Turgid stuff, M. l'Abbé thought them now; and yet he had not the heart to destroy them.

He had heard the *Marseillaise*. The thing was in the air. Somehow or other it had penetrated even to Bois-le-Saint. Only a few evenings before he had been oddly terrified, coming upon a group of babies in the dusty road, marching—their little heads, sunburnt to white, flung back, sticks on their shoulders for guns, a red rag on the flaxen curls, marching to that irresistible tune. He had felt as though the Revolution were come to Bois-le-Saint. Yet now the *Marseillaise* was in his own dreams. The droning bee buzzed it. His fingers tapped to it on the arm of the chair.

While he slept the door of the *salon* opened and a figure slipped within—a ragged figure, with a lean and hungry face. At first the new-comer could see nothing. He stood blinking in the darkness, more blinded by it than he had been by the sun outside. Keeping his hand pressed on the door-handle, he stood and seemed to listen. There was a faint sound in the distance—something ringing, martial.

"Ah! It is the *Marseillaise*!" he said to himself, and listened, his head bent to catch the faintest sound.

As he stood, the quiet breathing of M. l'Abbé reached his ear.

"It is good," he said to himself. He could see now. Things began to take shape out of the dimness. Aristide was fawning on his feet licking his hands. He could see the glimmering bust, the shapes of the few articles of furniture, the crucifix on the wall.

He stooped and shook gently the old priest asleep in the armchair.

"I am desolated at having to waken thee, Monsieur," he said—and his voice, although tired, had a gay ring in it—"but Messieurs les Sans-Culottes will not wait. They are on their way to the Château. Having drawn blank there, they will look for me here. You must hide me, Monsieur."

"M. Henri!" cried the old priest, coming awake with a great start. "What is it thou art saying, *mon enfant*? That

they are after thee? That I must hide thee? But where? Oh, my child, if they were to take thee I should die of it."

"Live, Monsieur, live," said the young man, sniffing the air. "Why, what a delicious fragrance! *Potage à la bonne femme*, a *vol-au-vent*, I know it of old as Clairette can make it. She is a veritable blue-ribbon. Why I have been living on the grass of the field and a little stolen fruit for days. I must feed or I must die."

"You shall feed, my son, but you shall not die," M. l'Abbé said, getting to his feet. "But to hide thee! Where? Dear heavens! where is there that thou wilt be safe? The bell-tower? No; they would explore it first. The granary? I have heard how they plunged their swords into a hayrick and brought them out bloody. Let me think! Dear heavens! where am I to hide thee?"

"Give me some of the *potage à la bonne femme* first. It will save my life. Afterwards, there will be time enough to think about—saving it the second time. I am going to Clairette. Listen—there it is again. They are singing the *Marseillaise*. I hope they will not frighten Mme. la Marquise, since I dare not be by her side to protect her. Listen; the sergeant who is with the Reds—Valjour—he made my boots in the good days; he is friendly because I remembered to pat the cheek of his crippled boy. He dare do nothing for me, because the others are behind him. One is easily suspected nowadays. *Ma foi!* The Revolution eats her children with an easiness! But Valjour will not be rough with Madame and Mademoiselle. They are not always so bad, the Reds. They say that even Paris is nearly filled to the lips with blood. One of these days it will be Marat's turn! The things I have seen!"

With a sudden change of mood he hid his eyes, at once gay and haggard, behind his hand.

"Ah, Monsieur!" he said brokenly. "A week ago I saw the lovely body of Mme. la Princesse de Lamballe dragged naked through the streets, exposed to nameless insult. . . ."

For a moment he choked; then went on again: "Oh, Freedom, what crimes are committed in thy name! Thou and I, have we not both had our share in letting this monster loose? Those sonnets of thine, Monsieur. Why even yet they set my soul marching. Ah, there it goes again, the *Marseillaise!* And my blood must caper to it, whatever I do."

Old Clairette had opened the door and come in quietly. She stood now in the doorway, gazing in amazement at M. l'Abbé's ragged visitor, whose hand rested on the marble bust as though he apostrophized it.

M. l'Abbé, observing her, beckoned her to come in. Two heads were better than one—three than two; and he had often been glad to lean on Clairette's common sense.

"It is M. Henri, Clairette!" he said—"M. Henri. He is starving, and we must hide him, because the Reds are after him. They are on their way to the Château. Where are we to hide M. Henri?"

"Why, Monsieur"—she considered—"we have not a spot here. The family vault of the Du Châtels. But—the Reds would not spare the dead. Let me see—Ah, I have it. There is the well in the grove of the starlings. They will never discover it. M. Henri knows it."

"Excellent!" said M. Henri, in a voice at once faint and jovial. "I would very much prefer the grove of the starlings to the vault of the Du Châtels. Doubtless the day will come when I shall be sufficiently content there. But not yet. There is a certain lady. She is safe in England of the fogs, I am enchanted to say. For her sake I will do all I can—to say nothing of Mme. la Marquise and Mlle. Clémentine—to save my life. Oh, Clairette—thy potage—I am starving."

He stood leaning weakly against the pedestal of the bust.

Clairette flung a strong old arm about him and helped him to a chair.

"See now, M. Henri," she said, consoling him as though he were a child. "My little one, be quiet. I go to fetch the potage."

She was back in a few seconds with the good soup smoking on a tray. M. Henri ate it wolfishly; would have the *vol-au-vent* atop of it, an omelette—anything Clairette could give him. But M. l'Abbé forbade anything beyond the soup—for a little while, lest too much given to a starving man might have evil results.

While M. Henri ate the last of the soup, still with a famished eagerness, there came a sudden blare—at their ears as it seemed. Some one was banging furiously at the little green gate in the white wall, which fortunately M. Henri had bolted behind him on his entrance. Out of a silence which had been ominous there burst the roar of the *Marseillaise*. M. Henri

was caught, like a rat in a trap. There was no exit from the little white house except by the green gate. The well of the starlings, the family vault of the Du Châtels! No use to think of them now. The Reds were without, howling for M. Henri's blood. There was no way of escape. No cover in the little house that would not yield up its secret after a few minutes of search.

Clairette had caught up her tray and basin. M. l'Abbé stood with an arm flung about M. Henri's shoulders, as though to protect him. The onslaught on the door grew more furious. And now—they had scaled the walls. They were round about the house.

"There is the chimney," said Clairette.

"Ah, yes, there is the chimney," said M. Henri. "I am glad I have finished thy potage, Clairette. It makes a new man of me. If there were but time for a cigarette! Why, what a hurry they are in, these murderers! Lest I should not have time later, my love to my grandmother and Mlle. Clémentine, my undying adoration to——"

He disappeared up the chimney before he could finish the sentence; and in a second Clairette was opening the stout outer door of scrolled ironwork, which kept the house secure while it admitted fresh air, with a manner of the extreme crossness of old age.

"What a hurry you are in, Messieurs!" she grumbled, unbolting the door leisurely. "One would think yours was the most pressing business in all the world. A pack of vagabonds, going about the country, killing innocent folk, and preventing the people gathering in the harvest."

She was swept back by the violent opening of the door and the inward rush of the Reds. They took no heed at all of the dauntless old woman, except that one sturdy fellow set her on her feet when she was all but down. They were in a merry mood apparently, having sacked a wine-shop on the way. Some were laughing and chattering, some shouting the *Marseillaise*. They had dark, Southern faces. These were not Parisians—at least for the greater part. They were some of the men who had marched from the South on Paris, singing Rouget de Lisle's immortal marching-song. With their red caps and sashes, and their swarthy Southern faces, they made a picturesque group, if one had leisure or inclination to perceive the picturesque just then.

They swarmed all over the place, laughing and shouting. Into the *salon* and the tiny *salle-à-manger*. Upstairs to the little bedrooms in the roof. Into Clairette's clean kitchen, where a dozen hands were thrust out to lift the soup-pot from the fire. Into the garden, where the pears and apricots hung ripe on the wall.

There was no time for M. l'Abbé to do anything. He thought of the sacred vessels in the church; the locked tabernacle. Too late to do anything. "Lord, protect Thyself!" he said, closing his old eyes. He leant an elbow on the marble bust in a momentary weakness. Then he drew himself upright. He was between the fireplace and the Reds. He said to himself that if it were necessary he would die in the place of M. Henri. Perhaps if they killed him they might be satisfied.

He opened his eyes. Why, they looked men after all, those Reds! Not monsters. The artistic perception, never dead in him, was aware of the flashing teeth, the dark eyes with the gold in the whites, the brawny figures. They were laughing and hustling each other like a crowd of rough, good-natured boys. In advance of them stood their sergeant—very unlike them—a man of cities, smaller, paler, insignificant.

"We seek the *ci-devant* Marquis Du Châtel, who 'is in hiding here," he said, in a voice he tried to make big, but only resulted in making squeaky. M. l'Abbé said to himself that there was trepidation under the red sash.

"If you will not give up the *ci-devant* Marquis Du Châtel, we shall proceed to search for him," he said. "If my comrades are a little rough you will only have yourself to blame, M. l'Abbé."

"Too polite, citizen!" said a voice from behind. "Marat would not like to hear of so much politeness to one of the enemies of the people."

The little sergeant trembled, and turned a livid face over his shoulder.

"Our sergeant does not forget," said another voice, "the time when he made shoes for the dainty feet of the aristocrats."

There was a hoarse burst of laughter. Sergeant Valjour turned a greyish shade.

"Come," he said, with an attempt at a rough manner, "give us up the *ci-devant*. There is no time for parley. We know he is in the house."

The crowd pushed him on from behind. M. l'Abbé had

time for a wandering thought as to how Valjour came to be sergeant of a regiment of the Reds of the Midi. Poor fellow! he thought. His head was not very secure upon his shoulders.

Some one had pulled roughly at the blind, which had tumbled to the floor. A sudden glare of light poured into the room, falling full on M. l'Abbé, where he stood by his bust. He was saying to himself now that if they stabbed him to death, which they might set about doing at any moment, the half-jocular mood of the crowd changing to one of ferocity, as with those Southerners it might happen while one said "pouf!"—why then his death would be an atonement for the part he had taken in letting loose the Revolution.

There was a giant of a fellow by the sergeant's elbow. He was staring hard from the bust to M. l'Abbé's face. The priest had not noticed him. The sudden change in the temper of the crowd had come. Some one had shouted from behind: "Valjour is a traitor. Let us find the *ci-devant* for ourselves!" The knives were out in a flash. The eyes of the men had the look of the bull's eyes when he charges.

Suddenly the big fellow flung himself in front and seemed to push the mass back with his immense strength.

"Citizens! Comrades! Listen to me!" he said.

"Listen to Gaston Galant!" some one shouted from the back of the room.

"Am I one [to betray the Republic?" he asked passionately. "Why, what fools you are, *Marseillais*! Don't you see? Why here is our Mathieu to whose songs we march. He slipped out of the world so long ago that we thought he was dead. Listen, my children. Let us sing him his own song, *La Liberté et France*. Sing, my children."

They were upon M. l'Abbé, roaring one of those songs which he had thought to be long forgotten—he had been so long out of the world—embracing him, kissing his cheeks, all the wild fellows pushing and jostling each other to get a sight of him. The men of the Midi are poets at heart. In Paris it might have happened; but perhaps not. They were tigers in Paris then, only wanting human blood. Whereas the men of the Midi were *as yet* intoxicated for freedom.

The news spread among those outside. They had discovered Marcel Mathieu living in the retirement of Bois-le-Saint, long lost to the world. And but for Citizen Gaston Galant they might have knifed their poet.

They had M. l'Abbé up on their shoulders, carrying him round his garden and through the village, shouting and singing *Liberté et la France* and *La Patrie* and *Camarades, mes camarades!* Turgid things of his youth, almost forgotten, not to be named in the same day with those elegant classical sonnets which had won the approval of the gentlemen of the Gironde. An odd, meek little figure M. l'Abbé made as he looked down on the glowing faces all upturned to his. The people came out of their cottages, timidly at first, to see the Reds go by carrying M. l'Abbé on their shoulders. Presently they joined the crowd, and joined in the shouting and the singing and the laughter.

When they had carried M. l'Abbé all round the village the Reds carried him back to his own house. Some one had twisted a wreath of laurels and laid it on the brows of the bust. M. l'Abbé was heartily glad it was not on his brows, for those children of the South were capable of everything.

They put down M. l'Abbé at his own gate; and Gaston Galant made a florid speech for his fellows, in which he expressed their joy at their discovery of the illustrious Mathieu. Since he would not return with them to Paris—M. l'Abbé shook his head violently at that—then they must only wish him a glorious peace in the retirement he had chosen. They were inconsolable because they had overrun the illustrious Mathieu's domain and pillaged his fruit-garden. The fortunes of war! Mathieu was too good a son of freedom to complain. Meanwhile he might rest assured that the village would be safe—for them. The abode of the illustrious Mathieu must be ever sacred and dear to the children of the Revolution who were fed at the fountain of his genius. And so on to the end of a most flowery oration.

Whatever the Reds might do when their passions were aroused, they sat down now with the people of Bois-le-Saint, sharing their meals *together*, helping the women in their preparation of food, dandling the babies, teaching the boys how to shoulder a gun, telling the old people the news from Paris. When they marched out at evening they left many regrets behind with the people of Bois-le-Saint. To be sure, they were not all bad—the Reds. Their little sergeant at their head marched with the lightest step of all, shouting: *Camarades, mes camarades!* with the best of them.

Meanwhile, M. Henri, new cleansed from the soot, shaved,

wearing M. l'Abbé's best cassock till more suitable garments could be procured for him, lamented the *vol-au-vent* which the Reds had snatched from his lips. A *vol-au-vent*, see you, such as Clairette made is not to be prepared in five minutes. The laurels hung withering on the bust of Marcel Mathieu. And M. l'Abbé lamented over his broken hollyhocks and the beans and peas and aubergines trampled under the feet of the Reds. The garden would hardly recover the damage which had been done this year.

Meanwhile, who knew what the good God would bring about—next year? Peace, perhaps, and the dying down of evil passions in men's hearts. They were growing sick of Marat up in Paris. The people were recovering from their debauch of blood. Next year—who knew? M. Henri might come back. There was yet to smuggle him to the coast and get him conveyed to England. Next year could not bring back all the dear souls who were dead. But—there had been things dreadfully amiss with the old order. Marcel Mathieu would be the last to deny it. And out of evil would come good—in God's time, next year or some year.

M. l'Abbé's eyes twinkled as he took snuff and gazed with a sideways head from M. Henri, lamenting his *vol-au-vent*, to the withered laurels stuck askew on the brows of the bust. After all—those Reds—the children of the Revolution; there was much of the child left in their hearts. They were not bad, poor fellows, not at all bad. How they had looked at him as they roared his songs! For a moment his heart was uplifted with pride and something of the old spirit. Then he rebuked himself inwardly.


"You and I, M. Henri," he said "we were both too confident. I blame myself with thy faults. But the poor people—there is a deal of good in the hearts of the people. We shall pray for our Reds, shall we not, M. Henri? But truly the cassock becomes thee. If it were not for Mme. La Tour. . . ."

"It was truly said," M. Henri remarked, "that the habit does not make the monk. But, at the moment, do not ask me to pray for *ces scélérats*, Monsieur, I implore you. I think upon that *vol-au-vent*."

WHAT WAS THE REFORMATION ?

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

I

HE question put at the head of this is perhaps the greatest of all historical questions, with the exception of that other question: "What was the Church in the Roman Empire?" An answer to which provides the picture of that capital revolution by which Europe came to unity and to maturity and attained to a full consciousness of itself.

The question is of such vast importance because when we grasp what the Reformation was we understand its consequences, we know and on what a scale the united body of European civilization has been severed and by what a wound. The abomination of industrialism; the loss of land and capital by the people in great districts of Europe; the failure of modern discovery to serve the end of man; the increasing chaos and misfortune of society—all these attach one to the other, each falls into its place, and a hundred smaller phenomena as well when we appreciate both the nature and the magnitude of the catastrophe.

It is possible that the perilous business is now drawing to its end and that, though those now living will not live to see it, Christendom may enter into a convalescence, and may at last forget the fever and be restored. With that I am not here concerned, and it is my business only to trace the major lines of that storm which four hundred years ago brought Christendom to shipwreck.

At the outset, however, I would warn the reader against a rather subtle trap which history lays before the feet of its students. The reply to any of the major and answerable questions of history should be simple and direct in proportion to the importance and magnitude of the question; but the question is only answerable as an historic question when the question "what" and not the question "why" is set for solution.

In proportion as an historical matter is of import to human kind, in that proportion it springs from some revolution in the human mind. To pretend an examination of the secret springs whence the human mind is fed is, in the historian, fatuous and futile. The greater the affair the more directly does it proceed from unseen sources which the theologian may catalogue, the poet see in vision, the philosopher explain, but with which history cannot deal and the historian as historian cannot grasp. It is the function of history to present as to a spectator the outward thing, and to show the reader as much as a spectator could have seen, illuminated by a knowledge of the past and a judgment drawn from known succeeding events. I repeat, the historian answers the question, "What was" this or that. To the question, "Why was it," if it be in the spiritual order (as are all major things) the reader must attempt his own reply based upon other aptitudes than those of historic science.

It is the neglect of this canon which has rendered futile so much work, laborious, and would-be-illuminating, upon the past. Read Gibbons' attempt to account for "why" there was a church in the Roman Empire, and mark its hopeless failure. Mark also how all examination of the causes of the French Revolution are colored by something small and degraded, quite out of proportion to that stupendous crusade in which two million men gave up their lives and transformed the modern world. The truth is, that the historian can only detail those causes, largely material, all evident and objective, which lie within his province, and such causes are quite insufficient to explain the full result. Were I here writing "Why" the Reformation came, my reply would not be historic but mystic. I should say that it came "from outside mankind," but that would be to affirm without the hope of proof and only in the confidence that all material attempts at proof would be contemptible. Luckily I am not concerned in so profound an issue, but only in the presentation of the thing as it was, and upon this I now set out.

With the close of the Middle Ages two phenomena appeared side by side in the society of Europe. The first was an aging and a growing fatigue of the simple medieval scheme; the second was a very rapid accretion of technical power.

As to the first I have suggested (it is no more than a

suggestion) that the medieval scheme of society though much the best fitted to our race and much the best expression which it has yet found especially conducive of happiness (which, here and hereafter, is the end of man) was not properly provided with instruments of survival. Its science was too imperfect, its institutions too local, though its philosophy was the widest and most general ever conceived. At any rate, whatever be the reason, that society did rapidly grow old. Its every institution grew formal or debased. The Guilds from true co-operative partnerships for the proper distribution of the means of production and for the prevention of a proletariat and the vile cancer of capitalism, tended to become privileged bodies. The original tenants of the village showed faint signs of becoming an oligarchy with landless men around them. The Monastic orders were tainted in patches, as it were, up and down Europe with worldliness, with an abandonment of their strict rule and occasionally with vice. Civil government grew befogged with tradition and with complex rules. All manner of theatrical and false trappings began to deform society, notably the exaggeration of heraldry and a riot of symbolism of which very soon no one could make head or tail. The temporal and visible organization of the Church did not escape in such a welter. The lethargy, avarice, and routine from which that organization suffered, has been not only grossly exaggerated but in particular denaturalized. An altogether false picture of it has been drawn for popular consumption, but in a degree the temporal organization of the Church had decayed. It was partly a taking too much of things for granted, a conviction that nothing could really upset the unity of Europe, partly the huge concentration of wealth in clerical hands, which proceeded from the new economic activity all over Europe, coupled with the absolute power of the clergy in certain centers and the universal economic function of Rome, partly a popular loss of faith which did the business. At any rate, the evil was there.

All institutions (says Machiavelli) must return to their origins, or they fail. There appeared throughout Europe in that last century of united Europe, sporadic attempts breaking out here and there to revivify the common life especially upon its spiritual side by a return to the primitive communal enthusiasms in which religion necessarily has its historical origins.

This was in no way remarkable, neither was it remarkable that such sporadic and spontaneous outbursts should each have its own taint or vice or false color, but what was remarkable and what made the period unique in the whole history of Christendom (with the possible exception of the Arian flood) was the inability or incapacity of the external organization of the Church at the moment to capture and digest the spiritual discontent and the spiritual hunger of which these errors were the manifestation. In a slower time the external organization of the Church would have absorbed and regulated; but things were moving at a rate more and more rapid, the whole society of Western Christendom woke from experience to experience. It was flooded with the newly found manuscripts on antiquity, with the new discoveries of unknown worlds, new commerce, printing and, an effect perhaps rather than a cause, the complete re-birth of painting, architecture, sculpture and all the artistic expression of Europe.

In point of fact this doubt and seething and attempted return to early religious enthusiasm, was not digested and was not captured. It was repressed haphazard and quite as much haphazard encouraged, but there seemed no one corporate force present throughout Christendom which could persuade, encourage and command.

Let it be clearly understood that in the particular form of special heresies the business was local, peculiar and contemptible. Wycliffe, for instance, was no more the morning star of the Reformation than the capture of Jamaica, let us say, was the morning star of the modern English Empire. Wycliffe was but one of a great number of men who were theorizing up and down Europe upon the nature and fate of the soul. Such men have always abounded; they abound to-day. Some of Wycliffe's extravagances resembled what many Protestants happen to have since held; others (such as his theory that you could not own land unless you were in a state of grace!) were singularly of the opposite extreme to Protestantism. And so it is with the whole lot, and there were hundreds of them. There was no common theory, no common feeling, there was nothing the least like what we call Protestantism to-day. Indeed that spirit and mental color as I shall show in a moment, does not appear until a couple of generations after the opening of the Reformation itself. What there was, was

a widespread discontent and exasperated friction against the existing, rigid, and somewhat decayed temporal organization of religious affairs, and in their uneasy fretting against that bond the various centres of irritation put up now one startling theory which they knew would annoy the official Church, now another perhaps the exact opposite of the last. In a word, a general, social ill-ease was the parent of a number of sporadic heresies, and no one of these had any philosophic driving power behind it.

Shall I give an example? One of the most popular forms which the protest took, was a demand for Communion in both kinds and for the restoration of what was in many places ancient custom, the drinking from the cup after the priest. Could anything better prove the truth that mere irritation against the external organization of the Church was the power at work? Could any point have less to do with the fundamentals of the faith? Here is another example. Prominent among these expressions of discontent you have the Adamites,* who among other tenets rejected clothes upon the more solemn occasions of their ritual. The whole business was a rough and tumble of protest against the breakdown of a social system whose breakdown seemed the more lamentable because it was in theory founded upon the most intimate appetites of European men.

This very general picture omits Huss with his powerful personality and the national movement for which he stood. It omits the Council of Constance and all the great facts of the fifteenth century on its religious side. I am concerned only with the presentation of the general character of the time, and that character was as I have described it, a sort of chronic rash upon the skin of Christian Europe, which rash the body of Christendom could neither absorb nor cure.

Now at this point and before we leave the fifteenth century, there is another historical feature which it is of the utmost importance to seize if we are to understand what followed, for it was a feature common to all European thought until a time long after the accurate establishment of the schism. It is a feature which nearly all historians neglect

* The rise of these oddities is nearly contemporary with Wycliffe, and is, like his career, about 100 years previous to the Reformation proper. Unlike the Wycliffites certain members of the Adamites still survive in Austria.

and yet one manifest upon the very slightest reading of contemporary documents and that feature is this: *No one dreamt a divided Christendom to be possible.* All these movements were œcumenical; they were not peculiar to one race, or blood or climate or city or nation. They thought, even the wildest of them, in terms of Europe as a whole. You were as likely to get an enthusiast declaring himself to be Elias in Seville as an enthusiast denying the Real Presence in Aberdeen. That fatal habit of reading into the past what we know of the future has in this most deplorably marred history, and men whether Protestant, or Catholics, who are now accustomed to Protestantism, read Protestantism and the absurd idea of a local religion—a religion true in one place and untrue in another—into a time where the least instructed peasant would have laughed in your face at the very conception of such lack of reason.

The whole thing, the evil and the quite ineffectual resistance to the evil, was a thing common to all Europe.

It is the nature of any organic movement to progress or to recede. Physical knowledge, the expansion of physical experience and technical skill were moving at such a rate that a contemporary spiritual phenomenon if it advanced at all was bound to advance very rapidly, and this spiritual eruption in Europe came to a head just at the moment when the contemporary expansion of travel, of economic activity and of the revival of learning, had also emerged in their full force. It was in the first twenty years of the sixteenth century that the coalescing of the various forces of discontent began to be apparent. Before 1530 the general storm was to burst and the Reformation proper to be started upon its way. But, as a preliminary to that matter, the reader should first understand how another and quite disconnected social happening had prepared the way for the triumph of the reformers. This social happening was the advent of Absolute Government in civil affairs. Here and there in the long history of Europe there crops up an isolated accident, very striking, very effective, of short duration. We have already seen that the Norman race was one of these. The Absolute in civil government which accompanied the Reformation was another.

A claim to absolute monarchy is one of the commonest and most enduring of historical things. Countless centuries

of the old Empires of the East were passed under such a claim, the Roman Empire was based upon it, the Russian state was made by it, French society luxuriated in it for one magnificent century. It is the easiest and (when it works) the most prompt of all instruments. But I beg the reader to distinguish between the claim to Absolute Monarchy and the sense which produced for a very short time in European affairs, a time exactly coincident with the Reformation, the phenomenon of the Absolute in civil government. The difference is this: An Absolute Monarchy is simply a convenient short-cut by which things are done quickly and which people take to when they are wearied of inefficiency and delay: a thing which they cling to in theory long after it has lost power because it is theoretically capable of getting things done at once and without discussion. But the sense of an absolute civil Government is something very different. It is a demand, an appetite proceeding from the whole community and amounting to a worship of civil authority. In one aspect it is the deification of the state. In another the deification of law; but in every aspect it is the adoration of the Executive. "This governs me; I will worship it and do all it tells me." Such is the formula for the strange passion which has now and then seized great bodies of human beings intoxicated by splendor and by the vivifying effects of command. Like all manias (for it is little better than a mania) this passion when it is past is hardly comprehended; like all manias while it is present it overrides all other emotions. Europe, in the time of which I speak, suffered or enjoyed such a mania. The free cities manifested that disease quite as much as the great monarchical states. In Rome itself the temporal power of the papal sovereign was then magnificent beyond all past parallel. In Geneva Calvin was a god. In Spain, Charles and Phillip governed two worlds without question. In England the Tudor dynasty was worshipped blindly. Men might and did rebel against a particular government, but it was only to set up something equally absolute in its place.

I will not waste the reader's time in any discussion upon the causes of that astonishing political attitude. It must suffice to say that for a moment it hypnotized the whole world. If we understand it we largely understand what made the success of the Reformation possible.

Well then, the increasing discontent of the masses against the decaying forms of the Middle Ages, and the increasing irritation against the temporal government and organization of the Church, came to a head just at that moment when civil government was worshipped as an awful and almost divine thing.

Into such an atmosphere was launched the last and strongest of the overt protests against the old social scheme and in particular against the existing power of the Papacy, especially upon its economic side.

The name most prominently associated with the crisis is that of Martin Luther, an Augustinian monk, German by birth and speech, and one of those exuberant, vital, rather inconsequential characters which so easily attracts hearty friendships and which can never pretend to organization, though certainly to creative power. What he precisely meant or would, no man could tell, least of all himself. He was "out" for the general wave of change. Whether he ever intended even to the end of his life, nay, whether he could ever have imagined, a disruption of the European Unity is very doubtful. A large, coarse, happy man, comparable in some ways to Danton, but without Danton's sanity or measure and certainly without his grasp of things.

Luther was a voice rather than a leader. He was but one of many, and had he never lived the movement would have been much the same. One scholar after another (and these of every blood and from every part of Europe) joined in the upheaval. The opposition of the old monastic training to the newly revived classics, of the ascetic to the new pride of life, of the logician to the mystic, all these in a confused whirl swept men of every type into the disruption; one thing only united them. They were all inflamed with a necessity for change. Great names which refused to destroy at last—the greatest is that of Erasmus; great names which even appear in the roll of that of the Catholic martyrs—Thomas More is the greatest of these—must here be counted with the names of men like Calvin on the one hand, Rabelais upon the other. It is safe to say that not one ardent mind in that first half of the sixteenth century but was swept into the stream.

Now all this would and must have been quieted in the process of time but for that other factor of which I have spoken, the passion which that eager, creative moment felt

for the absolute in civil government—that craving for the something godlike which makes men worship a flag, a throne or a national hymn. This it was which caught up and, in the persons of particular men, used the highest of the tide. Certain princes in Germany (which had of all the groups of nations least grasped the meaning of authority) befriended here one heresiarch and there another. The very fact that the Pope at Rome stood for one of these absolute governments put other absolute governments against him. The wind of the business rose; it became in no small degree a quarrel of sovereigns, when two further characters appeared in the movement side by side.

The first was this: Its success seemed more and more marked in those outer places beyond the limits of the old Roman Empire and notably in the Northern Netherlands and in Northern Germany—where men easily submitted to the control of wealthy merchants and of hereditary landlords. Secondly, a profound mistrust of the new movement, a reaction against it, a feeling that it was the affair of the rich and the cupidinous began at first in a dull, later in an angry way, to stir the masses of the populace throughout Europe. The stronger the old Latin civilized sense of human equality was, the more the populace felt this, the more they instinctively conceived of the Reformation as something that would rob them of some ill-understood but profound spiritual guarantee against slavery, exploitation and oppression. There was a sort of popular grumbling against the Reformers and their rich patrons by the time the movement had reached a head and by the time the central power of the Church had been openly defied by the German princes; a grumbling like the undertone of the sea before bad weather.

A general observer, cognizant of what was to come, would have been certain at that moment that the populace would at last rise, and that if the movement against the Church and civilization was to come to anything, it would come to no more than the lopping off of outer and insignificant things. The Baltic Plain, sundry units of the Germanies and Scandinavia, probably Hungary, possibly Bohemia, certain mountain valleys in Switzerland and Savoy and France and the Pyrenees, which had suffered from lack of instruction and could easily be recovered, would be affected. The barbaric parts,

which had never been within the pale of the Roman Empire would have to go, but the soul and intelligence of Europe would be kept sound; its general body would reunite and Christendom would once more reappear whole and triumphant.

So it would have been but for one master tragedy which changed the whole scheme. Of the great units of civilization, Iberia, Italy, Britain, Gaul, one, at this critical moment, turned traitor; that province was the province of Britain. The breakdown of Britain and her failure to resist disruption was the chief event of all. By a curious accident one province extraneous to the Empire, Ireland, heroically preserved what the other extraneous provinces, the Germanies and Scandinavia, were to lose. In spite of the loss of Britain, and cut off by that loss from direct succour, Ireland preserved the tradition of civilization. It must be my next business to describe the way in which Britain failed in the struggle, and, at the hands of the King and of a little group of avaricious men, such as the Howards and the Cecils, changed for the worse the history of Europe.

MARY'S THOUGHT.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

When hand in hand they wandered forth
His mighty world to see,
What marvels Christ could tell to her
Of sky and flower and tree ;—
For though He was a tiny child,
All lore remembered He !

But not the world His power had made
Was Mary's thought and pride ;
Her little Son walked loving near,
Tender and trustful-eyed,—
What recked she of earth's fair array
When heaven was at her side !

HENRIK IBSEN.

BY EDWARD CURRAN.

II.



WITH *Peer Gynt* the poet's work ended, and now began that of the prose dramatist. Ibsen ceased to be a poet. Mr. Gosse, his English biographer tells us that even the dress and manners of a poet (for there are such things) ceased in 1877 when Ibsen became a successful dramatist. His first prose drama was entitled *The League of Youth*, a hit at a political party in Norway. The play was soundly hissed, and an uproar created on its first performance in Christiania. Its center idea is a league founded by a young adventurer who raises a cry against the conservative landed and moneyed classes. To combat these is his apparent great aim. In reality he is founding the league to use it as a tool for his own political advancement. His scheming after a wife is most enjoyable, and Ibsen lands him into such a quandary in the end, that nearly all our attention and interest are centered on how the young man will wind up his meteoric public career. The play is wholesome and clean, yet it has not a single noble character in it. Fieldbo is the only one at all approaching the humane and high-souled. Considered as a drama it lacks coherence, the plot being hidden at times with material which seems out of place. Still the play is immeasurably above some others of Ibsen which have been highly praised. In Norway *The League of Youth* will always be looked upon as a mile-stone in the road of national progress towards the realization of the people's aspirations.

With this play began the so-called social or Ibsenite dramas, which, with the exception of *Emperor and Galilean*, appeared at close intervals during the succeeding nineteen years. Putting aside *Emperor and Galilean*, which came immediately after *The League of Youth*, the next drama in the series was *The Pillars of Society*, a fine travesty on the relig-

ious shamming and hypocrisy of those who succeed by ruining their fellow-man. Ibsen shows much power of observation in his treatment of the society of ladies who meet in conclave under the guidance of the village rector to rescue the "Lapsed and Lost." The biting sarcasm of the scene is delightful, and Ibsen adds to its reality by showing up that special female failing, a love of a little gossip about some scandal of which they must speak with bated breath. These good ladies meet in the house of him who takes the part of an essential pillar of society, but whose whole life is based on a lie and a calumny of his relative whom he has ruined in the eyes of the townsfolk. His villainy is further shown up when he demands of his honest foreman a deed that is sometimes, but very rarely committed—to pretend to repair a ship in dock and send her on her voyage in a sinking condition. The pharisaism of the man is gradually shown with more than ordinary skill.

Ibsen makes considerable use of the central idea of Berick's love for his little son. And the scene where he learns that the child has become a stowaway on the coffin-ship which by his orders has put to sea in a storm is splendid. The plot is not devoid of a tendency, but a very slight one, to what is unclean. One can scarcely say that the play is unfit for the stage since there is no grossness of language or action; the objectionable portions chiefly referring to a past scandal in the town. The young girl, Dina, whose mother fell, is well drawn. She revolts against the humbug and simulated goodness of the people surrounding her, and she longs to get among those who are not too good. Another well conceived character is Lona, the half-sister of Berick's victim; the girl who to help the young fellow, a blackguard in the eyes of the world, flaunts society and disappears with him, so that she may be his guide and helper through life. Martha, too, who hides her love for the same belied young fellow, and waits for him long years, and then finally manoeuvres that he may marry Dina, is one of the very few examples of a clean, good woman created by Ibsen. Among certain sections of modern pharisees, whose gospel is "sin, but don't be caught," this play will send blushes of shame into the cheeks. The drama has its failings, and though it is not a great work it may outlive all the other plays of Ibsen.

I shall omit to deal with three of the social plays and, passing for an instant over a fourth, *The Lady of The Sea*, shall group together the three most objectionable dramas of Ibsen. By doing this the themes may be more easily recognized. *A Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, and *Hedda Gabler* are those which have principally given rise to the much-abused terms "problem plays" and "Ibsenite." It is well to say bluntly that these three plays are unclean and have a decided immoral tone. But such a declaration must not be misunderstood in the sense that Ibsen is a pornographic writer. He is not. But he treats of questions which previous to his time were looked upon as so objectionable that a black pall should be always kept covering them. He withdrew this pall, and offered the problems of life to theatre-goers. His problems of morality are dull, and in more than one instance stupid. We gather more the picture of an animal striving to reason on conditions and phases of life than a human being gratifying desire by words and actions. In some quarters Ibsen has been looked upon as a second Shakespeare; in fact I believe that I am not overstating the case when I say that among the lower grades of actors the Norwegian ousts the Englishman. This is inevitable. For where literature is unknown and the glamor of stage effect the only end in view the situations of Ibsen demand little ability, while those of Shakespeare require talent of high order. There is as much comparison between the two dramatists as there is between gold leaf and the gold paint of commerce—brass filings mixed in banana oil. The age in which Shakespeare lived was not a very reticent one, and he speaks after the manner of his day. To us he is sometimes immoral inasmuch as he uses the language rather common then, but now hidden and reserved. But if he does speak out it is with a quickness of thought and a turn of idiom that hide the indecency in the brilliancy of expression. We pay attention rather to the cleverness of the words than to the uncleanness of the meaning. There is none of this in Ibsen. He is uniformly dull, and often absurd, in his language when he touches on questions of morals. Of course when played by a licentious actress Dora, Regina, or Hedda could be made vehicles of the grossest vice gilded by histrionic cleverness. But with the histrionic tricks of actresses I have nothing to do here. Judging only from the

written word these three characters are as unreal and as unnatural creations as any purveyor of fiction ever conceived.

A Doll's House is a curious mixture of the sane and the nonsensical. Nora has a loving husband, and three children whom she loves after a manner. She is supposed to have made a great sacrifice in the past for the love of this husband. Her conduct as we see it in the play does not admit of this possibility. On her own confession she knows nothing about religion; her morals are peculiar; her ideas about marriage not less so; to her it is a free partnership in a limited liability company, and *home* means *house*: "I came to live in your house," she tells her husband in one place. And when she is circumvented by the outcome of her supposed great sacrifice, and is rebuked by her husband, she quietly and coldly determines on the instant in the presence of her husband to leave him forever. In the beginning of the play Ibsen makes Helmer—the husband—a booby, now he shows him up as a cad, a selfish dishonorable man. So far as his conduct stands Nora argues well about their possible future life in the house. But the whole situation is unconvincing. Nora is only an automaton speaking and acting according to Ibsen's commands, and his trick, while it is a splendid piece of theatrical surprise, of making her dress in her street clothes, give up her wedding ring, and leave the house, is thoroughly unreal. Nora gives utterance to ideas which she could never understand, and which I doubt very much if Ibsen himself quite understood. The only thing certain or human about the play is that Nora wants her freedom and she takes it, without judge or jury's decision, on the plea of future incompatibility of temperament.

Regina in *Ghosts* acts in a similar manner, but under different circumstances. She is also full of the craze for freedom, and is "full of the enjoyment of life," which is the Ibsenesque paraphrase of gross immorality. Her relations with Engstrand (known to all the world except Mrs. Alving as her father) her conversation with him about her dead mother, her reference to him as "an unmarried man" for whom it would not be correct for her to keep house, are so unnatural and brutally revolting that one can hardly suppress the thought that the lines were penned by a man suffering from mental disease. Throughout this thoroughly unwholesome and

debasement drama the theories of morality are such as are only heard in divorce courts, and we cannot wonder that the German civil authorities forbade a public performance of the play in 1887. There is not a single redeeming quality in the drama. It is depressing, dull, immoral, and is lacking in interest. There is vehemence of diction in a couple of places, but this does not make up for the absence of a plot. To say that the madness of Oswald in the final scene, and the assumed murder of her own child by Mrs. Alving are sufficient to give the basis of a plot is drawing a line so fine that none but Ibsen's mystical interpreters will be able to find it. Heredity is the pivot on which the narrative dialogues turn. Oswald's father was immoral; he was the father of Regina (the mother being his housemaid) and Oswald inherits softening of the brain from this rake of a father.

What a gathering of characters we have in this work! Engstrand suggests plainly to Regina, the daughter of his wife, that she should come with him and become a street woman; Oswald is simply dead to any distinction between what is moral and what is unlawful; Mrs. Alving, his mother, ran away in former years from her home and offered to become the mistress of the minister of the place; Regina throws up all and leaves to go out into the world "to enjoy life."

In the third drama of this group we have *Hedda Gabler*, which is, if possible, a more debasing work. It is not easy to state briefly the outline of this play, as it is more involved than either of the preceding. Roughly, it may be said that the theft of a manuscript-book is the centre around which the plot revolves. Hedda, the daughter of a general, marries Tesman, a professor and author. Previous to her marriage she had some amatory relations with Lövborg, and after her honeymoon she enters into an intrigue, a "triple alliance," with a judge who visits the house. Lövborg, who had been a confirmed drunkard, comes upon the scene again. He has already published a successful book, and has nearly finished another, which he reads to Tesman. The latter becomes tinged with jealousy. Hedda urges on Lövborg to break his temperance pledge, and in a drunken spree which follows he loses his manuscript. It is picked up by Tesman, and next falls into the hands of Hedda, who callously burns it. Lövborg, in great distress over the loss of the manuscript, calls to see Hedda,

and she hands him a pistol to go and kill himself. Events not turning out as she had wished she blows out her own brains.

It is indeed a nasty plot, and both narrative and action are worse. If there were many Heddas in this world it would be a sad place to live in. Fortunately there are not; for if all the criminal resorts of females could be scoured there would not be found among poor fallen womenfolk two Hedda Gablers. Hedda is not a woman; she is a fiend. She has been compared to Iago. But the villain of *Othello* bears no relationship to the strumpet of Ibsen's brain. At the very beginning Shakespeare is careful to let us know that Iago hates both Othello and Cassio, who had supplanted him; and it is whilst working to destroy the latter, and to ruin the happiness of Othello's married life—with a view to his own future happiness arising out of such infelicity—that Iago acts. Hedda's case is altogether different. Lövborg and she have kindred ideas of love, and are attracted to each other by this similarity of view. Yet she eggs him on to his ruin, her plea being: "I wish for once in my life to have power over the fate of a human being"; and in cold blood she directs him to the final step. Shakespeare could never create such a wanton. He has his frail females, not wanting in strong vice, but always in some way or other they have something humane about them. Ibsen makes Hedda a liar, a thief, a strumpet, a cheat, a murderer, a suicide. One may search all kinds of fiction, and nothing lower than Hedda Gabler will be found. To have her paraded on the stage before young women is only another way of preaching prostitution in private life, and teaching the best and surest ways to succeed without being caught. The work is a disgrace to the modern stage, and is undeserving of being ranked as literature.

Of Ibsen's remaining plays, written between 1888 and his death, one, *When We Dead Awaken*, may be dismissed without comment as an inartistic series of dialogues of an indecent type. *The Lady of the Sea*, is, on the other hand, a clean, interesting work, with a strange phase of human thought dominating the life of Ellida (the Lady), the young woman whose early life was spent in solitude with her father on a lonely lighthouse. In this play Ibsen approaches more than any place else making his characters human beings with real hearts palpitating in them, and not psychological ideas dressed up

in clothes and stalking a stage. Bolette is a good, kind, generous girl; her only fault, perhaps, is her consideration in marrying simply because her livelihood may be assured. Her sister Hilda is a heedless girl, also kind at heart, but masking it by her cruelty of tongue. The Lady of the Sea, Ellida, is also a good creation. And her husband would be faultless were it not for his weakness in facing a difficulty.

Succeeding the *Lady of the Sea* came *The Master Builder*, over which there has been considerable discussion. Its appearance was in a sense disastrous to Ibsen's influence in some quarters. Even his greatest admirers drew the line at the several absurdities which are so evident in this work. To discount such criticisms another group of the dramatist's friends began to see in the play a mysticism or symbolism, which, of course, is a grand bait for ignorant people. There is not a shred of anything of the sort in the play. Solness, the Master Builder, after ruining a man, takes him into his employ as a paid assistant, and next does everything possible to crush out the budding genius of the old broken-down man's son. To keep the latter from setting up in business on his own account, Solness takes into his office the young man's *fiancée* as book-keeper, and then weans her heart from the young fellow. There is here the basis for a capital drama, were it not that Ibsen's craze for mentally affected people cause him to picture Solness as a rogue, developing rapidly as the play proceeds, into a simpleton with criminal desires. His wife is an out-and-out fool. A sane woman would never dream of holding higher in her esteem an old silk dress, a few jewels and dolls than her two children, who died in their infancy, owing to the flight she had to take for her and their lives from a burning building. A woman who was once a mother and now childless could hardly be guilty of such action. Mrs. Solness talks in the coldest manner about the death of her children, as something which should have happened. But of her dolls, which she lost when her children died, it was otherwise.

MRS. SOLNESS. (*Choking with tears.*) I had nine lovely dolls.

HILDA. And they were burnt too?

MRS. SOLNESS. All of them. Oh, it was hard—so hard for me.

The Hilda of this play has now become one of the great

female characters of Ibsen's works, wherewith actresses attempt to show their powers of delineating the fickleness and the passion of women. Hilda is something like a pirated edition of Hedda Gabler. She has nearly all the faults of Hedda, but is not so gross. For a young girl, who has just left home to see the world, or to come "into her kingdom," which is a place or state (we are left uninformed) of immorality, she is amazingly well prepared by her nasty, double-meaning phrases. However, she is not entirely wanting in some good points, and in this she differs from Hedda. They agree in their methods of dealing with their lovers. Hedda drives Lövborg to his death; Hilda urges Solness to his. Some of the situations in the play are simply preposterous, and would ruin the chances of an unknown playwright who would be so foolish as to introduce them into his first attempt.

The fourth of this period, and the second last of Ibsen's plays in chronological order is *John Gabriel Borkman*. It is the history of a defaulting bank manager. Of all Ibsen's works I like this best, as it contains, according to my ideas, his two most finely conceived and most consistently worked-out characters—John Borkman and his wife. Borkman is a man with one great idea, which has lured him on to destruction. Money is all he wants and he will do great things for humanity. Not getting the wherewith to work these marvels he uses the money of the bank, and a few years in prison is the result. His eternal tramping up and down in the gallery above his wife's room strikes me as a splendid dramatic incident in the play, as it is also perfectly natural for a man in his state of mind. It lends an atmosphere of mystery and fear to the opening of the play, and prepares us for the great scene in the gallery. Still there are some points in the construction that could be improved. The ending is far-fetched in the suddenness of Borkman's death, as well as the reconciliation of the sisters. But his determination to remain out in the snow is true to life, though on the stage it has the bad effect of provoking the onlooker, and therefore detracts from the movement of the action. Each scene in the play is powerfully done, with the exception of that in the third act, where everything appears so unhinged that one is tempted to think that the characters are being packed on the stage by Ibsen, so that he may get out of a corner in which he finds himself.

Borkman's wife can be summed up as a monument of selfishness. "Think of me," is her cry and motto through life. She is certainly well drawn. Foldal, the unsuccessful poet, is also very near life; and Ibsen takes advantage of his delusion about a vocation and his bitterness over his failure in life, to annunciate the Ibsenesque doctrine on friendship.

BORKMAN. There we've been all the time deceiving each other. And perhaps deceiving ourselves—both of us.

FOLDAL. But isn't that just the essence of friendship, John Gabriel?

BORKMAN. (*Smiling bitterly.*) Yes, you're right there. Friendship means—deception. I've learnt that once before.

It may be seen from this rapid survey of Ibsen's dramas that what are termed "problem plays" are nothing more than a representation on the stage of the hallucinations of immoral women regarding their position in the world. The noble and elevating side of life; all that goes to make family happiness, or to help on the general weal of the state, is absent from these plays. What Ibsen sets down as a problem in morality was settled thousands of years ago on Mount Sinai. What he attempts to picture as a problem in social order has been always and will be always confined to those portions of mankind who are ostracized from the good and the pure. What he is actually attempting under a false guise is the overturning of all order. Let Ibsenism loose and marriage will no longer be a tie binding for life; it will be only an arrangement like that adopted in modern Egypt by abandoned women; a companionship for a time, and then the informal "I divorce you" from the lips of one partner rends the tie. Ibsenism means a leveling down, and nothing in the shape of leveling up. If all his poems and plays be examined it will be found that he has not created a truly noble woman. Whenever he does attempt to show a good woman his works drops to a low standard. It is more his forte for women of loose morals than anything else that caused certain dramatists to push him before the public. He would turn the first sod, and thus open up a road for more glaring and daring exhibitions of wantonness. Of course there was the cry that Ibsen was the true dramatist of all times, for he broke with the traditions of the Scribe school of play-construction which was beginning to become too heavy for the smaller fry of dramatists. The old

school had its faults, but it took an enormous amount of theatrical experience and no little skill to heap on the accumulating effects required for a successful drama in its style. Naturalness was not always the result. But it is very doubtful if the true end of drama is simply to repeat on the stage the happenings of every-day life, The sordidness of life, the frailties of man must be modified and made suitable for a place where mental recreation is the first and chief thing sought for.

Monstrosities, whether physical or moral, are always in the world, and it is only a falsehood to present such as the normal factors of life. Yet this is what Ibsen does. His women are not women. They are only vicious children who have learned the practices of vice, who are stubborn in their petty ideas, and who recognize no parental or moral authority. Dress up a few of these undeveloped criminals in the finery and flounces of a woman, and you have an Ibsenesque Nora, Maia, Regina, Hilda, or Hedda. Children are wayward; so are these characters. Children get fixed in their minds silly ideas which all the world cannot change; these characters differ in no way from such.

Rubek, the husband of Maia, jestingly told her one day that he would take her to the top of a mountain and show her all the world. Maia harps on these words, and finally pairs off with another man to see that glory. Hilda in *The Master Builder* leaves parents and home because Solness told her when she was quite a child that he would make her a princess. She comes to his house to live with him, though she knew him to be married, in order that she may enjoy his kingdom. Selma, who is not however immoral, also pettishly decides on leaving her husband on the flimsiest of pretexts. Regina is told in good humor one day by Oswald that he will take her to Paris so that she may see the world, and the idea clings to her so much that she leaves her place and goes out to add herself to the list of the fallen. Ellida remembers the eyes of the stranger to whom she had betrothed herself in former years, and keeps her husband in an agony of suspense as to whether or not she will leave him to go with the sailor.

This deliberate departure from home and kindred, and the sham cry for "freedom" is reiterated by Hilda, Solveig, Mrs. Alving, Agnes, Maia, Nora, Mrs. Elvsted. The latter packs up

and goes off with the tutor of her step-children. Mrs. Alving in her past life left all and offered herself to another man. Agnes, after her betrothal to Edjar cuts herself free from him and takes up with Brand to whom she is a total stranger. Maia wants her freedom, and takes it; her husband taking his and at the same time the companionship of his old model of whose past shady life we are not left in doubt by Ibsen. Hilda, as we have just seen is ready to consort with a married man. Solveig is as ready to go with Peer Gynt. Ellida and Agnes are the only ones who, obtaining their choice of freedom, turn it to good account. We cannot be surprised, when we hear of this kind of freedom and independence of action, to meet with peculiar ideas of marriage. Maia, Nora, and Hedda promulgate these ideas fully by their filthy suggestive expressions. If Ibsen's other women have not the same loose notions of the married state, they enter it through sordid reasons. Ibsen seems to have been unable to create a pure, good, noble woman; one whose influence would help to uplift the minds and lives of other people.

His men are not a whit better. Ibsen is indeed no friend of his fellow-countrymen, for he makes them out to be fools, scoundrels, hypocrites, schemers, when they are not immoral or mad. Oswald, Solness, Borkman are sheer madmen; the latter two having method in their madness. They, with Bratsberg and Monsen in *The League of Youth*, and Bernick have ruined other men, yet with an assumed innocence fail to see how they could have avoided the crime. Add to these the two weaklings Tesman and Helmer; the dipsomaniac Lövborg; the mean, petty, jealous Rank and Brack; hypocrites like Stensgard and Ejnar, and what we have left of Ibsen's men are not worth speaking of. He has only one good, consistent man in all his plays,—Fieldbo in *The League of Youth*.

The question that naturally arises out of a study of Ibsen's works is: "shall he live?" If we were to become subservient to the prevailing opinions of those who follow the mandates of a few of his more insistent admirers, we should have to add him without any more ado to the list of immortals. But an impartial opinion derived solely from his dramas and poems leads to something not quite in agreement with such rapid promotion to fame. At present there is a positive mania for unusual treatment of delicate subjects. This comes

from the disturbed moral condition of society, which again is the result of the ever-broadening tendencies of non-Catholic forms of religion. The special effort made is so to translate "freedom" as to suit every individual taste. Whatever helps to break the bonds of family life, or to give a coloring of decency to a violation of all moral laws, will be received enthusiastically. Such is given with greater force in the theatre where all the senses are appealed to. As Ibsen is there the apostle of moral anarchy he is raised on a high pedestal by those who smile knowingly at all forms of revealed religion, as well as by those who wish to give reign to their passions but are held in check by the conventional laws of society. He is therefore held up for the esteem of mankind. He is spoken of as one of the greatest men in literature. But even amongst his most ardent friends adverse criticism of works which they formerly praised is not wanting. He was undoubtedly a man of talent, and it may possibly happen that he will have some sway in dramatic circles for a decade or so, but gradually and assuredly he will disappear, and come to be looked upon as nothing better than a link with the past. In future years *Peer Gynt*, *The Pillars of Society*, and *John Gabriel Borkman* may be looked into through the mere curiosity of learning what and how the man wrote. His so-called symbolic works will die the death. Symbolism or mysticism is a will-o'-the-wisp to those whose religious principles are not the healthiest. For them any witless stuff provided it be couched in Delphic terms is welcomed with enthusiasm. But they must also have novelty, and as the new is always being coined, Ibsen's poor mysticism will quickly grow hoary and be put into that grave where many a man's work goes: oblivion.

(THE END.)

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF CARDINAL GIBBONS.

BY ALLEN S. WILL.*



WHEN we speak of Cardinal Gibbons, we instinctively think of him with the deepest reverence, affection and admiration. That is not only the feeling of Catholics; it is the sentiment of practically all Americans. What, then, are the prominent characteristics of the exalted churchman who is regarded with this almost unique esteem by his fellow countrymen?

Those who know him best are aware that it is impossible to see all of his strong traits except after long and close observation. Indeed, men who have had the privilege of his acquaintance for years are not infrequently impressed by some quality in his fibre which had been previously unknown to them, because the occasion for bringing it to the surface had not arisen. The general lines of his character are as clearly defined as the demarcations of a map, but he has the American gift of versatility to such a remarkable degree, that no matter in what situation he may be thrown, he seems the man for the occasion. This produces an impression that he is constantly appearing in a new light, and yet the same light, and illustrates the extraordinary extent of the resources with which Providence has endowed him. Let us take a glance at some of the most striking things that stand out in the varied landscape of his life and character.

A quality which underlies everything else is his devotion to the primary, spiritual duties of his calling. He is first of all the priest, laboring in season and out of season for the salvation of souls—offering Mass, preaching, confirming baptizing, consoling the sick, officiating at the sacrament of marriage, presiding at funerals, hearing confessions, paying pastoral calls. No duty that may fall to the lot of a parish clergyman is so humble that he is not ready to perform it. His chief delight in the great round of labor that he under-

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takes, is in the portion of it which is purely apostolic. This eminent churchman, whose influence stretches around the world, who is a participant in so many things that shape the course of the human race, is a fountain of inspiration to piety for all who come in contact with him. He would rather be instrumental in making a convert than in framing a canon for the Church, or in taking part in some event that might shine brilliantly in the light of earthly glory. The simpler things are those which appeal most to him. He will make a child happy, and bestow a word of cheer that will lift an older person over a rocky place in the steep path of life; but the next moment he will be ready to battle against some wrong with all the intensity of a powerful nature, and, if need be, to improve the great who may be responsible for it.

I have never seen or heard of a clergyman who excels him in the constancy and fervor of his devotions. These consume several hours of every day, and nothing is permitted to interfere with them. He begins reading the different parts of his office punctually almost to the minute, and his constant poring over the Scriptures is a habit that has lasted him since seminary days. So familiar with the Bible is he that he can clothe his ordinary thoughts in its language, and not infrequently he does so.

We hear much now and then, of "old fashioned religion." If this means the simple and all-embracing piety of the Gospel, the Cardinal is an example of it that would be hard to equal. With him it is interwoven in every fibre of his nature, every act of his life. It shuns sham, sensationalism and artificiality and is the most natural and real thing in the world. He is a bulwark of the Faith, and if any one attacks the essentials of Christianity, as Edison did a few months ago when he denied the immortality of the soul, the Cardinal becomes the champion who meets the assault and, triumphantly, turns it into a rout.

Next in order of the Cardinal's more pronounced characteristics is his patriotism. Like his religion, it sits upon him naturally. He loves America and has faith in it; that is the whole story. In the days of the "A. P. A.," now happily past, hostile critics turned a microscope on his patriotism, but found no flaw in it. If any American ever proved devotion to country, he has done so. What high courage it took to

make his famous speech in Rome March, 25, 1887, when he discussed the relations between Church and State in the United States! He had just received the red hat, and the world was ready to listen to him. Standing in his titular Church, the ancient temple of Santa Maria in Trastevere, he proclaimed that in the United States there was "liberty without license, and authority without despotism"; and "that for the great progress of the Catholic Church in America we are indebted, under God and the fostering care of the Holy See, to the civic liberty we enjoy in our enlightened Republic." None had been willing to believe this, but, suddenly, everybody believed it. Europe understands America now, as never before; and the greatest influence in bringing this about was the Cardinal's speech on that notable occasion. It seemed timed, as by an act of Providence, for the exact moment when it would produce the most powerful impression. From that day to this he has been recognized on all sides as a representative American in the best sense of the word.

About the same time he was successful in his protracted struggle to prevent the Knights of Labor from being put on the list of organizations forbidden by the Church. For this he was acclaimed by the great army of toilers throughout the world, and in the United States, particularly, it stamped him as a champion of the people. On his return from Rome, his country, figuratively speaking, took him to its heart and no great public occasion in the land which he loves so well has since been complete without him. Almost immediately he was invited to offer prayer at the celebration, in Philadelphia, of the centennial of the constitution; soon afterward he was instrumental in forwarding from President Cleveland, as a jubilee gift to Leo XIII., a copy of that same constitution, superbly bound. He became the friend of Presidents, and they his friends. His aid was freely lent to great reforms, such as the abolition of the Louisiana lottery, which he was chiefly instrumental in crushing after the failure of protracted and determined efforts by others. In his own Baltimore and Maryland, he has long since occupied, by common consent, the place of foremost citizen, whose aid is sought and never refused in movements for the social and material welfare of his neighbors.

There are different kinds of patriotism, and it may be in-

teresting to us to consider of what kind is that which is so pronounced a trait of Cardinal Gibbons. It consists chiefly of two things—faith and service. He believes in his country, and strives to help her, by example and precept, to attain the glorious destiny which he believes is to be hers. In his recent speech at the great civic celebration held in Baltimore in honor of his jubilee he said:

Ever since I entered the sacred ministry, my aim has been to make those over whom I exerted any influence not only more upright Christians but also more loyal citizens; for the most faithful Christian makes the best citizen. I consider the Republic of the United States one of the most precious heir-looms ever bestowed on mankind down the ages, and that it is the duty, and should be the delight of every citizen to strengthen and perpetuate our government by the observance of its laws and by the integrity of his private life.

His is practical patriotism. While he praises his country and holds up her form of government as a splendid example, he reprehends national faults as often as he bestows laudation. He has been unsparing in his condemnation of ballot frauds, of the lax and dilatory practices of the courts, of the shameful divorce laws in some of the states, and other evils that have afflicted the body politic. His voice is always on the side of enlightened and progressive citizenship, and he staunchly upholds constituted authority. Socialism and anarchy find in him an uncompromising and watchful foe. But through it all is the thread of trust in the future, of confidence in the ability of the American people, under the American constitution, to right their wrongs by orderly means.

He hoped that the Spanish war might be averted; but when it began, he threw in his lot ardently with his country and prayed for a speedy and happy issue of the conflict. He has urged the teaching of history and civics in the parochial schools and the study of the lives of great Americans as an inspiration to the young. We should bear in mind that all this has been done without soiling the robe of a prince of the Church. As Archbishop Ireland exclaimed in his wonderful sermon on "The Church and the Age," at the silver jubilee celebration of the Cardinal's episcopacy: "Car-

dinal Gibbons, the most outspoken of Catholics, the most loyal co-laborer of the Pope of Rome, is the American of Americans!"

No churchman ever received such a spontaneous tribute from his fellow countrymen as was bestowed on him at the celebration in Baltimore last June. To enumerate those who honored him on that occasion would almost seem like a vision of the imagination had not 20,000 persons been there to see that it was indeed reality. On the stage were President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, Ex-President Roosevelt, Chief Justice White, Speaker Clark, Ex-Speaker Cannon, a host of members of both houses of Congress, Governor Crothers, of Maryland, Mayor Preston, of Baltimore, Ambassador Bryce, and many others who represented the public opinion of the country. President Taft remarked: "What we are especially delighted to see confirmed in him is the entire consistency which he has demonstrated between earnest and single-minded patriotism on the one hand, and sincere devotion to his Church on the other." Said Ex-President Roosevelt: "The Cardinal throughout his life has devoted himself to the service of the American people." Here is the fruit of the tree. The labors of a long life have not been in vain.

It is undeniable that the people have been inclined to be resentful of the participation of clergymen in secular affairs, and it has remained for a Catholic of Catholics to teach the lesson of how it ought to be done. The Cardinal has illustrated in his own life a thousand times more patriotism than he has preached. Take away every word he has said on the subject, and his great record of conduct and service remains—a pattern for every churchman and every American, a lesson for this generation and for the generations to be.

Another prominent characteristic of Cardinal Gibbons is his mingling in the every day life of the people, particularly of the community in which he lives. This extends the zone of his good influence to tens of thousands who might never be able otherwise to come within reach of it. How natural it is for a priest or bishop, engrossed with his own special duties, to get out of touch with the world, perhaps even to hold aloof from it! But the Cardinal is not too much weighed down with his tremendous burdens to be "all things to all men."

On the streets of Baltimore, where he takes long walks for exercise, he is the best known figure. It is interesting, even amazing, to observe him as he moves, cane in hand, at that fast pace which has tired out many a good pedestrian who has essayed to follow him. He is constantly being saluted and raising his hat in return. Sometimes, on the busiest thoroughfares, it seems as if he speaks to fully one-third of those whom he meets. He apparently never forgets a face and the range of his acquaintance is a constant source of wonder to those who observe him. He knows not only the people, but the streets, the buildings—every object seems familiar to him. Most surprising of all, a large proportion of those with whom he comes in contact have received some help or inspiration from him, and appear to feel grateful for it.

Who can enumerate the homes into which he has brought light, the hearts which have been uplifted by his aid or counsel! He knows something about each person that establishes a direct bond and nothing seems to slip from the tenacious grasp of his memory. Dignified and self-contained at all times, he is, nevertheless, the simple, kindly man, beloved as well as revered by his neighbors.

If Baltimore or Maryland is to do anything especially important, one of the first thoughts is of the Cardinal. His help must be sought and, if the object is a worthy one, none doubts that it will be given. For patriotic meetings, reform movements, civic enterprises of magnitude he is considered indispensable. When he attends one of these gatherings, he seems to be personally acquainted with every one there. He knows the young as well as the old, and calls the children by name.

It is worth a long journey to attend one of the New Year receptions which he customarily holds on the first Sunday of every January. After High Mass, he takes his position in one of the parlors of his residence and lo, it seems as if the whole city is at his doors! The governor and mayor are usually there, as well as living ex-governors and ex-mayors and hundreds of others prominent in the public life of the community. No other personality in Maryland could be the center of such a throng. But listen! As the long line passes, hear the affectionate and reverent words of greeting, the exchange of reminiscence, the play of good-natured wit and

try to think how one man could have all these friends, bound to him, evidently, by powerful ties. No need to wonder any longer whether a churchman can be in and of the people—here is a demonstration that he can be, and that he can exercise a more potent influence over men than any civil officer invested with authority derived from the state.

An enumeration of the positive traits of Cardinal Gibbons which does not include his broad toleration among the first of them would present an unfaithful picture. It pervades the whole spirit of his life-work and is based on a genuine charity that seems to include the world in its scope. Although he is "the most outspoken of Catholics," as Archbishop Ireland said of him, he is the foremost representative, in American church life, of the brotherhood of man. His See of Baltimore is the one whose roots were planted at St. Mary's in 1634, when the Catholic Calverts established the first colony in the Western Hemisphere in which there was liberty of conscience for all men. The Cardinal remembers this, and is proud of it; and he illustrates in his own life, more than any other of his fellow countrymen, the sublime spirit which animated the founders of Maryland. The wonderful civic celebration in his honor, to which previous allusion has been made, was organized by Protestants, who largely predominated among the speakers and the audience. Look on this picture and then on the situation in France and Spain and Portugal.

In the United States, for the first time in an English-speaking country since the time of Henry VIII., the Catholic Church has everywhere won a ready, indeed, a sympathetic hearing. It is the work of Cardinal Gibbons, chiefly, which has produced this amazing change. Men can remember when the Know-Nothing fever throbbed in the veins of a large part of the American people, and when the "A. P. A." planted the weed of prejudice from Maine to Texas. The Church has replaced doubt with trust. All this has been accomplished without the slightest fraction of modification of the Cardinal's orthodoxy and without ostentatious overture or effort. He does not speak ill of the followers of any religious belief, and is ready to co-operate in public affairs with all his fellow-countrymen in the perfect equality of American citizenship. They believe in him and he in them. As a churchman, his work is to spread the Gospel and save souls. How well he

has performed it! Think of the immense growth of the Catholic Church in the United States since he became a Bishop in 1868. He believed, from the first, that the best way to enable the Church to pursue her divine mission, unhampered by prejudice or other obstacle, was to dispel the cloud of misunderstanding that obscured her path. If she could be presented to the American people in her proper light, he had no doubt of the result; there would be a rich harvest to be reaped by her devoted clergy among millions of people from whom she had been practically shut out. Experience has amply confirmed the soundness of this view. Perhaps it was fortunate that the Cardinal's first bishopric was in North Carolina, a state in which there were then but eight hundred Catholics. He was full of youthful vigor—the youngest member of the hierarchy—and brimming over with constructive projects. Were his plans to wither, or to find fruition? Stern necessity helped to teach him a way to carry them out. This apostle of rock-ribbed faith gave no offense to sincere men who differed from him in conviction. He made friends of all his neighbors; wherever he could find a hall in which to preach, the foundation of a Catholic Church was likely to follow soon. As he traveled on his missionary journeys, the leading Protestant people received him in their homes as an honored guest and sometimes contributed of their means to plant firmly the beginnings of the Catholic faith in their communities. Contact of this sort strengthened the young Bishop's fervent devotion to his own Church, for if there is any firmer Catholic than he, I have yet to see one; but it also broadened his toleration and showed him that the distrust which had existed so long could be removed.

In Virginia, to which field he was transferred, he had to labor again among a population predominantly Protestant and affected not a little by the prejudice which remained from colonial days. His mission was to calm antagonistic opinion, in order to prepare the soil for the seed which he had come to sow, and he went about the task with rare discretion as well as determination. In Baltimore he is as much beloved by Protestants as by Catholics, who find not infrequently in his sermons spiritual food more suited to them than is given by their own ministers.

A story is told of an incident which occurred while he was

taking one of his customary walks with a friend from another city. They passed the door of a beautiful church, from which the congregation was emerging. The Cardinal was saluted by so many of the worshippers, and gave so many salutes in turn, that his companion remarked:

"You seem to be well acquainted in this parish."

"Ah," was the reply, "these are our Episcopalian friends!"

The result of his enlightened attitude may be stated thus, in general terms: A Catholic clergyman now has a free field for his labors in any American parish in which he may be stationed, although formerly he found the tone of a Protestant community characteristically hostile; the attitude of the officers of the national, state, and local governments is one of almost uniform friendliness; a Catholic may aspire to any civic position with little or no fear of prejudice; and the total communicant membership of the Church is leaping by hundreds of thousands. As far as the Catholic Church in America is concerned, the Cardinal has created almost a new atmosphere for her. He has thoroughly identified her with the institutions of his country and has won her the love of a vast host of its people who might have been repelled by different methods.

Still another trait of the Cardinal is the wide scope of his activity—the tremendous sweep of his aspiration and effort. If there is any particular weakness of which the average churchman is in danger, it is narrowness; but there is a danger, too, in reaching too far, and one may trespass on territory where his presence may not be recognized as appropriate. The Cardinal understands how to balance these two considerations perfectly, and has given an example that may be imitated with profit throughout the world. He feels that anything which concerns men, concerns him; but he also understands how to go about his task with entire fidelity to his duty as a minister of the Gospel. No one, for instance, ever called him sensational, although he has denounced public evils in and out of the pulpit more often, perhaps, than any other American. His guidance is so sound, his reproof so well administered, his sincerity so evident, that none can doubt. He seems to get the right gauge of everything that is going on and seizes the opportune time to speak or act.

It is astonishing that he finds time for all his varied labors. He is one of the foremost American authors, and his books

are all about religion, or topics growing out of it. He is especially interested in education, and the Catholic University of America—at which a beautiful memorial hall is to perpetuate his name and jubilee—has been the favorite project of his life. He is a frequent visitor to schools and colleges in his diocese and elsewhere, taking a keen and practical interest in what they do and ought to do. As a sociological reformer of the best type, he is one of the first in America, contributing by his time and efforts to multiplying and directing the activities of institutions devoted to orphans, the poor, the insane, the wayward. As a result of his guidance, the reformatory institutions in the diocese of Baltimore are without superiors anywhere.

He is a student of history and civics, and is always at home in the wide range of contemporary literature. When thrown in any company, he can talk with intimate knowledge of the special concerns of those who are assembled. Possessed of this broad equipment, he can open the door to every heart. His sympathies are as wide as humanity itself.

The Cardinal's gifts as a preacher would have made him famous had he been without other marks of distinction. He possesses a clear, bell-like voice, almost perfectly modulated, and capable, even at the age of 77 years, of filling the largest church or hall. He does not use the ordinary arts of the orator, but aims rather to present his ideas with such simplicity of word and gesture, that they will strike home in the most effective way. Distinctness of enunciation is one of his most agreeable qualities in the pulpit, which is the arena of so much poor elocution in these times. A remarkable magnetism of manner attracts the attention of the hearer at the outset and holds it without effort to the end. The Cardinal's memory is so extraordinary that he seldom refers to manuscript.

If I should seek to describe his preaching in a word, I would say that it is fascinating. He does not complicate a subject by digression, but unfolds his virile ideas in logical, orderly sequence, so that one seems to melt into another; most important of all, he has something to say before he undertakes to say it. The sermons which he delivers on the first Sunday in the month in the Baltimore Cathedral are listened to by congregations which pack that large and beautiful edi-

fice, and many non-Catholics are always present. They are Gospel sermons in the best sense of the word, and I have never heard of one which was not appropriate to the time and place. Even when they treat of distinctively Catholic doctrines, they give no offence to others.

As an extemporaneous speaker outside of church, the Cardinal is unsurpassed in the readiness and charm of his utterances. He has the happy faculty of saying the right thing at the right time, but always there is the touch of the churchman—something that rings of his calling and exercises a good influence on his hearers. He usually begins with a phrase or two that puts him in intimate touch with the spirit of the occasion and its principal figures, and his address is always voted the "hit of the day."

Of the administrative gifts that are so necessary to the successful transaction of the great duties which have fallen to his lot, the Cardinal is abundantly possessed. Out of our American life, there has been recently born a new occupation—that of "engineer of efficiency." This phrase fits the Cardinal perfectly. Some men can plan and some can execute, but he can do both. Had he chosen some other career than that of a churchman, I believe that his labors would have been crowned with equal success. His conspicuous ability has been devoted to the cause of religion, with a single-minded purpose that has stamped him as the type and pattern of the "Ambassador of Christ."

ADMINISTRATION OF THE PARISH SCHOOLS.

BY MICHAEL HENRY LUCEY, PH.D.



THE Catholic parish school system is a natural growth. Catholic schools sprang from local needs, and were not forced on the people from above by their ecclesiastical superiors. When the first school, St. Peter's, was established, over one hundred years ago, the Catholic laity through a board of trustees elected by them managed the temporal affairs of the parish. While it is true that Bishop Carroll advocated the establishment of a school, yet this would have had very little effect had not the people themselves felt the necessity of one. In those days the lay trustees ran things with a high hand. They chose their own pastors, discharged them at will, and resented the interference of Bishop Carroll when he sought to interfere with this practice. The parish school, when founded then, expressed the needs of the people themselves. There was no other school to which they could send their children, and they were compelled of necessity to establish one, or to allow their children to grow up in ignorance.

During the next forty years, in which the lay trustees exercised complete control of the temporalities of the parishes, we find that as each church was built a school was opened. These schools were for the most part poorly housed and miserably equipped, it is true, but they were the best that the people could provide.

In this forward movement of Catholic schools the people were directed and encouraged by the words of their bishops, but these were, after all, only exhortations and not commands. The parish schools were established long before a church council of any kind was held in the United States. While it is true that the general policy of the Church as expressed through its councils and bishops has had a powerful influence on the character and growth of the parish schools, the point to be noted is, that this influence only made itself directly felt after the schools had been established. And even then no action was taken to affect in any way the administration

of the schools. It was only urged that parish schools be founded, that they be made efficient, and that religious teachers be employed if possible. Pastors and people still retained full power in the organization and management of their schools.

This characteristic of the school is shown in various ways. Each parish planned its school as best it could. Some parishes provided schoolhouses, but for the most part, the people were forced to be content with the dark, poorly furnished, ill-ventilated basements of their churches. As time went on, one school after another emerged from the twilight and came into its own. But still there was no general policy followed, no definite plan. As each pastor planned his new school-house, he kept in mind not only the needs of the children but the financial condition of the parish as well. Some erected new buildings, others remodeled old ones. Some erected structures that vied in size, beauty and convenience with those erected by the public school authorities, while others built more modestly.

We may note the same spirit of local power in the matter of selecting teachers. There was no common standard. Each pastor hired whom he wished. He was the examiner and the employer. The qualifications of a teacher were such as each pastor determined for himself. How this plan worked in practice we have seen. The salary was so meagre that skilled teachers could not be employed, and we have seen the spectacle of the sexton conducting the school in addition to his other duties of digging graves and keeping the church clean.

The same state of affairs is noted in the matter of text-books and of grading. Each school had its own text-books selected either by the teacher or the pastor. Many text-books were of the very poorest kind, with the matter badly selected, poorly printed and miserably illustrated. As the schools increased in size and numbers the great demand for school books induced publishers to issue series of texts for all classes, and the keen competition led to great improvements in them. Still, many of these later books were printed in the form of a catechism, that is, by arrangement of question and answer. Even as late as 1890 the Reverend Inspector of Schools reported that catechisms of history were freely used, and that in numerous cases unless the questions were put exactly as they were in the book the children could give no answer.

It was, however, in the matter of grading that the lack of a general system or plan was most clearly felt. Each

school was a law unto itself. Now this would have been an advantage rather than a defect, if the children did not move from school to school, and if the parish authorities were expert in school matters with the requisite time and ability to plan a systematic course of instruction. But when the pastors' varied duties are considered it is clear that in many schools conditions were not of the best.

The only elements that tended to make for union in this clash of individual units were the various religious orders. The schools conducted by members of the same community, as for instance those under charge of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, would be very much alike. This was owing to the common training received by the Brothers, to the fact that very often the text-books used were prepared by members of the community, and to the further fact that their superiors, in going from school to school, would note conditions and strive to bring the schools to a common standard.

Such, then, was the chaotic condition of affairs when the Third Plenary Council met at Baltimore. The Fathers of the Council not only urged the desirability of multiplying Catholic schools, as we have noted before, but they likewise insisted on the necessity of perfecting them.

We repudiate the idea, [they state], that the Catholic school need be in any respect inferior to any other school whatsoever. And if hitherto, in some places, our people have acted on the principle that it is better to have an imperfect Catholic school than to have none, let them now push their praiseworthy ambition still farther and not relax their efforts till their schools be elevated to the highest educational excellence.

They, however, did not trust to these pious and hopeful exhortations, but laid down certain definite decrees, which are still in force, as to the manner in which this result was to be accomplished.

The first requires that the seminarists, during their preparation for the priesthood, receive special training for their future work in the management of schools. To this end the educational aspects of such studies as psychology, pedagogy and pastoral theology should be emphasized. The second requires every rector to visit his school frequently, at least once every week, in order that he may inspect the work being done,

stimulate the pupils and teachers to greater effort, and if possible give instruction in sacred history and catechism. The third insists on the obligation of all Catholics to do their utmost in the support of the parochial schools in order that they be raised to a high state of proficiency.

As the condition of the school is determined largely by the kind of teachers employed, the Fathers decreed also that no one should be allowed to teach in a parish school until he or she had proved his or her fitness for the position by previous examination. Bishops are required to designate one or more of their priests as a Diocesan Board of Examiners, to examine all applicants, whether religious or lay, for positions in the parish schools. To the successful candidates a diploma good for five years is given. At the end of that time a final examination is held, and if the result is satisfactory the license is made permanent. Those religious that are governed from abroad or from other states must show diplomas from their religious superiors, or from some other diocesan board of examiners.

Besides this commission for the examination of teachers which has jurisdiction over the whole diocese, the bishop is directed to appoint one or more Board of Examiners of Schools, as the condition of his diocese may determine. Each board is to be composed of one or more priests. It is their duty to visit and to examine the schools under their direction at least once, and if possible, twice each year, and to report the results of their examinations to the bishop.

Finally, in order that there might always be a sufficient number of trained teachers for the parish schools, the Fathers advised the establishment of Catholic Normal Schools, where they did not exist, and where the necessity for them was apparent.

With these plans for improving the parish schools Dr. Corrigan was in thorough accord. This he made clear at the outset of his career in New York. On November 17, 1886, he convened a diocesan synod for the purpose of ratifying and promulgating the decrees of the Plenary Council. To the exhortation of the Council he added his own, urging the clergy to do all in their power to carry them into effect.

The men selected by him for the various commissions or boards were not only learned and able priests, but they were experienced educators as well. All of them were actively

connected with the work of the parish schools, and most of them had large schools under their immediate direction.

As members of the commission for the examination of teachers he appointed the Right Rev. Mgr. Preston, V. G., the Very Rev. Mgr. Farley, and the Rev. Messrs. Edwards, Kearney, McGean, Kessler and Tonner; while the Very Rev. Mgr. Farley, and the Rev. Messrs. J. J. Dougherty, Healy, P. F. McSweeney, Larkin, N. J. Hughes, and the Rev. Fathers O'Connor, S.J., Colonel, C.S.S.R., and Vorwerk, O.M.Cap., were constituted a Board of Examiners of Schools for the Boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond.

The first work of the Commission for the Examination of Teachers, was to draw up a uniform course of study for the schools. This course, entitled "Directory and Course of Instruction," issued in 1887, sets forth in detail the work to be done in each grade and in each subject in the schools.

The prescribed course of study was, for the most part, such as that found in the public schools. English, arithmetic and writing were to be taught in each grade from the lowest primary to the highest grammar. Geography was to be taken up in the third year, history in the fourth, and bookkeeping in the last grade. But it is the work laid down under the heading "Christian Doctrine" that challenges the attention of one accustomed to the course of study in our public schools. A systematic outline of work was given for each grade; the prayers to be taught, and the subjects of oral instruction were also prescribed.

The members of the Board of School Examiners, after a year's experience, found that they could not spare sufficient time from their other duties to visit and inspect the various schools of the city. Accordingly, they chose one of the younger clergymen, Rev. William E. Degnan, S.T.D., to be their representative in the visitation and examination of schools. Dr. Degnan prosecuted his work with energy and success until the fall of 1889, when ill health caused him to resign.

The board was particularly fortunate in its choice of the next inspector, Rev. M. J. Considine. He was an able, energetic administrator, one who grasped clearly the problem to be solved and the solution of it.

His was the herculean task of bringing under a central authority and forming into a united system, the numerous parish schools of the city, some of which had for almost a

century enjoyed independent existence. The parish schools had grown up each in its own parish. Despite their faults, and they had many, they were deeply rooted in the affections of the people. In their precarious struggle for existence they had to depend entirely on the support of the faithful of each parish, and naturally they reflected the needs and aspirations of their supporters. There was no external authority to whom desired changes had to be referred. Each school was free to adapt itself without question to its particular parish. And adapt themselves they did, and that successfully, too, else they could not have long existed. For it must be remembered that side by side with these parish schools, eking out their precarious existence from the contributions of the faithful, was a system of generously supported public schools, free to all who might enter.

The Rev. Mr. Considine undertook the task with characteristic vigor, and in a series of able reports sketched the condition of the schools, noted their defects in unvarnished language, and suggested remedies. These recommendations invariably met with the cordial support of the School Board. After each report was received it was customary for the board to send a circular letter embodying the Inspector's recommendations, and giving explicit directions for their enforcement to all rectors and principals.

This steady, persistent work of the Inspector, supplemented by the authority of the School Board, soon had its effect. The course of study, as prescribed, was carefully followed in all schools; the fitness of teachers was tested by examination and observation in the classroom; methods of teaching were improved, and needed changes were made in many schools in order to protect better the physical well-being of the pupils.

Archbishop Corrigan warmly supported and encouraged this work of raising the standards of the schools. His zeal in the cause of Catholic education was with him a matter of conscience, and was just as earnest and sincere in his last days as when the decrees of the Third Council were first issued. At the last meeting with the clergy of his diocese he announced that any pastor who did not, within two years, establish a Catholic school, should give him in writing the reasons for not doing so. He did not, however, live to see these directions fulfilled. On May 5, 1902, his busy life came to an

end, and he was laid to rest far from turmoil and strife, in the quiet of his cathedral. On the marble slab which closed the chamber of death was carved the well earned title: "The Staunch Defender of Christian Education."

The Most Rev. John Farley, the present Archbishop, is peculiarly well fitted to deal with the problem of parish schools. Educated at Rome, as had been his two immediate predecessors, an early opportunity was given to him to learn the administrative duties devolving on the head of the diocese. After having served as secretary to Cardinal McCloskey for many years, he was appointed pastor of one of the largest city churches, St. Gabriel's. Here he was enabled to study at first hand the work of a parish school, and the duties and responsibilities of a pastor in maintaining it. Later as Auxiliary to Archbishop Corrigan, with the title of Bishop of Zeugma, he had an opportunity to come more directly into contact with the actual needs of the diocese. But probably his most valuable training for the educational phase of his manifold duties was that gained as president of the School Board, appointed by Archbishop Corrigan to bring order and system into the parish schools of the city.

His work in this trying post we have already briefly noted. It was a work that required tact and judgment, one in which a man less skillful would have found difficulty. And yet we have seen with what patience and skill the local rights of the schools were considered, while all the time they were being transformed from a mass of discordant units into an harmonious whole.

This same rare good judgment and ability to secure results without any friction has marked his career as Archbishop. The good work instituted by his predecessors has been kept up and new problems have been met and solved. Perhaps the most important phase of the work has been the supplying of the churches and schools for the rapidly growing outer boroughs. The growth of the Church in the borough of the Bronx has been phenomenal. While only four Catholic parish schools were established previous to the administration of Archbishop Farley, since his accession fifteen have been opened. The schools in the borough of Richmond have been doubled in number, while twenty new ones have been added to the long list in the parent borough itself. Thus, in the

eight years of Archbishop Farley's administration forty new schools have been established in the three boroughs of New York City which are under his care. Not only are new schools being opened, but old buildings are being replaced with new ones. During the year 1910, for example, five modern schoolhouses were built to take the place of older ones, namely St. Gabriel's, East 37th Street, Manhattan; St. Columba's, West 25th Street, Manhattan; St. Anthony's, McDougal Street, Manhattan; St. Mary's, Rosebank, Richmond; St. Mary's, Jackson Street, Manhattan.

The boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens likewise show a healthy growth. Since the appointment of Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, who succeeded Bishop Loughlin, on April 25, 1892, thirty-four new schools have been founded.

In 1908 the Church celebrated, with imposing ceremonies, the one hundredth anniversary of the formation of New York into a diocese. As her prelates, priests and people surveyed the work accomplished, one of the results which they regarded with the greatest pride and satisfaction was the magnificent system of parish schools which had sprung from the one small seed planted in Barclay Street, so long before. Like the oak, the growth at first had been slow, but also like it the seedling had now developed into a sturdy tree, with innumerable branches, which had weathered many storms.

It is interesting to note the growth of the schools, decade by decade. During one period they seem to be dormant, at another they spring again into renewed activity, as though new life had been imparted to them:

	<i>MANHATTAN</i>	<i>BRONX</i>	<i>RICHMOND</i>	<i>TOTALS</i>
1800-1810	1	—	—	1
1810-1820	1	—	—	1
1820-1830	2	—	—	2
1830-1840	2	—	—	2
1840-1850	4	—	—	4
1850-1860	9	1	—	10
1860-1870	8	1	2	11
1870-1880	3	1	1	5
1880-1890	13	1	—	14
1890-1900	5	1	—	6
1900-1910	20	15	5	40
	<hr/> 68	<hr/> 20	<hr/> 8	<hr/> 96

As may be seen, the growth in the present decade is more than twice that of any preceding period of the same length. The contributing factors here are the rapid spread of the city to the outlying boroughs, and the new spirit infused into the cause of Catholic education by the present Archbishop. The motto of Archbishop Hughes, "The School Before the Church," has again been revived; the harmonious days of Cardinal McCloskey seem to have returned; while the zeal and system of the time of Archbishop Corrigan are in no way abated.

Where one hundred years ago there was only one school with about five hundred pupils, to-day there are in the entire city 167 parish schools in which are instructed 125,645 pupils.

But this represents only a part of the educational activity of the Church. Besides the parish schools, she has many other institutions for the care and education of the young, such as schools for Deaf Mutes, Orphan Asylums, Industrial and Reform Schools. The total number of young people under Catholic care in the diocese of New York and of Brooklyn reach the grand total of 183,365.

We are concerned here, however, only with the parish schools, and cannot dwell on these other phases of diocesan educational activity. A comparison of the number of pupils in the public elementary schools and in the parish schools will give a better notion of the work accomplished. The total enrollment in the former is 693,246 and in the latter 125,645. Comparing these figures with the total population of the city 4,766,883 as given by the 1910 census, we find that 14.5 per cent of the entire population is in the public elementary schools and 2.6 per cent in the Catholic parish schools.

To manage this large and constantly growing system of schools there are in New York City three Catholic school boards, one for the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond; another for Brooklyn; and the third for Queens. The members of the first board are appointed by the Archbishop of New York, and those of the other two by the Bishop of Brooklyn. Heretofore no laymen have been appointed to the Catholic school boards of New York City. While the reverend members composing these boards are able men, yet it would seem that inasmuch as the parish schools are erected and supported by laymen, the latter ought to have some voice in their management. The Most Rev. James H. Blenk, D.D., Arch-

bishop of New Orleans, has appointed an equal number of religious, of secular clergy, and of laymen to his diocesan school board, stating that he believed "if laymen are to give their full support to any work they should know what is done, and how it is done, so that they may give it their undivided support."

The School Board for the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond is composed of fifteen members, the president being Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, V. G., and the secretary Rev. Michael J. Considine. While its powers are broad, as we have noted in discussing the organization of the first board, they are in no way equal to those exercised by the corresponding body in the public school system. For instance, the Catholic board has no power or authority over the financial affairs of the schools except that it may recommend changes and improvements involving the expenditure of money. The finances of the schools are in charge of the local pastor and his board of lay trustees. The central authority licenses teachers, the pastor employs them. In general it may be said that the Catholic parish schools enjoy a much greater measure of local independence than do the public schools. This is due, as we have seen, to the fact that ever since the founding of the first Catholic school, over one hundred years ago, until a short time since, the control of the schools was entirely in the hands of the local authorities.

The central board exercises its authority chiefly through its two superintendents of schools. While changes have been made from time to time, the clergymen chosen for these positions have kept up the high standard of work set by the Rev. Michael J. Considine, under whose efficient direction the schools were organized into a system. The present superintendents are Rev. Joseph F. Smith, and Rev. Michael J. Larkin. Rev. Thomas A. Thornton was appointed in 1903 and resigned in 1908 to take charge of St. Columba's Church, on West 25th Street.

In recent years great improvements have been made in the parish school buildings. No longer are the schools housed in the basements of the churches. Each parish school is now in a building of its own. Old buildings have been repaired and renovated, while others have been torn down to make room for newer ones of a more modern type. In replacing these

old buildings, as well as in erecting others for new schools, every effort is being made to have them not only modern in all that pertains to a well planned, well equipped school, but likewise models of architectural skill.

There are 1,398 teachers employed in the parish schools of the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond. Of these 814 are religious teachers, 432 lay, and 152 special.

The religious teachers are a trained body of educators who devote their lives to teaching. Before entering on their work they receive a thorough course of training, and their manner of life afterwards is conducive to further improvement and study. They live a community life. They are free from the distractions and cares of the world, and devote their lives to meditation, study, teaching and prayer. There are, besides, at stated intervals, meetings of religious teachers for the discussion of professional topics.

The salaries paid these teachers are very low, as compared with those received by the teachers in the public schools. The rate of wages is regulated by the heads of the various teaching communities. Sisters of Charity are now receiving for their services \$400 per annum, and the Brothers of the Christian Schools the same. This low wage in no way affects the type of religious teachers. They are vowed to poverty, and the salaries received go into a common fund.

The salary question does, however, play an important part in the life of the lay teacher. The salaries paid rest wholly with the pastor of each parish, the amounts varying from thirty to sixty per month, according to grade taught, length of service, etc. The lay teacher is bound to the work by no such ties as is the religious, and in accordance with the usual economic laws, the better fitted are drawn where higher wages prevail. The Catholic authorities deplore this condition of affairs, and are endeavoring to pay such salaries as will hold their most efficient teachers.

The value of school property in Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond is \$11,347,500, and the annual cost of maintenance of the schools is \$742,055. The value of school property and the cost of maintenance of schools in the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, we are unable to determine, as no statistics of this kind are issued, but inasmuch as the number of pupils in their schools almost equal those in the schools of the other

three boroughs, we shall keep well within the bounds of probability in stating that the Catholic people of New York City expend over one and a quarter million dollars annually for the maintenance of their schools.

Again reckoning on the *per capita* cost of educating a child in the public elementary schools, the parish schools save the city over \$3,800,000 annually.

The parish schools are supported by the voluntary contributions of the Catholic people of the city, not a cent coming from the public treasury. The means of raising this money varies in different parishes. In some a special school collection is taken up at each Mass, in addition to the regular collection. In other, school associations are formed for this purpose, while in others, volunteer collectors make a periodic house to house canvass.

Now, if the curriculum and method of these schools are practically the same as those of the public schools, why do a people who are by no means wealthy choose voluntarily to assume the onerous burden of establishing and maintaining them? We have seen this partly answered in the various enactments of the Councils, and in the opinions of the priests and prelates cited in former articles. However, a later day statement of the position of the Church is interesting and suggestive. Mgr. Lavelle, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, puts the question and answer in this wise:

What is the motive of these schools? Why do people, not yet overburdened with this world's goods, and keenly eager for the betterment of their condition, elect to support a voluntary system of education, after having paid their taxes to the regularly organized system of the state? The answer is this: The Catholic schools are supported by a large body of earnest, sincere, God-fearing men, who believe in their faith as they do in their life; who are anxious to see their faith stamped indelibly upon their children; who fear that this faith and all faiths are liable to be weakened, if not lost, by an education purely secular; and who are convinced that by making this sacrifice of double taxation they are doing the very best possible service for the welfare of religion and morality, and, at the same time, for the honor, exaltation and solidifying of those institutions, whose symbol is the royal red, the lily white, and the azure blue of the Stars and Stripes. Why do they believe this? They dread, on princi-

ple, the education of the head without the heart. They see more vice than there should be about them, in high places and in low—drunkenness, licentiousness, dishonesty, hate, with all its revolting sequels—divorce, disloyalty, anarchism, faithlessness to trusts.

This moral and religious education is accomplished directly by instruction in the Catechism, Bible and Church History. Primarily, it is the duty of the pastor and other priests to look after the teaching of religion in the schools. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of a large city, it is impossible, however, for them to undertake this. They supplement by their instruction and explanation the previous work of the teacher.

The most important part of this work, however, is done indirectly. The Catholic school authorities hold that since all truth belongs to God, there is no branch of learning in the teaching of which the instructor cannot in some way keep before the minds of the children the Almighty Creator and Absolute Owner of all beings.

The parish schools must, in the final analysis, be judged by the service which they render to the community. On this they must stand or fall, not only as far as the community at large is concerned, but likewise with the Catholic portion of it. The test by which they will be measured by the general public is the work accomplished in the public schools. Do these parish schools render as effective or more effective service to the state as the public schools? What are the relative merits of these two systems in training their pupils to be useful citizens? How do their graduates compare in social efficiency?

It is on this issue that the parish schools must be judged, and it is on this that their hope of eventual support from the public treasury depends. With the question of religious instruction the state is not and will not be concerned.

Of the relative results thus far accomplished one cannot speak with certainty. No thorough investigation has been attempted with this end in view. There has been a great deal of loud assertion, but sufficient *data* has not been gathered on which to base a sound conclusion. In view of this state of affairs, then, we can only draw inferences from scattered facts.

The parish schools have always been close to the people; they have, until within a few years, been entirely under local management; and their work has consequently been of a very practical character. Whatever may be said of the instruction given in the so-called "fads," it is certain that the children were well grounded in reading, writing and arithmetic. Of late years their curriculum has been broadened, and is now practically the same as that of the public schools. Whether this will lessen their former efficiency in the three "R's" is a matter for time to decide. It would, however, seem that the parish schools are not losing their old time vigor.

Certain it is that a large portion of the community believe that the work accomplished compares favorably with that done in the public schools. It is hardly likely that Catholics would continue to send their children in increasing numbers to these schools, if their standards were not up to the public schools. No coercion, no threats, are used to compel parents of over 125,000 children to send them to these schools. Around them on all sides, are children who attend the public schools, whose progress they may note and compare with that made by their own children. And yet in this city, where millions are voted out of the public treasury annually for public education, the parish schools continue to grow and multiply.

Their graduates who choose, or who are compelled by circumstances to enter business life find no difficulty in getting positions. In fact, in many schools, the boys who are about to be graduated have positions waiting for them.

The parish school authorities are doing their utmost to bring their schools to a high state of efficiency. They believe that the work accomplished is equal to that done in the public schools, and as an evidence of their faith they invite examination by competent public authority. For a number of years pupils from these schools have entered examinations conducted by the state department of education, and have been uniformly successful.

A PLEA FOR READING CIRCLES.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



WHEN the organization of affiliated Reading Circles, known as the Columbian Reading Union, came into existence about twenty years ago, it was distinctly in advance of the movement for the formation of women's Book Clubs which a little later swept over the country like a tidal wave. At present it would be difficult to find a spot so remote that this wave has not reached, a village so small that does not possess its Book Club, or in proportion to size, several such organizations; and one has only to glance at the social columns of provincial newspapers to see constant reports of the meetings of these clubs, in which the books discussed have equally honorable mention with the floral decorations provided, and the refreshments served. But while this movement has made such tremendous headway among those outside of the Church, what has become of the Reading Circles formed for the study of Catholic literature, under competent direction? There is far more need of such organizations now than when they were started; in fact the need is so great, and (one would think) so apparent that it seems almost incredible that the movement should have died from lack of interest, just when a widespread awakening to the need of some degree of mental culture has arisen among the vast multitude of women who are without any authority to direct their study of literature. It is surely a sad commentary on the intellectual apathy of Catholics that this should be the case, and a truly extraordinary thing that there is so little perception of the great dangers lurking in this movement, and of the crying need to guide and restrain those who acknowledge the authority of the warning voice of the Church.

For underlying all the movement is the popular belief that reading *in itself* is good—the belief which throws open public libraries, without any kind of censorship, to the ignorant and the young. To Catholics it is unnecessary to say this is a fallacy on a par with that which declares every man free and competent to select or make his own religion. “Man,” says

Lacordaire, "is a being subject to instruction," and without such instruction he is certain to go woefully wrong in reading as in everything else, since reading is simply a means to an end, and unless wisely directed the end may be infinitely more harmful than beneficial, as history testifies, and experience assures us. For ideas are the most vital things on earth, endowed with a life and a potency to which nothing else in the world can be compared, possessing a merciless logic, and a power of affecting human conduct and human events far beyond the utmost point that our limited vision can reach. In the eagerness with which women have rushed into the pursuit of mental culture there are unquestionably many factors to be perceived. One is the social instinct, to which the clubs appeal; another the impulse so strong in human nature, and especially in feminine nature, to follow the fashion of the hour; but deeper and more controlling than either of these is the desire to widen the horizon of thought, to eat of those fruits of the tree of knowledge which are so lavishly and so temptingly set forth in our day.

But not all of these fruits are good, and this being so, the imperative need arises for some standard of discrimination in selecting those which are to be assimilated. No wise man or woman feeds the body on poison, yet all around us we see the mind—the divine principle of life, the source and spring of all our actions—fed on poisons which are not less deadly because they may be offered "in a Venice glass." That such poisons are constantly offered no one who is at all familiar with modern literature can be unaware. In the present time, above all other times that the world has known, the license of the pen is absolutely unrestrained; no theory is too dangerous, no philosophy too subversive of the social and moral order, to be presented with every charm of literary skill, and invested with the fascination which for certain minds dwells in the audacious and the bizarre. When considering, therefore, many of the evils which just now threaten society, especially those which relate chiefly to women—their growing unrest and dissatisfaction with existing social conditions, their forgetfulness of old and sacred ideals of duty, their waning faith in God, and their readiness to adopt wild cults of all kinds—it is impossible not to recognize the omnipresent book club as the culture spot of many of these destructive germs. For with the license of the pen on the part of writers, there has come a corresponding

license of thought on the part of readers. And this not only in the case of mature persons, but with girls, often scarcely out of school, who form themselves into these clubs, and wholly undirected, choose, read, and discuss books, the mere titles of which make one shudder, so clear is it that such works must inevitably act as a degenerating force, sapping the moral vitality, that they will lower the whole tone of the mind, destroy reverence, and the instinctive shrinking of a pure soul from things which defile.

And if this seems to be taking the work of these organizations too seriously, let it be said that the matter is neither so trivial nor so individual as it possibly appears. For the matter of that, what is limited to the individual in this strangely interwoven life of ours, where

“ . . . thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star?”

Therefore, while we may be tempted to think of the novels these girls read very much as we think of the sweets they devour—things bad for the digestion, but of equally slight importance—such a view is surely a grave mistake. Taking into consideration the strongly anti-ethical tendency of modern fiction, the manner in which the laws of morality are scoffed at, or ignored, while many writers—among whom women are the worst offenders—treat with a truly brutal unreserve, subjects and phases of life which are base and degrading, can we doubt the character of the influence which this fiction must exert, or fail to remember that in the keeping of the girls who are absorbing it will one day lie the destiny of future generations? For although women in our day have been largely led to forget the greatness and the power that dwell in motherhood, neither the greatness nor the power is lessened by such forgetfulness. Whether they will or no, the divinely ordained law of being stands firm: “in these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection,” and of much more, of the highest potentialities of the race for time and for eternity. There is a deep significance in the well-known fact that no great man ever lived who had not a great mother, one strong in the moral, if not in the intellectual qualities, but usually strong in both. And this being so, can too much importance be attached to the kind of mental food with which women are feeding their

minds, and from which they are to draw nourishment for the minds and souls of others? There is no more touching passage in the memoirs of Mistral, the famous Provencal poet, whose glorious mission it was to waken to life again a dead language, and to sing in the tongue of the troubadours the beautiful stories of his land, than that in which he says of his mother, from whom he first heard these tales and legends of Provence, "So the cradle of my early years was rocked, filling my dreams with poetic visions. Thus from my mother I drew not only nourishment for my body, but for my mind and soul. the sweet honey of noble tradition and faith in God." Seldom has more exquisite tribute been paid by son to mother, and there have been many mothers in the long history of our race to whom such tribute might be paid, whose noble impress on the souls of men will go on perpetuating itself through countless channels of influence, ending only with the final harvest of all things.

But there are others whose impress will be of another kind. To find this strikingly portrayed, let us turn to one of those modern books in which a lesson of strong moral import is conveyed by a writer who, like the ancient sybils, seems forced to bear testimony to a truth of which he is himself unable to perceive the full significance. The book in question is *The Old Room*, by Carl Ewald, a young Danish writer, lately dead, and it belongs to the school of fiction which is largely influenced by what is known as the symbolist movement in literature—a movement which in its reaction against realism has gone so far in the other direction that reality is altogether lost sight of, and we wander in a world of shadows and allegories which are often too cryptic to be understood without an interpreter. But the meaning of this particular story is sufficiently plain, whether intended by the author, or not. The old room which it describes, closed, guarded, jealously preserved as a shrine for the inner sanctities of home, is clearly a symbol of the life of past generations, of the laws, traditions and customs which were sacred and binding to them. But this old life has grown too narrow for the new woman, palpitating with desire for freedom, impatient of restraint, thirsting for all that the world can give of pleasure, of intellectual satisfaction, and the happiness that is supposed to spring from gratified desires. An intensely significant drama, though veiled in mystical phraseology, takes place be-

tween husband and wife in the old room, ending when the woman, defiantly breaking the bonds of the past, and acknowledging no duty in the present, goes forth to the freedom she craves, as Ibsen's Nora goes in the *Doll's House*. Even as that famous drama ends with the crash of a closing door, so this ends with the violent opening of one, the flinging wide the door of the sacred chamber of family life, and leaving it to desolation and desecration. Here, we are told, the story was intended to end, but the sybilline spirit was evidently too strong for the author, and in a vision he saw the consequences of the woman's action—the woman who stands as a type of her generation—on others besides herself. The second part of the book deals with the life and character of the child of these people, so widely separated in heart and soul, the one clinging to old ideals, the other flinging herself into new conditions and eagerly draining the cup of life, to find only bitterness in the dregs. In their son we see the symbol of a generation born out of struggle, nurtured without faith, discerning no purpose or meaning in life, and at last going out of it by his own act, in black despair. It is a picture of darkest pessimism, for like most of those who draw such pictures, the author diagnosed an evil for which he was unable to prescribe a remedy, yet it carries a deep warning for the woman who is tempted to forget that in disregarding old sanctities and flinging off old restraints she is imperilling more than her own soul—the souls of those who are to come after her, and on whom she has the truly terrible power of laying her seal for good or for evil.

To draw the obvious moral seems superfluous, yet one is often inclined to ask whether the women who form these book clubs wish, like the mother of Mistral, to be remembered as having handed on "the sweet honey of noble tradition and faith in God," or like the mother in *The Old Room* to be held accountable by God and man for the degeneracy which is an inevitable result of the gospel that a decadent literature preaches. One feels moved to beg that they will reflect a little upon these things when they are making up their book lists, and choose elevating literature, rather than that which can only taint the imagination and warp the character, since it cannot be too often repeated that it is by our ideals that we live and act, and to maintain these ideals high and stainless we need all the help that the lofty souls and great minds

of our race can give us in their written words. But, as a general rule, such appeals fall upon deaf ears. The demand in these clubs is almost invariably for "the latest thing," the book most widely talked of and sold, without regard to its artistic or ethical values; indeed the knowledge that a book offends against decency, as well as against morals, is enough to insure its being clamored for by every book club in the land.

Now, these things being so—and no one who knows anything about them can doubt the accuracy of what has been written—is it not clear that there are dangers in this movement against which Catholics should be on their guard? For human nature being what it is, we cannot be surprised that Catholic women are frequently drawn into these organizations, which appeal to the social instincts, as well as to the intellectual tastes, of those who belong to them; and, being thus drawn, that they absorb the literature provided without even a thought of the Church's prohibition of books which are dangerous to faith or morals. The indifference of many Catholics toward such prohibition, their apparent ignorance that there is grave sin involved in reading bad books, and their absolute lack of any knowledge of Catholic writers, past or present, are almost incredible. And this lack of knowledge is not confined to the illiterate. On the contrary, it is to be found most strikingly among those who claim a certain degree of mental culture, who could successfully stand an examination on the popular fiction of the day, but who never by any chance buy, and only by chance read, a book by a Catholic author. Many explanations of this might be given, but whatever the explanation, the fact remains and stares us in the face. Catholics, as a rule, are profoundly ignorant of their own literature, although it is no longer broadly true that, as Cardinal Newman said, they are "not a reading class." The great wave of superficial culture, resulting from universal education, has reached them, as well as others. They are now frequenting libraries and joining book-clubs, and in both cases feeding their minds on matter which must in the end work evil to their souls. To declaim against this is of little good. The children of the world are again proved wiser in their generation than the children of light, and the only remedy for the condition is to promote and encourage Catholic associations for reading.

To turn from general statements to a particular instance, the attention of the present writer has lately been called to this subject by an attempt to form an association of the kind, the result of which is instructive. To relate the matter briefly, a few months ago in a town containing half a dozen book clubs, one Catholic woman said to another, apropos of the kind of literature circulated: "Why can we not form a Catholic club and get some of our own books, of which we are all so woefully ignorant?" The other was doubtful, but "We can try," she agreed. A few persons were consulted, the idea was received with enthusiasm, and nine women came eagerly to form themselves into an association for the study of Catholic literature. Then it was suggested by one who knew something of the work of the Columbian Reading Union, that a Reading Circle should be formed and affiliation sought. This also was enthusiastically agreed to, but disappointment ensued when a letter to the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD brought the news that the Columbian Reading Union had lapsed into desuetude, and that the movement, fraught with such hopes and such possibilities for good, had died just when the great literary awakening of women had fairly begun! Comment and regret were alike useless, but the Reading Circle already formed, went on bravely with its work, a series of books by Catholic authors were ordered, and it was almost pathetic to see the eagerness of these women to read something in which their faith was not misrepresented or ignored. Their interest has grown steadily with every meeting held, while the good results of awakening knowledge are simply incalculable. And as if to justify their *raison d'être* in the fullest manner, they have extended their efforts to promote Catholic knowledge beyond themselves. At the time when the Reading Circle was formed, steps were being taken to open a public library in the town, and knowing well the kind of books with which it would be filled under the exclusive control of Protestants, and thinking of the coming generation of Catholics who would seek reading there, it was proposed that the Circle should place a set of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* in this library. The matter was carried without a dissenting vote, the books were promptly ordered, and thus an authoritative source of information about Catholic beliefs and historical facts has been placed where all may have access to it, thereby depriving any of the excuse of ignorance.

Once more, then, in view of what one Reading Circle has accomplished in a few months of existence, may not the earnest plea be heeded for the revival of the Columbian Reading Union, as a directing agency, and the formation of Reading Circles wherever a group of educated Catholic women may be found? There is nothing more certain than that in this age of the world reading is the chief means employed by the powers of darkness to spread error and undermine faith; and we may also be sure that people will read bad literature, if good literature is not provided for them, and their taste trained to appreciate and enjoy it.

THE END OF TOIL.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The Harvest moon is rising full and clear;
Her emerald softness glorifies the plain.
The grain is gathered in, the laborer's wain
No longer lumbers on. Afar and near
New golden peace illumines the ended year.
—'Tis sad, for us! We miss the daily strain;
Our doings press no longer. Heart and brain
Need pure submission—seeking, oft, in vain.

The reaper's work doth stand at last revealed
Amid the splendors of the Harvest field.
Its imperfections, Lord of Grace, forgive!
He gave his all for love. Where joys unfold
Moon-lighted wings upon Thy fields of gold,
Where bliss abides, take him with Thee to live!

THE CONVENTION OF CATHOLIC EDITORS.

BY JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.



O every thoughtful Catholic the question of the Catholic Press and its efficiency must be a matter of personal concern and of deep interest. The Catholic Press of a country reechoes the condition of the Church in that country and with it the welfare of the Church is inextricably bound up. If any argument were needed, one might review the history of the countries wherein the Church is now persecuted, where her religious are not allowed to place foot, and where Catholicism as a vitalizing, national force is absent. Such a review would bring home to us the fact that long before these things could be, the Catholic Press of the country had died. Its sickness and death showed the lack of appreciation by the body Catholic, the popular mind, so to speak, of the supreme importance of Catholic truth; of an intelligent understanding of Catholic teaching; and of personal devotion and eagerness to serve its cause.

If argument were needed we might repeat what after all must be self-evident, namely, that the Catholic Press is the faithful echo of the Catholic mind. It is the power of the mind that rules and directs the world. Ideas are tireless, ever marching on, ever gathering recruits unless stripped of their power by other ideas. Where the mind is brought to bear upon matters religious, scientific, literary, social or economic, and when it begets a "theory," an "idea" which may be wholly or partly true, or even false, but which nevertheless fascinates many because it promises sudden emancipation from their ills, or seems to answer satisfactorily the yearnings of the human heart either for this world or the next—then, unless that "idea" or "theory," if it be false, be combated with equal intelligence, equal zeal, it will lead many captive and do untold harm to the cause of Catholic truth. The idea of Darwinian evolution is an illustration to the point. How that notion has actually led the world captive and affected

and shaped every field of human activity, even to our very commonplace thoughts, would take too long to tell. But even he who runs may read the sign posts along every roadway of human life.

If any argument were needed to prove the supreme importance of a Catholic Press and its support by the Catholic body, we might quote for pages the teaching, the passionate appeals, born of the clear vision that foresaw the danger, of the bishops throughout the world; of priests; of laymen, leaders of the Catholic body who kept themselves in close touch with the needs of the hour. To this work the late Holy Father, Leo XIII. frequently and with much emphasis summoned Catholics. He himself was a great apostle of the Press. Our present Holy Father, Pius X., has sent forth the same call time and again. We may repeat here one warning, the emphatic language of which will show us clearly what importance attaches to the work of the Catholic Press in the eyes of our Supreme Pontiff: "Neither the faithful nor the clergy make use of the Press as they should. In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools. All your work will be destroyed, all your efforts will prove fruitless if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic Press."

The sense of the supreme importance of a robust, intelligent Catholic Press has been present with the leaders of the Catholic Church in this country. The history of our Catholic Press, considering the severe hardships under which the Catholic Church had to labor, and has often still to labor, is a creditable one. Zealous pioneers, self-sacrificing and far-sighted men of the clergy and laity gave the services of a lifetime to its cause. The Plenary Councils, the Bishops of the country have time and again pronounced upon its importance, furthered it by every means within their power, urged, commanded, and pleaded with the Catholic laity for its support.

In answer to these needs and these demands the promoters of the Catholic Press have labored unceasingly and it may truthfully be said, in their own measure, successfully. Our forefathers built well and whatever future growth will be given to the Catholic Press must rest upon the foundation which they laid amid hardships that we know not of, and in spite of obstacles that we in this day of prosperity cannot imagine.

Their work is showing its results, and the encouraging growth of what they started was most happily and effectively shown in the Convention of Catholic Editors held in Columbus, Ohio, on August 24-27.

That convention must have been a surprise to all who took part in it. All of us had been for a greater or a less time, working to promote the cause of the Catholic Press. Yet we had been working alone. For the most part we were entirely unknown one to another. Our only acquaintance had been that of the impersonal editorial. We had never exchanged views as to how the interests of our Press might be furthered; how needed support for it might be obtained; how its efficiency might be assured. We suddenly knew one another as fellow citizens, workers in a common cause. The happiest note of the convention was this note of a common cause. It produced at once a unity of action that was as admirable as it was unexpected in a body of men and women who had been brought together for the first time from all parts of the country and who represented interests often thought to be inimical.

Yet, we repeat, the remarkable fact is that these interests were subordinated and from the beginning the convention seemed animated with the single purpose to promote through the most expeditious and efficient channels the welfare of the Catholic Press. That same spirit ruled the convention to the very end and was the secret of its success.

Success, we say, because the purpose of this convention was to effect an organization of the Catholic Press throughout the country. This was well illustrated when, in the election of directors and officers, a delegate from the West rose and said that the great object of the convention was to secure efficiency for an organized Catholic Press through the various boards that were to be appointed. Such efficiency, the delegate continued, could be possible only when the board of managers could meet together frequently and at short notice if necessary. The East would surely have some representatives on the board. Therefore, that all might be within meeting distance the West would not only resign all claim, but would insist that all the members of the board should reside in the East, and this sentiment was enthusiastically applauded and supported by all the representatives from the West.

The convention was hastily assembled. In fact its zealous promoters when they first made their plans never expected such a large and representative attendance. It was their hope that they might gather at least a few representatives of the Catholic weeklies and take some steps for a permanent organization. In consequence, some papers which should have been represented at the convention were neglected when the invitations were issued and, through no fault of their own, were not represented. This unfortunate oversight was regretted by the convention and its will expressed that all the Catholic periodicals and newspapers of the United States and Canada, of whatever language, should be included in the organization.

The organization is to be known as the Catholic Press Association. Its permanent Honorary President is the Right Rev. James J. Hartley, Bishop of Columbus. It is to be governed by a board of managers who were elected by the convention. In order to cover the whole field of the work of the Press three bureaus were appointed, the News Bureau, the Advertising Bureau, and the Bureau of Literature.

It must be understood that this convention dealt in no daydreams. No men know the difficulties that confront an organization of the Catholic Press, better than the men there present. Experience has seared that knowledge into their souls.

In one sense this convention achieved nothing. In another sense it achieved much. Had it done no more than make Catholic editors acquainted with one another and send them away with fresh inspiration and new ideas it would have been well worth while. But it achieved more than this. It shaped the plans, it founded an organization which should mean great advancement for the Catholic Press of this country. The convention recognized that it must work slowly; that time is demanded to bring about efficient results. But with the co-operation of the Catholic newspapers and periodicals of the country, in the work which they themselves have organized, the promises for effective work, for continued growth and strength are very bright.

It is idle and very cheap, indeed, to stand aside and say: "This has been done before and has failed. We will see what you are going to do and if it amounts to anything we will join with you."

With the single purpose of promoting the welfare of the

Catholic Press the Columbus Convention labored and it asked the co-operation of every Catholic paper, every Catholic publication throughout the land.

The establishment of a news agency was the first and, we might say, the principal work of the convention. The need of accurate news on matters Catholic, both here and abroad, but particularly abroad, is evident to all. The News Bureau looks forward to the establishment in the near future of a cable service and domestic telegraph service. The work was taken up enthusiastically by the convention and was placed in the hands of a group of very capable men. At least forty of the Catholic weeklies present pledged a sum of money for the establishment of this Bureau, and there is every reason to believe that, placed as the work now is in the hands of energetic and experienced men, it will give what we so urgently need—immediate, accurate information on matters of Catholic interest.

The object of the convention was organization, not sameness. It does not seek to decrease the individuality of any Catholic newspaper. The despatches of this News Bureau will be but a bare report of the essential facts. The presentation of those facts and editorial comment on them will be the work of the individual editor.

With its cable service abroad, its representatives in the countries of this continent, and in all the principal cities of the union—work which will take time, but which the News Bureau gave good evidence of being able to accomplish—it should mean thorough efficiency for the Catholic Press of the country; and the heroic endeavor to establish such a desirable and needed service should cheer the heart and enlist the support of every earnest Catholic.

The work of the Advertising Bureau is to bring before advertisers the worth of Catholic publications as advertising mediums; to encourage Catholics to patronize those who advertise in Catholic publications, and perhaps, through co-operation on the part of various newspapers, to give mutual help in securing more advertising. The details of the work are placed in the hands of a competent board of advertising experts.

As the News Bureau will attend to the news of immediate importance, so it is hoped that by means of the Bureau of Literature the Catholic Press Association will keep the Catho-

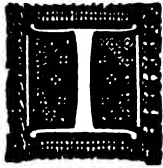
lic Press well informed on the work of Catholic literature and Catholic authors throughout the world. The labors of Catholics in every field of endeavor, matters that are always of intense interest to our people and that show the extraordinary far-reaching works of Catholic bodies throughout the world—all of these things are within its province. Catholic defense and exposition, the missionary labors of the Church at home and abroad, the work of exceptional worth being done by Catholics in every field of literature to-day—it will be the work of the Bureau to gather evidence of all this, and send it to the Press of the country. It will not interfere with any existing organization or organ. It seeks to help the organizations already established and give them a means whereby their work may become known to the entire Catholic Press of the country, and through that Press be presented to all our people.

By means of this Bureau the organization looks forward eventually to helping Catholic authors. The Bureau will endeavor to read submitted manuscripts, to recommend such as meet with its approval to the body of the Catholic Press and, by securing several weeklies, published at points very distant one from the other, to accept the same story, thus find for the author a wider and better paying market.

The report of these considerations and of how the convention sought to meet them will show that at least it made a beginning. Like the infant that it is, the Catholic Press Association must feel its way; and the Bureaus that it has appointed must study their fields; face the many difficulties that confront them; work slowly, principally because of the limited financial means at their command. Time will be required; other conventions must be held; mistakes no doubt will be made. But that for which it labored is so needful, so worthy; it is a work that means so much for our Lord and His Holy Church, that the inspiration which it furnished the editors assembled in Columbus, and the prayers of the faithful which we are sure will be offered for it, will to this happy beginning give healthy growth, fruitful labor and, eventually, an efficient Catholic Press that will command a hearing from all of our fellow-citizens, vitalize our national life with Catholic truth, and lead our country to the feet of Christ.

HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

BY LUCIAN JOHNSTON.



IT is with reluctant diffidence that a writer attempts an estimate of the nature and value of the life-work of a public man during the lifetime of the same. The undertaking is difficult enough in the case of the dead of all times, even of that of the more recent deceased. Witness in proof the divergence of opinions that even yet cluster about the personalities of men like Cardinals Newman and Manning. In the case of the living the task increases enormously in difficulty. Issues in which men figured and yet figure are too fresh to be judged with that calm and soberness of judgment and freedom from partisan bias which should be the very foremost and first qualities of a biographer or casual critic. Moreover, often mere good taste forbids the discussion during the lifetime of these issues, which can be treated with perfect propriety after death.

The present writer, therefore, abstains from attempting a comprehensive estimate of the life-labor of his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. He feels that it is premature. But, allowing for all this, it seems both in good taste and quite practicable even now to point out and estimate correctly, at least one, perhaps the most important phase, of his great work in the United States. An aspect, too, from which all, even now, perhaps can best estimate, not only the kind of work which he has so brilliantly accomplished, but as well the character and the gifts which enabled him to accomplish the same. This being the case, it is not in bad taste to anticipate, at least so far, the judgment of posterity.

Now, whatever else posterity may have to say of the life-work of the Cardinal, certainly, without doubt, it will give him the credit of having done more than any other American prelate towards breaking down hostility towards the Catholic Church on the part of non-Catholics of all persuasions; towards leading the Church out of that wilderness of obloquy

wherein he found her at the beginning of his career; towards making her honored and respected throughout the United States—in a word, of having made anti-Catholic bigotry ridiculous and proven to its very teeth that Catholicism and healthy Americanism are not inimical, but perfectly consistent with each other. Among his many encomiums, we say without hesitation that this will be given him unanimously by posterity. And surely this alone without anything else is sufficient to stamp his work as the work of a genius, to place him in the very front rank of great Americans, to class him with those other great Cardinals of the English-speaking peoples—Newman and Wiseman and Manning; finally, to mark him off, with the great Carroll and the wonderful John England.

To understand the real magnitude of such a work and the consummate skill required for its doing, turn back a few pages of the history of the Church in the United States, not going back further than the period when his Eminence was growing up to manhood.

The Know-Nothing party was then running its bloody and dishonorable career. As early as 1844 native American mobs, because of anti-Catholic hatred, had deliberately burned to the ground St. Michael's and St. Augustine's Churches in Philadelphia; had fired many houses tenanted by Catholics, and even shot some of the inmates on their very doorsteps. This and similar instances throughout the country were only a prelude to a more organized, but none the less brutal campaign of bigotry against Catholics, which came to be known popularly as the Know-Nothing party, formally organized in 1852 in New York. The avowed purpose of this society as given in its own ritual was to resist the "insidious" policy of the Church of Rome in every possible way, the chief and most effective way being to refuse to vote for any Catholic for any office whatsoever.

People of this generation, accustomed to tolerance, are almost inclined to laugh at such an absurd society. But it was no laughing matter in those days. That society progressed so rapidly that it actually became a national party. By 1855 there were seventy-five Know-Nothing members (elected as such) in the Thirty-fifth Congress. And in 1856 the party felt strong enough to run Millard Fillmore for President. Odd to say, Catholic Maryland was the only state carried by him.

The worst part of the movement was that it did not confine itself to the polls, but expressed its hatred as well by the torch and the gun. All over the country, at Providence, R. I., Boston, Baltimore, Wheeling, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Newark, N. J., Ellsworth, Me., Manchester, N. H., Bath, Me., Dorchester, Mass., Sidney, Ohio, Galveston, Norwalk, Conn., Brooklyn, Louisville, there were disorders of all kinds; burnings of convents and churches, blowing up of churches with gunpowder, tarring and feathering and riding-on-rails of priests, insulting of nuns in the streets, lustful investigations of their convents, disfranchising of Catholics under all sorts of pretexts, disqualifying of Catholics from office—New Hampshire up to 1877 did so—and lastly,—the actual butchery of Catholics such as happened at Louisville on August 5th, 1855, on the famous, or rather infamous "Bloody Monday," when, as Bishop Spalding wrote to Bishop Kenrick: "Nearly one hundred poor Irish have been butchered."

The present Cardinal was about twenty-one years of age when he must have read of this horrible outrage—the culminating infamy of all that bigotry in which he had grown up.

Such was the United States when James Gibbons was entering upon the ministry. A state of absolutely insensate hatred of Catholicity that went as far in its ferocity, but with less logic, than any Torquemada or Lord Jeffries—a hatred that was a curious compound of Native American bitterness and Cromwellian piety and Anglican sophistry. Yes; such was, from a religious standpoint, the attitude of the United States towards Catholicism when his Eminence was about to be ordained.

This is one picture. Now look on this. It is "Hyperion to a Satyr." We are at the year 1911, in the month of June, and I have before me the newspaper accounts of the reception given to Cardinal Gibbons at the Fifth Regiment Armory on June 6th. With all the memories of those cruel Know-Nothing days yet rankling, the reader almost wonders if he is dreaming when he notes the vast change that has come over the American people.

Twenty thousand people stream into and about that huge pile of masonry. Inside on a temporary stage, bedecked with American flags, what do they behold? There are the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Speaker of

the House of Representatives, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Governor of the State of Maryland, the Mayor of the City of Baltimore, with Governors of other states and other civic notables of the land, including an ex-President. Why have they come? What is the object of this most representative gathering that has ever taken place in our history, perhaps the most unique gathering that the world has ever seen? Why! one almost smiles at the simplicity of the thing. These men, representing all that is officially highest in our nation, with the representative of another great nation (Mr. Jusserand, Ambassador from France) have assembled to do honor to a Catholic priest on the golden anniversary of his priesthood and the silver anniversary of his Roman Cardinalate.

Contrast this, I say, with that other picture, and then you can realize the vast change that has come over American thought since the days when the fires of convents and churches were burning in the face of indignant heaven.

What has brought about that change? Many causes there are no doubt. Catholic emigration from Ireland and Catholic Germany were bound in the long run to make its influence felt by force of sheer numbers. The splendid devotion of thousands of obscure priests and self-denying laymen was also the seeding of this wonderful blossoming. The very nausea of respectable Protestantism inevitably turned in disgust from the memories of the forties and fifties; and there are many other causes too numerous to mention.

But, withal, both because of his own personal labor and because of the exalted position held by him in the Church, certainly to one man more than to any other belongs the credit of having hastened this transformation. And that man is Cardinal Gibbons.

Observe for yourselves. Omitting the years of his priesthood in Baltimore, look at him, the young Bishop of North Carolina. From the start we see him combatting that ancient heritage of Europe—intolerance. Working faithfully among his people, he yet finds time to write for the benefit of his fellow-citizens of non-Catholic persuasions an effective exposition of Catholic belief and practice. The *Faith of our Fathers* is the book which the average Catholic priest hands to those seeking information about the Catholic Church. Why? Simply because it is saturated with that kindly, broad, tolerant, con-

ciliatory, gentlemanly spirit and tone which disarm prejudicial reading at the very start. So that in this, the very first, and not the least of his pronouncements to the American people, the Cardinal gave the key-note of that policy of reconciliation which has been and is to-day the secret of his wonderful success; something that reminds one more than once of the attractive piety of Francis de Sales *vis-a-vis* the Calvinists of Savoy.

So much as Bishop. The day comes when he is transferred to the wider field of the Archdiocese of Baltimore and not long after welcomed among the most select body of men on earth—the Roman Cardinals. And here the work, begun so unostentatiously in North Carolina, immediately begins to assume nation-wide effectiveness. Much of the old bigotry remained. The public schools were mostly Protestantized, the press was, to say the least, not fair, popular literature was yet contemptuously indifferent, the Church was an object of curious suspicion. So that much depended upon the policy of that man who occupied the most prominent position before the non-Catholic public. As Archbishop of Baltimore, the Primatial See of the United States, and as Cardinal, the most exalted ecclesiastic outside of Europe, Cardinal Gibbons in some ways held the future of America in his hands. By a narrow, hard, uncompromising, unreasonable, *réfractaire* policy he could have retarded vastly the progress of the Church and indirectly fomented again into flames the old hatred of it. When he is gathered to his fathers this will be said of him, that he could have made dreadful mistakes, and did not make them—mistakes that on more than one occasion would have retarded Catholicism for a generation. Such a compliment is sufficient for any man entrusted with public responsibility. And this remark becomes all the more significant when you reflect that he has been in the public eye for half a century, and has dealt with most momentous and delicate questions.

And looking over it all, is it not due to just that spirit of reconciliation characterizing every step of his career? A spirit of gentlemanliness, of personal cleanness of life, of courteous respect for others' religious views, that has made religious bigotry, at least in the United States, so absurd, so ridiculous, that even the bigoted (who are yet numerous) must perforce close their mouths out of sheer shame?

This is the meaning of this wonderful celebration in Baltimore last June. That affair meant that toleration had triumphed at least in public, that Catholicism was proven to be friendly to, even an ally of America, that the stigma of "foreignism" was removed from the name Catholic, that henceforth it was un-American to cut a Catholic at the polls.

Take, for instance, what I consider the three most significant addresses on that occasion—those of Ambassador Jusserand, Ex-President Roosevelt and Mr. Elihu Root. Each in its own way, bears out this statement.

Mr. Roosevelt, with his characteristic impetuosity, spoke of

how blessed we are because we are united on an occasion like this, without regard to past history and antecedents, without regard to differences of religious or political belief, to honor a good man, who in and through his Church and as a citizen, has lived the life that a good man should . . . Our Republic, mighty in its youth, destined to endure for ages, will see many Presidents during those ages, and it will see Presidents who are Catholics as well as Presidents who are Protestants.

Senator Root's words were so much to the present point and so thoughtful that they are quoted more freely. He said:

It is a privilege to be permitted to add a few words to the tribute which Baltimore and Maryland and the Country are paying to Cardinal Gibbons to-day. Words, however eloquent, are but feeble in expressing the meaning of such an assemblage as this. The fact that not only the friends and neighbors of Baltimore are gathered here, but that these representatives of all parts of our country, many of them—a large part of them—of different religious beliefs, many of them representing communities widely differing in their religious faith, have come to join in this expression of respect and reverence for the great prelate, shows more than words can show the deep significance of this occasion.

Your Eminence, and my friends of Baltimore, the gathering here means more than personal opinion or feeling that America can do what was impossible in lands less free and ages less trained in humanity. It means that our American doctrine of separation of Church and State does not involve the separation of the people of America from religious belief. It means that our American doctrine of religious toleration does not mean indifference to religious faith. It means that with all our commercialism, with all our wonderful progress in the power to produce wealth, in all our differences between ourselves as to the possession and distribution of wealth, the people of America believe in ideals and feel the guidance of faith in things higher than their material possessions.

It is because Cardinal Gibbons has illustrated in his life, in his conduct, in his arduous labors, in his self-devotion to all good causes, all that we would like to have our children admire and follow, all that we love to believe our country possesses, that America, through us, with sincerity and ardor, honors him to-day. And it is because he has been the champion of ideals, because he is a man not only of work but of faith, that we who differ from him in dogma, who do not belong to his Church, hold him as in his proper person, illustrating the true union of service to state and service to God, the true union which makes the functional and ceremonial union of Church and State unnecessary, the union in the heart of man of devotion to country and devotion to God.

Words of praise like this coming from one of the most thoughtful legal minds among us are striking enough. But the tribute of Ambassador Jusserand possesses a significance which to students of past history, especially in France, amounts to something startling, coming as it did from the representative of a country which just now is practically persecuting the Catholic Church through those unworthy, underhand, legal means so ready to the hand and brain of the modern man. M. Jusserand said:

There are two thoughts which occur to me. One of them that it is a beautiful and inspiring sight when a vast community, when the representatives of a vast nation, come together to pay honor to one who has lived in the sight of his countrymen in the full blaze of publicity, in the discharge of honorable, difficult, and laborious functions, a life free from spot and blame, a life which is honorable alike to his country and to himself.

May I extend to you, your Eminence, my most sincere congratulations upon this happy day, my congratulations on the respect and tribute of affection which is paid to you by all of your fellow-citizens and the regard they entertain of your splendid services to the Church and to the Commonwealth.

And the other thought that comes to me is this: Is it not a beautiful sight when we think of those ages of the past in which those of us who do not belong to the Church which his Eminence represents, and those of us who do belong to that Church, were divided by bitter antagonisms and mutual suspicions—is it not a blessed thing that to-day we can all meet without distinction of religious faith to pay honor to one who illustrates the fundamental principles of Christianity by his life as well as by his teachings?

There are diversities of governments, but the same spirit, and in his Eminence and in his life there is drawn out a beautiful model and example of those virtues which belong to our common Christianity and which we can all honor alike.

I may say to you, Citizens of the United States, that if there is anything which we in Europe specially honor and admire in the great republic which belongs to you, it is this—that you have carried out consistently from the first that admirable principle with which you started, of making no distinction of religion and by teaching all men that their Christianity is a part of common citizenship. That is a great lesson which has been taught to the world by America, and I do not think it could be taught in a more impressive form or shape than it is taught when all religious faiths may gather to honor an illustrious prelate of the Catholic Church.

The other speeches were about in the same vein. These struck me as most expressive of the idea back of, and throughout, the whole affair. The key-note of them all is that Catholicism is no longer regarded as an enemy of the Republic, rather an ally; that Protestants should meet Catholics on the common ground of mutual respect and toleration; that anti-Catholic discrimination at the polls is un-American; that the old-time bigotry which burned convents and blew up churches and shot down Irish Catholics is an antiquated relic; that it is ridiculous and idle and absurd and childish to ostracize a man because of his religious faith.

Now, most of us are naturally quite curious to know what effect all this has or will have upon Europe; in a word, if the tremendous influence of his Eminence here will at all affect thought on the other side of the big pond. At present it is impossible to say to what extent he has made his example felt. Europe at present is everywhere battling with serious problems which are quite likely to distract attention from American affairs. Especially is this true in Latin countries, where Church and State have locked horns in an apparently endless struggle.

And, yet, surely it does not seem possible that thinking men over there, earnestly seeking for a solution, should be entirely oblivious of this wonderful settlement of the relations between State and Church that is being accomplished here, and of which the Cardinal's reception was but a public expression. It is incredible that such men should not be amazed at the spectacle of a nation chiefly Protestant publicly honoring, through its highest official representatives, a Roman Cardinal because of his great work. And if they read the addresses on that occasion, they would be blind indeed if they

did not find in those utterances the key to the solution of their own difficulties.

Take the plain words of President Taft. How much nearer an honorable settlement would the French Government and clergy now be if a French President were speaking thus to a Roman Cardinal:

As American citizens, we are proud that his prominence in the Church brought him twenty-five years ago the rank of Cardinal. The rarity with which this rank is conferred in his Church upon bishops and priests so far from Rome is an indication of the position which he had won among his fellow-churchmen. But what we are especially delighted to see confirmed in him and his life is the entire consistency which he has demonstrated between earnest and single-minded patriotism and love of country on the one hand and sincere devotion to his Church upon the other.

One of the tenets of his Church is respect for constituted authority, and always have we found him on the side of law and order, always in favor of peace and good will to all men, always in favor of religious tolerance, and always strong in the conviction that complete freedom in the matter of religion is the best condition under which churches may thrive. With pardonable pride, he points to the fact that Maryland, under Catholic control, was among the first to give complete religious toleration.

I realize, of course, the impertinence of offering advice to another nation on its internal affairs, but certainly our French neighbors have in the above plain, manly words a solution of what strikes us as their silly and most fruitless squabbles. "Earnest and single-minded patriotism and love of country on the one hand and sincere devotion to his Church upon the other." There they have it in a nutshell. A recognition by all that every Catholic, from Cardinal to peasant, must sincerely love and honor and obey his Church, including the highest act of obedience to the See of Peter at Rome itself; that separation of Church and State does not mean state control of church, but rather "complete freedom," as Mr. Taft adds further down; that, whenever the State meets the Church in this manly fashion, the Church will respond with an earnest patriotism and love of country, with a "respect for constituted authority," will prove the surest bulwark of "law and order," will become thoroughly in sympathy with national consciousness, and will, in consequence of all this, itself "thrive" and become more vigorous.

It is idle to object to this on the plea that France has its peculiar difficulties. That is just the point. For, the United States also has had, yet has and will have its difficulties in settling the relation between Church and State. But here, I say, is just the point. These difficulties have in the past been successfully solved precisely by both parties meeting each other in the spirit we have seen to be the spirit of Mr. Taft's remarks. And that spirit is merely a spirit of common sense, mutual respect for the rights of both State and Church, gentlemanly tolerance—in a word, a spirit of *practical* statesmanship.

If such a spirit does gradually permeate European politics apropos of the Church, as all should hope, be they Christian, Jew or Gentile; and if it comes to any considerable extent through the influence of the life-work of Cardinal Gibbons, then, indeed, he can well be termed a providential man, who can legitimately rank with the greatest Cardinals in the history of the Church.

No man can foresee whether it will or no. The old Church in Europe seems fated to pass through many more cruel vicissitudes before a satisfactory readjustment can be reached. But, to repeat, if the outcome be happy, it can be due only to that calm, common-sense, gentlemanly kind of *practical* genius that has so dexterously guided the destinies of the Church in the United States—a rare kind of genius, almost baffling in its intangibility—the genius of a practical Church-Statesman like that of the subject of this writing.

New Books.

ESSAYS. By Rev. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. Edited by Francis Bacchus. London: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.

Father Ryder's name is known to Catholics principally by the excellent book he wrote against the bigot, Littledale. The bosom friend of Newman, and the nephew of Manning's wife, he moved in circles permeated with a religious and literary atmosphere. He was born in 1837 of Protestant parents, his father being a clergyman of the Church of England. The latter became a convert, his family following him into the Church when the future Oratorian was a small child. Henry went about for two or three years in search of a vocation, and after spending a year in Rome he crossed to Dublin to assist Newman in the work of the Catholic University. From there he passed into the Oratorian novitiate in 1856 where he was ordained a priest in 1863. For many long years he was closely allied with Newman, to whom he succeeded as superior of the Birmingham Oratory. He died in 1907.

The present volume of essays may be termed *Remains*. Its contents are varied and unequal. Two biographical articles on Father Spee, the Jesuit prison reformer, and M. Emery, the celebrated Superior of St. Sulpice, are both interesting and of considerable value. The same cannot be said of a review of Father Lucas's *Savonarola*, or of a paper on Ritualism. Father Ryder is on firmer ground in his paper entitled "The Pope and the Anglican Archbishops" where he speaks with no uncertain voice. Following these comes a defence of Newman on Miracles, where the Cardinal's well-known Essay is explained and defended. The remaining papers are decidedly the best in the volume, one of them, "The Passion of the Past," being a delightful literary treat most welcome after the staid, severe, theological discussions preceding it. In this one short essay Father Ryder shows unmistakably that he possessed true literary ability with considerable poetic feeling.

We should have liked to see this paper first in the volume so that appreciative readers would be prepared to treat with greater seriousness the paper on Father Spee's poetry. An article on "The Ethics of War" is plain spoken to an unusual degree. The theory advanced is that war is not only permissible but necessary under certain conditions for the welfare of mankind. We imagine that the paper which will appeal most to the generous reader is "Some Memories of a Prison Chaplain," as it is humorous, while having the additional interest that the prison to which Father Ryder was attached as chaplain was that made notorious by Reade in *It is Never Too Late to Mend*. The description of a religious battle between an English Protestant mob, led on by (we presume) an anti-Popish lecturer rejoicing in the name of Murphy, and the inhabitants of an Irish quarter is delightful. When Father Ryder's prison congregation became doubled in a marvelously quick time he was everywhere regaled with the excuse "I was in for Murphy, your Reverence."

To the readers interested in the life of Newman all the value of the volume will be concentrated in the final paper on "Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning," where the author handles his theme with exceptional vehemence, which may be accounted for by the admission of the editor, Father Bacchus, that this paper was not originally intended for publication as it stands. There are several headings under which Father Ryder treats of Manning's life:—Manning's ambition, his duplicity, his infidelity to the claim of friendship in the case of Newman, his treatment of Newman over the questions of The Temporal Power, the Oxford dispute, the Infallibility of the Pope. Manning comes out of this crucible not so immaculate as when he went in. But after dealing some heavy blows Father Ryder, referring to Manning, concludes his paper thus:

I claim that he be clothed in a garment down to his feet of the cloth of gold of charity, and for the naked hands and feet and face where they have contracted any stain from the dust of human frailty, let them be wiped reverently. He has done many noble deeds, and has been a tower of strength and a house of refuge for God's people, and he has met with hard measure at many hands, at mine alas, it may be, but none harder than at the hands of the man who undertook to write his life.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE GONCALO DA SILVEIRA. By Herbert Chadwick, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Among the general public it is not widely known that South Africa has produced its proto-martyr (this term being used in its popular and more extended sense, as Father Chadwick points out) yet such has been the case, the subject of this biography being the privileged person.

Goncalo da Silveira was born about forty miles from Lisbon on February 23, 1526, of an aristocratic family. His mother having died immediately after his birth, and his father also shortly afterwards, he was taken care of by a married sister. While acquiring his education at the newly established Jesuit College at C6imbra the desire seized him to become a Jesuit. After considerable opposition from his family he at length passed through his novitiate and was ordained a priest in 1545. Immediately he began to exhibit wonderful zeal in preaching and in the confessional, with the result that his fame spread throughout Portugal. A slight misunderstanding arose between him and St. Ignatius who had commanded him to a certain line of action, while his Provincial, unknown to the General, had directed otherwise. He obeyed the Provincial. In 1556 he was appointed Provincial of India from where, after spending his full term in office, and a few quiet months studying in the novitiate, he was sent to Africa.

His work here was prodigious but devoid of permanent success, which may be easily understood after reading Father Chadwick's account of the country. On the borderland of starvation, Father Goncalo forced his way over immense tracts of country and came to what we can only call a fool's paradise. Instead of the "Golden Emperor" of the Portuguese traditions, and the Royal Palace of unimaginable wealth he found a dirty chief squatting in a grass hut perched on poles. At first he had considerable success with this chief and his subjects. But the tongue of the slanderer intervened, and Father Goncalo was dealt with in true African manner. On March 16, 1561, he was strangled before the crucifix in his hut.

The account of this great priest's life is well worth reading; all of it is good, but the part describing his march over hundreds of miles to the great unknown "Emperor" is especially interesting. Needless to say we extend a hearty welcome to the book, and wish it success.

CRITICISMS AND APPRECIATIONS OF CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.

In this substantial volume Mr. Chesterton has collected the introductions written to the Dickens novels lately re-published in the *Everyman* series together with some additional notes. He brings out with great clearness the fact that Charles Dickens was quite unconsciously a prophet of twentieth century life. So many of his types are so vividly with us to-day. There is the cosmopolitan financier who has become so oppressive; he is no longer the heavy English merchant like Podsnap; he is always of the Lammle and Veneering lineage. Dickens was altogether indifferent to theories but he felt the way things were going. He disliked oppression. "He disliked the look on the face of a man when he looks down upon another man. And that look on the face is, indeed, the only thing in the world that we have really to fight between here and the fires of hell." Mr. Chesterton brings out very well the difference in quality between Dickens' humor and Dickens' pathos. "Humor is expansive, bursting one's sides, but Dickens tried to make his pathos expansive too." *Pickwick* is the one book of his where all the tenderness is unquestionably true. He thinks that *Nicholas Nickleby* touched the supreme point, the supreme point where love and fighting are inseparable. In *Oliver Twist* we have "the revelation of those moral, personal and political instincts which were the make-up of Dickens' character and the permanent support of his literary genius." All the emblems of established ugliness are there, the coffin, the gibbet, the bones, the bloody knife. "As a nightmare the work is admirable." "There are two really fine love affairs in Dickens; and I almost think only two. One is the happy courtship of Swiveller and the Marchioness; the other is the tragic courtship of Toots and Florence Dombey."

Martin Chuzzlewit he calls "a sad and sodden story," but there is the delightful Mark Tapley who, when he was told there were no masters in America, retorted, "All owners are they?" In *American Notes*, says Mr. Chesterton, "we find Cincinnatus, instead of putting his hand to the plough, putting his feet on the tablecloth." Then, of course, Dickens brought back Christmas, a first step towards bringing back

Christianity, Christianity, I mean as we Catholics understand it, with all its joyousness and real charity and simple personal pleasure.

THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN. By G. K. Chesterton.
London: Cassell. \$1.50.

A book of detective stories—the detective being a Catholic priest. We first meet Father Brown as he travels from a small Essex village in order to attend the Eucharistic Congress. “The little priest was so much the essence of those Eastern flats; he had a face as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling; he had eyes as empty as the North Sea; he had several brown paper parcels, which he was quite incapable of collecting.” But for all this he was a great detective, a sort of Detective Extraordinary to the smartest detectives of Europe. On this same prosaic journey from the Essex flats he falls in with the notorious French criminal, Flambeau, who thinks him a fool and who lures him away to Hampstead Heath in order that he may rob him of a sapphire cross, about which the good little priest has been simple enough to talk quite openly. The *dénouement* is delightful. The notorious criminal, himself disguised as a priest, having lured his victim to a lonely place, suddenly demands of him the brown paper parcel containing the sapphire cross. The simple ecclesiastic confesses that he has left it behind after all, and when Flambeau threatens violence Father Brown replies:

“No, you won’t take it by force. First, because I really haven’t still got it. And, second, because we are not alone.”

Flambeau stopped in his stride forward.

“Behind that tree,” said Father Brown, pointing “are two strong policemen and the greatest detective alive. How did they come here, do you ask? Why, I brought them of course! How did I do it? Why, I’ll tell you if you like! . . .”

“As you wouldn’t leave any tracks for the police, of course somebody had to. At every place we went to, I took care to do something that would get us talked about for the rest of the day. I didn’t do much harm—a splashed wall, spilt apples, a broken window; but I saved the cross, as the cross will always be saved. It is at Westminster now.”

Father Brown then remarks that he had stongly suspected Flambeau’s priestly pretensions, first, because he seemed so

ignorant of human wickedness and, secondly, because he had attacked reason, which is bad theology.

And even as he turned away to collect his property, the three policemen came out from under the twilight trees. Flambeau was an artist and a sportsman. He stepped back and swept Valentine (the great detective) a great bow.

"Do not bow to me, *mon ami*," said Valentine. "Let us both bow to our master."

And they both stood an instant uncovered, while the little Essex priest blinked about for his umbrella.

While the *Blue Cross* is the most entertaining of the stories, some of the others are wonderfully ingenious. *The Invisible Man*, for instance, is a murderer whom nobody has seen because he is—the postman. "Nobody ever notices postmen somehow," said Father Brown, "yet they have passions like other men, and even carry large bags where a small corpse can be stowed quite easily." *The Hammer of God*, too, is a fine gloomy story with a deep religious tinge. The aristocratic Anglican parson, "who loved Gothic architecture more than God;" the Presbyterian Blacksmith and Father Brown with his genial but terrible lucidity, are very forcibly contrasted. Mr. Chesterton cannot help showing us, by the way, how tremendously a man's dogmatic beliefs alter the character of his vices, aye, and of his virtues too. But simply as detective stories they are all excellent; in mechanism, much simpler, but in the secrets of human nature much more profound than the fine work of Robert Louis Stevenson, not to speak of the more popular Sherlock Holmes.

RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. By the Right Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. Vol. III. New York: Christian Press Association. \$1.

In the third volume of *Religious Questions of the Day* Dr. MacDonald treats of a variety of subjects, the greater balance of which are biblical. There are papers on "Evolution," the "Higher Criticism," "The Firmament," "The Atonement," "The Holy House of Loreto," "Papal and Conciliar Infallibility," the "Apostles Creed," and several more dealing rather severely with assertions in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. Since most of the contents consists of criticisms on the assertions of other writers there is a want felt in not having before us the entire

statements of those criticised. And we cannot help feeling that Dr. MacDonald has been unduly severe in some places on his opponents. While it is the nature of man to err it is rather uncharitable, if not uncalled-for, to be flinging such terms as "stupidity," "nonsensical," "puerile," "idiotic." Indeed we are not surprised that one of the papers was declined publication by the editor of a prominent Catholic periodical.

SWITZERLAND TO-DAY: A STUDY IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.

By Virginia M. Crawford. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents.

This little volume will be of value to all who are interested in the vital questions of sociology. It gives a clear, definite, condensed history of the Catholic social movement in Switzerland from the dissolution of the Sonderbund in 1844, to the years of the Kulturkampf, 1870-1875. And, it is only by following the controversies of these past years that one grasps the marvelous progress of the Church in Switzerland, which is now, admittedly, the most helpful experimental school for social economics. It is inspiring to read of the magnificent results accomplished by the *École Normale Ménagère*, the *Arbeiterinnen Fereine*, the Protectorate for Girls, and the *Ligue Sociale des Acheteins*, all founded by women, and in all of which religious are prominent helpers, especially the up-to-date Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. There are, of course, great problems yet to be grappled with, and methods still on trial. But there is no question that the network of organizations now covering the greater part of Switzerland are doing remarkable work. And these societies represent definite, continuous effort at a constructive social policy on Catholic lines, similar to that which is followed by our own American Volksverein.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.

Lady Clifford adds to her laurels by this book. She tells the life-story of a brother and sister left orphans. They are children of parents who mutually agreed to separate; the boy remaining with the father, the girl going away with the mother. Years pass and the father and mother die just as Christopher reaches his twenty-second year and Mary her eighteenth.

Neither has seen the other during all this time. Christopher is rich, but uncultured and reckless. Into his rough life Mary is introduced as mistress of the family home. Then comes upon the scene Erica Clow, a handsome, unscrupulous girl. Christopher falls in love with her; she falls in love—or plays at it—with three other men, which brings about complications.

The story is healthy, well-written, and interesting. Those who appreciated *The Grey Knight* will certainly read *Master Christopher* with great pleasure.

THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL. By Clara Mulholland.
New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

We have here the story of a family of girls who, under the care of their governess set to work to keep a small cottage which their parents rented for them. They become in turn cook, housemaid, gardener, or seamstress, and with the money which they earn from their gardening they help two young girl friends. Their good, innocent and useful lives will offer splendid material for young girls, for whom this book is particularly suited.

THE MAGIC OF THE SEA. By James Connolly. St. Louis:
B. Herder. \$1.50.

A young Irishman, Shane Ronan, narrates this story. Leaving Ireland he joins a privateer and is captured by an English frigate. On the first opportunity he deserts, and climbing aboard a schooner to offer his services he discovers that the skipper is his old schoolmate, Jack Barry. From this onwards we have a narrative of Barry's exploits in the War of Independence. Both he and Ronan sail in the same ships, pouncing upon English vessels, and fighting with an abandon of bravery that is so characteristic of their countrymen. Throughout the war they fight until Congress recognizes Barry's ability by making him a commodore.

In some places the descriptions of the fights on sea are very well done, but, perhaps, most readers will think that there are too many fights and that these begin to assume a sameness to one another. As is to be expected from Captain Connolly, the atmosphere of the book is thoroughly in keeping with the nautical character of the story; there is also a quiet manner of expression about the language which seems natural

with the position of the narrator, Shane Ronan. In the mass of literature covering the War of Independence *The Magic of the Sea* should find a place.

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30.

In Mr. Locke's new book we have unfolded the story of an outspoken woman, Clementina, who is an artist of great ability, but of pronounced eccentricities. In early life she was disillusioned by a love affair, and now in her thirty-sixth year she wages war on those small manners and customs of life which do not offend against morality or religion. Now and then the true heart of a woman begins to beat, but she stifles the throb. Her glory consists in an adroitly worked feminine plot against an unscrupulous woman with a past, who is baiting her trap to catch Clementina's old friend, Dr. Quixtus, who likewise has suffered some disillusiones of the world. So much has he taken these to heart that he sets out under the guidance of three ne'er-do-wells to find and taste of evil. But, somehow, his natural goodness is continually asserting itself and spoiling his premeditated wickedness.

The author has created two interesting characters in Clementina and Quixtus. The breezy, masculine language of the woman, her intellectual ability, her power over all whom she meets, are portrayed remarkably well. Then there is the lively, sunlit face of Tommy, always protruding itself in the pages; and we get a clever study of a little girl. The book is clean, wholesome, well-written, and most interesting. It is suitable for all classes of Catholics except those who may dislike the light expletives which fall from Clementina's mouth now and again. We know that Mr. Locke is not a Catholic, yet there are several touches in this book which seem to come from one intimate with Catholic figures of speech.

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO (1815).
By C. R. L. Fletcher. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50.

These two bulky volumes of English history have considerable merit, but they have also great faults; as narrative, they are interesting, well-connected and graphic; as the index

and commentary of the author's own opinions, they are frankly open to deserved criticism and correction.

The Muse of History whom we are wont to regard as dignified and impartial, becomes in Mr. Fletcher's hands a brusque and aggressive person, full of prejudices and inconsistencies, to which she gives frequent expression in language that is over-strong, and in a manner akin to the offensive.

The author's praiseworthy purpose is to give young people—not children, but pupils in high-schools and colleges, a history which should convey knowledge with pleasure, a readable, comprehensive narrative, not a mere text-book of dates, facts and names, and it must be said to his credit that he has succeeded in what is confessedly a difficult task.

But it is possible surely to take, as Mr. Fletcher does, the patriotic view-point, to have opinions in regard to other nations, other people's politics and religion, and yet to be fair, just, sympathetic. The need of such a temper is all the more necessary when one is dealing with minds that are immature, receptive, and apt to take bias—and it is here that Mr. Fletcher falls lamentably short in his task. With him it always is "my country right or wrong, here's to old England free and Protestant, to the king and the church, God bless 'em."

So that despite his scholarship, his mastery and condensation of the subject, his presentation of the interesting and elimination of the dull, these volumes keep up and transmit unimpaired what Newman calls the "Protestant tradition." They are misleading, unserviceable and offensive on many important points.

It is not possible to follow an author through fifteen hundred pages which bristle with prejudiced pronouncements and often with misrepresentations, and so we must content ourselves with a few samples of his inconsistency and unfairness. "The mediaeval idea (p. 47) was that the more uncomfortable you were, the more were you likely to devote yourself to the service of God and to save your own soul. The evil of this idea is the separation made between the service of God and the service of one's fellow-creatures; to some extent a rather unpractical form of monkish piety got a firm hold on our Saxon forefathers; carried to its extreme, it led kings to neglect their duty to their people, to alienate rich lands, rents and services (which should have been used to defend England

from foreign foes) to the ever-growing greed of the Church and always for the sake of saving their souls."

But (mark, kind reader, the inconsistency of our author) "but," he continues, "there was an immense good in it too; for after the Roman conquerer, the monk was the next greatest colonist and civilizer. So the monasteries became the greatest centers of civilization in England—agriculture, learning, and mechanical arts flourished in their domains, while every where else little progress was made."

Speaking of the introduction of Christianity among the Saxons (pp. 45, 46) he says: "the leader of the mission was an arrogant priest called Augustine who etc., etc." "Augustine thought more of getting his own claims as first Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledged than of preaching peace and good-will among Christians." St. Thomas á Becket does not fare near so well as Augustine at his hands, "Becket was indeed a man such as Shakespeare has described Wolsey as being 'of unbounded stomach.'"

"As passionate and unforgiving as Henry II., he lacked altogether Henry's breadth of view, and statesmanship. Few of Becket's immediate followers ever believed in the sincerity of his conversion during his lifetime, and most men regarded the ostentatious asceticism which he adopted as mere hypocrisy, it was only when they found a hair-shirt, etc., etc." We spare our readers the whole extract as the details evidence coarseness. Here is a brief and pointed little sentence: "Henry knew his Rome, and English guineas—or shall we say Saxon pennies—*did their usual work.*"

All through his pages, indeed, we soon get to know what to expect at the mention of Rome—"craft," "greed," "absolute lack of principle"—these are the recurring expressions,—and the "superstitions" of Catholic England of which Mr. Fletcher is evidently in horror, just about equal his "growing hatred" of popery, if we may judge by the number of times these two phrases are met with. "One wonders," he says (on p. 229 and surely from his point of view one has reason) "one wonders why the Popes ever consented to the establishment of the monastic orders which threw such a direct challenge to the system on which the Church grew fat."

But it is in discussing the Reformation, its causes and its principal agents, that, unless we know our sturdy, illog-

ical Englishman, we shall have cause to wonder indeed. For he is as strong in condemnation of the parties who brought it to pass, Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, as any Catholic could wish, and as frankly cynical that real religious principle occasioned its form and development as a free-thinker, whereas Mr. Fletcher is a strong churchman. He says (p. 54, part 2nd.) "with great callousness the Tudor blood combined an actual touch of the tiger that rather likes blood,"—and on (p. 58) "it is tolerably clear that lust for spoils was at the bottom of the matter."

We shall not follow the narrative from which as he relates it, it is but too evident how force, fraud, expediency and blood robbed an unwilling nation of its faith—but allow ourselves a few extracts from which it will appear that our Anglican High Church friends will get scant comfort at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, fellow-believer that he is. "No more ludicrous error is possible than that which is often heard from the lips of well-meaning but ignorant clergymen of to-day, that no change was made by the Reformation in the doctrine or the discipline of the English Church. It would be nearer to the truth to say that the Queen (Elizabeth) backed up by a brave minority of striking English laymen created a new Church and compelled fanatics on both sides to accept it" (p. 151)—and again and again he calls it the "artificial" Church. Mr. Fletcher rises to his highest eloquence, where he eulogizes—he does it briefly—Luther, Cranmer, Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell.

It may perhaps be thought that the *odium theologicum* has had much to do in the above criticism of our author's volumes—though we entirely disclaim any such motive.

But if any good American will follow his chapters on the causes which led to the severance of the colonies from the mother country, we promise him entertainment and novelty. George III. was an excellent, high-principled gentleman who knew what was best both for his subjects at home and beyond the sea; those beyond the sea were a lot of disobedient hot-heads, smugglers, people who wanted every advantage without paying for them—Samuel Adams was a traitor on principle, Patrick Henry a mere spouter, Franklin, a liar and a hypocrite, and our commissioners to France, Deane, Franklin and Jay, sleek rascals.

We confess we do not quite see how Mr. Fletcher's volumes will prove acceptable to American scholars.

ALONG THE ANDES AND DOWN THE AMAZON. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

It is a pleasure to note the large number of valuable additions made in the last few years to our literature on South America. Among the new volumes we find *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon* by Dr. H. J. Mozans, published with a graceful, personal introduction by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

The author for his first chapters remains in Ecuador, land of volcanoes; he then goes by steamer down the "rainless coast" of Peru, returning for a visit to Lima, "city of Kings." From Lima he begins the journey across the Andes and down the Amazon. Following as he does in the footsteps of the conquerors of Peru, Pizarro and Orsua, Dr. Mozans gives a scholarly and brilliant refutation of the old theory of the wonderful Luca civilization and of the cruel oppression of the Spaniards.

The fact is [he tells us] that the empire of the Lucas, so often regarded as possessing all the boasted advantages of Utopia, was nothing more than a realization of the ideals of certain of our modern socialists and communists. "It resembled," declared Humboldt, "a great monastic establishment, in which is prescribed what each member shall do for the common weal," or rather, "it was what Proudhon in his *Contradictions Economiques* has so aptly characterized as *ces huîtres attachées au rocher de la fraternité*—oysters attached to the rock of fraternity." The absolute communism, that dominated every field of human endeavor, was the most striking object lesson ever given to the world that the doctrine of perfect equality in human society, which is now preached by certain *doctrinaires* and enemies of social progress, is the veriest chimera. If the Spaniards had not put an end to this unnatural system of government, the empire of the Lucas would of itself soon have disintegrated and the people would have reverted to a lower stage of barbarism than that which they occupied at the time of the arrival of Pizarro.

The Indians were treated unjustly and cruelly by some of the Spanish conquerors, *conquistadores* of the sword, urged on by greed and ambition. But, as the author points out, the

conquistadores of the cross, who accompanied the invasion, strove against this cruelty, and brought the compensating gifts of Christianity and civilization to the savages.

The result was [we quote again] that Spanish America was but little vexed with that terrible Indian problem which, in our northern continent, led not to one but to three centuries of dishonor. In a few decades the followers of the Poverello of Assisi, of Dominic and Ignatius Loyola, were able to effect what our great statesman, Henry Clay, declared to be impossible—the civilization of the red man.

The passages descriptive of natural beauty, of the tablelands, the snowy peaks, and the tropical forest, are exceptionally impressive. The author has a fine command of language, and does justice to his subject.

We do not know what faith Dr. Mozans professes, but his comments on the present activities of the Church in South America are intelligent and admiring, and, as we have seen, he gives generous, unbounded praise to the early Spanish missionaries. The fact doubles our pleasure in pronouncing his book a scholarly and valuable study. There are, we add, a number of fine illustrations.

KENNEDY SQUARE. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

In *Kennedy Square* Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has written another of his pleasant, old-fashioned romances. Kennedy Square is in the Baltimore of sixty years ago, and against the background of magnolias, mahogany and old silver are shown the sweet, wilful heroine, the hot-blooded lover, the irascible father, and the peace-making uncle. As in the story of *Peter*, the *deus ex machina* is the lovable, quixotic old bachelor; St. George Temple is an ultra-aristocratic Peter of an earlier generation. Two or three interesting chapters introduce Edgar Allan Poe into the story, showing his manner of life, and how he was regarded by the Baltimore of his own day, but no new light is thrown on his character.

DIONIS OF THE WHITE VEIL. By Caroline Brown. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

The escaped nun, whose constant recurrence Miss Tynan deplored so wittily, yet with so sincere an indignation in the

August number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has again bobbed up serenely. This time she is in literature (*sic!*); as Mr. Boffin says, what scarers there are in print! She gives the title, *Dionis of the White Veil*, to a recently published book by Caroline Brown, a romance of the early eighteenth century. The fair Dionis, a young novice ready for final profession, comes over from France in company with three other nuns and two Jesuits, to undertake a mission to the Indians on the Mississippi shores. Unluckily she meets the Chevalier Fouchet; he comes, he sees, and the Church is conquered. The author, of course, describes the lofty motives and the heroism of the religious with the same acute understanding with which Byron might have summed up the philosophy of St. Thomas, and the same fervent sympathy which might have glowed in an account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, if written by the late Count Tolstoi. The author also has evidently studied diction and history in the same school; the result is a fine careless rapture of split infinitives and wily Jesuits, of nuns that shudder at "the evil eye," and relative pronouns that shriek to heaven for antecedents. The book is not worth a serious resentment.

HER LITTLE YOUNG LADYSHIP. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The deplorable story of Myra Kelly's desertion of the Church, of her marriage, and of her sad death shortly after, has drawn much attention recently to her literary work. *Little Citizens*, *Little Aliens*, and *Wards of Liberty*, stories of Jewish school children in New York, made a wide appeal because of their novelty and delightful humor. Who can forget Morris Mogilewsky, "monitor off the goldfish," or the little girl that wore "for ladies shoes"? In these child-studies, mingling fun and warm sympathy, Myra Kelly doubtless found her *métier*. Her work along other lines, though always clever, was less individual.

Her last and longest novel was left ready for the press at the time of her death, and is now published under the title, *Her Little Young Ladyship*. The theme is of international marriage; this time a Connecticut planter's daughter and a young Irish earl. There is skillful character-drawing, and the author's style is as sprightly and fun-flecked as ever, but the

story does not form a coherent whole. Though the salt of Celtic wit and a *souffron* of the mustard of melodrama make it palatable enough, yet somehow it refuses to jell. It gives the impression of having been written half-heartedly, or perhaps hurriedly and with interruptions. It can certainly be enjoyed, but not unreservedly praised.

THE QUEEN'S FILLET. By Canon Sheehan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35.

In this, Canon Sheehan's book, the scene is laid in France during the time of the French Revolution. If the beginning be taken as the *motif* of the story we have the career of an eldest son of an aristocratic family who is disinherited by his father and forced to enter St. Sulpice to become a priest. The young man loathes the idea of forcing himself into the sanctuary without a vocation, and on the morning of his advancement to sub-deaconship he declines to prostrate before the altar with the other candidates, rushes off to the sacristy, dresses in secular garb, and goes out into the world. The Revolution is just breaking out, and Maurice becomes a prominent figure in it. His adventures, and those of his friends, as well as his end, we leave veiled.

The theme is a rather hackneyed one which is not redeemed by any great originality of thought. For the first one hundred and fifty pages Canon Sheehan writes well, and constructs with evident care, but he soon loses the thread of the story, with the result that the book becomes a bewildering mass of detail which has the effect of irritating an observant reader. Besides, there is an air of unreality throughout; the topography of Paris is of the vaguest sort, indeed we could not pick our way through the city though we know most of its corners. There are many good, some excellent passages in *The Queen's Fillet*, but the work is not always sustained.

DR. DUMONT. By Florence Gilmore. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.

Dr. Dumont is the pathetic story, very simply told, of a man who has outlived success and is tested by disappointment and bitter trials, but whose faith leads him on to the happy realization of all his hopes for those he loves and for himself. The name of the author is becoming widely known, even on

the other side of the Atlantic, as is evident from a recent appreciation in the *Irish Monthly*.

LE PROBLEME DU MAL. Par P. J. Bonniot. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 fr. 50.)

Here is another evidence of the wonderful literary activity of the French clergy in the interests of religion. This treatise on the evil that afflicts the world in various ways, is written to combat the objections to, and blasphemies against, the goodness of God. Some of these are quoted in the beginning of the book, and they show to what extent French freethinkers can go in their hatred of all that pertains to God. The treatise is divided into eight books, and this gives the author an opportunity of going systematically through nature to show how and why there exist cruelty, illness, and various defects of the animal world. This is very well done; there is no trace of exaggeration, but a judicious calmness pervades the whole volume. The last book, treating on hell, will be most unpleasant reading to freethinkers. It is a good sign of the times that a volume like this of almost three hundred and seventy pages on a deep, abstruse theological subject, can reach a third edition. We wish it increased success, and recommend it as a good hand-book for those who can read French. It has a rather good introduction by X. Moisant, who gives a rough view of the whole subject, and in doing so takes occasion to quote Carlyle and George Elliot.

SOUVENIRS DE JEUNESSE. Par Charles Sainte-Foi. (Paris: Perrin et Cie. 5 fr.)

The author whose real name, Eloi Jourdain, is less widely known than by his *pseudonym*, Charles Sainte-Foi, was a disciple of de Lamennais, and studied for some time with the intention of becoming a priest. Having given up the idea he entered upon a literary career with excellent results both for himself and the Catholics of France. He broke with de Lamennais when the latter declined to submit after his condemnation. He had many unique opportunities of studying the character of de Lamennais while he was the latter's pupil at La Chênaie, and the summing up of de Lamennais' virtues and weaknesses is the best we have ever seen. We think that

for this reason alone, if for no other, these reminiscences will take a permanent place in the ecclesiastical history of a difficult and misunderstood period of the Church in France.

The most prominent men of the period (1828-1835) pass before us in review, for Sainte-Foi met them all. His experiences were not confined to Paris, but extended to Bavaria and Austria. Among the many good chapters one in particular, the comparison between the Bavarian and French priesthood, attracts attention by its shrewdness of observation. In another chapter on the diplomatic world of Vienna the author tells us how he was asked by Metternich to go to Rome and be ordained a priest and then to enter the diplomatic corps of the Vatican, where Metternich would give him his patronage and procure the good will of some Cardinals. To decline such an offer was only natural to one whose heart and soul were wrapped up in the welfare of the Church. ". . . *il eût trop repugné à sa conscience d'entrer dans l'état ecclésiastique pour parvenir aux dignités et aux honneurs.*"

We sincerely hope that the book will be translated into English as it is both interesting and valuable.

WRIT IN REMEMBRANCE, by Marian Nesbitt (New York: Benziger Bros. 45 cents), is a very simple story written in the style and on the lines of the usual popular novel. Sybil Stapylton, a young heiress, is destined by her mother to marry an unknown prince. During a visit to her mother's new home Sybil is caught in a severe thunder-storm and is aided by a young man who calls himself a Professor. Sybil engages him to teach her German, and from this incident arise expected results. The book will appeal to young women who wish to dream of European princes and romantic marriages.

TOWARDS THE SANCTUARY, by Rev. J. M. Lelen (St. Louis: B. Herder. 25 cents), is a collection of "informal meditations on God's call to the eternal priesthood," addressed to Catholic youth.

VOCATION—THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS, by the Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.S.S.R. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 5 cents), is a short reading for school children and would

show them that obedience to God's special designs in the soul is the only secret of happiness here and hereafter.

UNION WITH JESUS. By Very Rev. Canon Antoni. Translated by A. M. Buchanan, M.A. (New York: Benziger Bros. 5 cents), is a further appeal by the author of *Vain Fears*, addressed especially to those who, assisting at Mass daily, have an opportunity to receive daily Communion.

Father Geiermann has also compiled *The Child's First Communion Catechism* (St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents per doz.), which presents the necessary doctrinal truths in the simplest possible form.

Another excellent catechism for little children is the *Catechism for First Communicants* published by Frederick Pustet & Co., New York. 5 cents per copy.

UNKNOWN ARIZONA. By Mrs. Martha Summerhayes. (Salem Publishing Co., Salem, Mass. \$1.60). Mrs. Summerhayes' story of an officer's wife on the frontier forty years ago, is so fresh and vivid that it fascinates the lay reader as well as the army men who have given it so enthusiastic a reception. The change of conditions in Colorado and Arizona in so short a time is almost incredible. Professor Lyons of Yale writes: "This book is a real contribution to American History."

LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA. By M. Meschler, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50). The name of Father Meschler is always a guarantee of solid piety and accurate research, and his new life of St. Aloysius is a desirable addition to those already published. The very distinguished worldly position of St. Aloysius, and the close attention given by responsible persons to every detail of his short life, aside from his saintly character, create an unflagging interest in all that may be told of him.

ST. MARGARET QUEEN OF SCOTLAND (St. Louis: B. Herder), is a book charming in its direct simplicity as well as its historical accuracy. It is a valuable addition to the "*Notre Dame*" *Series of Lives of the Saints*, and is well adapted for young girls. (\$1.25).

WHERE WE GOT THE BIBLE, by Rev. Father Graham, M.A. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents), is a succinct, logical statement of plain facts that should be, but are not, known to every Catholic. Father Graham was for some years a minister of the Established Church in Scotland, and it was his profound study of the question of "Rome and the Bible," that led him into the Catholic Church. His present work will do much to dispel false traditions and lessen prejudice. It deserves to be widely known.

THE VISION OF MASTER REGINALD, by H. M. Capes, (St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents), is an account of the life of Reginald of Orleans, Friar Preacher, whom the Dominicans call "Our Lady's Favorite," and through whom they received the cherished scapular, to the wearing of which so many privileges are attached. In 1875, the proofs of Reginald's sanctity having been established and accepted, the decree of beatification was promulgated. The volume also contains a description of a Dominican convent in the thirteenth century.

KATHERINE OF THE BARGE, by Madge Blundell (St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents), is the story of an Italian woman, of her devotion to the memory of her dead uncle and his beloved boat, and of her brave attempt to prevent her young husband from selling it. It is a simple little story, but effectively told.

EIGHT short stories by Charlotte Dease, which have appeared in various periodicals, are now republished in book form with the title, *Children of the Gael* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents). Now dark with an eerie gloom, now shot with sudden humor, the stories are instinct with the true Irish spirit. The style is remarkable for its simplicity and purity.

AMONG the popular new books is *The Story Girl*, by L. M. Montgomery (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50). Like the author's first success, *Anne of Green Gables*, it is a story of children for grown-ups. It makes pleasant reading.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS ON THE HOLY EUCHARIST, by Dom Lambert Nolle, O.S.B. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 45 cents per dozen), follows the sequence of the Mass in its presentation of truths concerning the Blessed Sacrament.

JOHN, THE BELOVED AND PAUL OF TARSUS, by M. T. Kelly. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 25 cents.) These "character sketches" bring the reader into closer touch with the beloved disciple and with the great apostle of the Gentiles, and lead him to a more intimate and comprehensive study of their writings. These volumes are very tastefully presented and a new edition testifies to their popularity.

LIFE AND WORKS OF OZANAM, by Kathleen O'Meara (New York: Christian Press Association. 85 cents), is a new edition of Kathleen O'Meara's well-known work on the great apostle of Catholic social work.

EARLY FIRST COMMUNION, by F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents), is a commentary on the text of the decree *Quam Singulari*. Another contribution to the growing literature on Holy Communion for little children, from the pen of the same author, is entitled *Jesus, the Bread of Children* (St. Louis: B. Herder. 35 cents). It tells in simple, conversational style, first of the miraculous bread given by God in the desert, and then of the Bread of life given by Christ Himself at the Last Supper.

THE STORY OF THE OLD FAITH IN MANCHESTER, by John O'Dea (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50). This faithful history of the "Old Faith" in Lancashire, famous for her steadfastness through the horrors of persecution, gives statistics of great value and shows well the pre-reformation status of the Church and the Holy See in England. As the preface by the Lord Bishop of Salford states, the record of persecution "is not set down for the purpose of perpetuating old animosities, but rather that examples of glorious constancy and heroism may confirm our loyal devotion to the Faith and the Chair of Peter."

THE INSEPARABLES, by Rev. John J. Kennedy (Melbourne: W. P. Linehan. \$1.) Apart from a few faults of construction Father Kennedy has written a good book, one that will be found most welcome by Catholic readers of fiction. The story concerns two brothers just leaving a Jesuit college for Melbourne University. They are the sons of a renegade Catholic father who wishes them to become irreligious, and a pious mother who is praying that they may preserve the faith. The part Catholicity plays in their lives, and in those of their companions is clearly brought out. Father Kennedy would be well advised if he omitted the last paragraph from the book.

SOME PLAIN SERMONS, by Rev. Thomas L. Kelly, LL.D. (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25). The sermons which make up this volume were written some years ago while the author was editor of *The Providence Visitor*. Since then he has been afflicted for some eight years with paralysis, which brought about a loss of speech and even a loss of all knowledge of reading and writing. Now that he has once more learned to read and to write (with his left hand) he has gathered together these sermons which his intimate friends have held in high esteem. They are simple, short homilies on the Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays, and will be found useful to hard-working priests who are on the look-out for short but practical sermons.

ST. THOMAS À BECKET, by Mgr. Deminund. Translated by C. W. W. Deickworth & Co. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.) Brilliant administrator and consummate diplomatist, daring soldier as well as skilled tactician, Thomas à Becket passes before us in the fascinating biography of Mgr. Deminund until the culminating tragedy of his death wins for him the martyr's crown. From first to last the interest never flags, and one forgets the charming style in the story of the personality that played so great a part in the life of England.

BEGINNINGS, OR GLIMPSES OF VANISHED CIVILIZATIONS, by Marion McMurrrough Mulhall (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1). This attractive volume of compilations from various sources and learned authorities has evi-

dently been found interesting to many readers as there is already a demand for another edition. It is desirable to put into popular form, such researches as these somewhat fragmentary extracts that may induce young readers to take up later on serious study on similar lines.

WE have received three works by Father Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. (Madrid: Razón y Fe) dealing with questions of canon law and moral theology. In *La Curia Romana*, the learned Jesuit author first traces the origin and history of the College of Cardinals and the various congregations, tribunals, etc., composing the *curia*. This is followed by a clear and detailed exposition of the recent apostolic constitution *Sapienté concilio* (the complete text of which is subjoined) and an indication of the differences between past and present practice and law. Three indices of general contents, an alphabetical index of subjects and one of authors, add to the value of this thoroughly scholarly work. *Real and Apparent Death* with relation to the Sacraments, is a fourth and enlarged edition of a work already translated into English. The fifth edition of *Espousals and Matrimony*, a comprehensive commentary upon the decree *Ne Temere*, includes even the interpretations of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments delivered in March 1911.

PIERRE DE KERIVLET, by Vicomte Hippolyte Le Gourello, gives the wonderful story of the Breton penitent who rose from the depths of crime to the heights of virtue. *Ange et Apôtre*; *La Piété, Le Zèle*, by Abbé P. Fiege, is now in its third edition, and has won the highest commendation. It deals with the love of God and arouses enthusiasm to service. It could be profitably used as a book of meditation. *La Loi d' Exil*, by Edmond Thirset, already in its third edition, shows the demand for books on present day conditions in France. Bound together by a slender thread of romance it gives a touching and graphic picture of the personal results of the tyranny of the French Government to the Religious Orders. *Pensées et Maximes* of R. P. de Ravignan, S.J., by Charles Renard, is a choice collection culled from one whom Gregory XVI. called *The Apostle of Paris*. *La Salut Assuré, par La Devotion à Marie*, sends up in its title the cry of a

devout soul urging all to have confidence in the "Refuge of Sinners." *La Loi d'Age pour Premier Communion*, by Abbé Sibend, is a second edition of a work published twenty years prior to the recent decree. Yet it is a most exact and luminous commentary. Paris: Pierre Téqui.

DIEU EXISTE, by Henry de Pully. In a few pages the author appeals to man's common sense in view of the great truth that God appears in all creation. Each argument is condensed and well presented. *Un Newman Russe; Vladimir Soloviev*, by Michel d'Herbigny. The aspirations of Christian Russia, its philosophical and social tendencies are comparatively unknown to us. Vladimir Soloviev merits to be hailed by Russia as the first of her philosophers, the most Christian of her sons. The comparison drawn by M. d'Herbigny between Soloviev and Newman is most apt and striking. To both was vouchsafed the light of Faith, and the primacy and infallible authority of the See of Peter have had no abler apologist than this Russian convert philosopher. All are published at Paris by Beauchesne et Cie.

THE EUCHARISTIC LITURGY IN THE ROMAN RITE, by Rev. E. S. Berry. (New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. 75 cents.) There are few better ways of stimulating devotion than the intelligent study of the Liturgy of the Church, its history and its symbolism. This present volume is an adaptation from the original Italian. It is well arranged, simple and clear and will interest all who desire some definite knowledge of the ceremonies and rites of the Church.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (12 August): "Catholicism at Home and Abroad" is an address by the Archbishop of Westminster delivered at the Catholic Congress at Newcastle. It considers the Independence of the Holy See; the Position of the Church in Portugal; the Secondary School Regulations. An enthusiastic body of Catholics banded together at the Congress in protest against the Regulations of the Board of Education for Secondary schools inasmuch as they interfere with the freedom of religious instruction existing in Catholic secondary schools, and prevent the establishment of new Catholic secondary schools.

(19 August): The Rev. A. H. Lang, M.A., under the caption "Anglicans, Lutherans, Greeks," says that "the cultivated classes in Denmark and in North Germany are solidly making their way back to the ancient Church; and in Russia so great is the fear of a return to Catholicism that no foreign priest is now allowed to enter." Miss Margaret Fletcher tells "What Catholic Women are doing in England"—how they are "engaged in building up again a social life laid waste at the Reformation." A paper by Father Henry on "Foreign Missions" gives encouraging words concerning the fruits of foreign missions, and tells how the work expands and grows.

(26 August): "The Great Strike" shows how Mr. Lloyd George's Conciliation Scheme, which was to render a railway strike "practically impossible," failed to prevent the recent general railway strike which was serious enough to bring the country to the brink of civil war.—A Roman correspondent gives assuring words concerning the Holy Father and tells at length of how he spends his days in the Vatican.—"Statistics as to the Operation and Administration of Laws relating to the sale of Intoxicating Liquor in England and Wales give happy proof that the nation is becoming more sober, an event which will be hailed as a great triumph for the cause of Temperance. "A Church Dedication in North Borneo," by H. N. G. Hyrst is a

traveler's tribute to the work of the Mill Hill Fathers. A paper read by the Reverend Charles Plater, S.J., at the Newcastle Congress on "Some Methods of Circulating Catholic Literature" is here published.

(2 Sept.): "Laurier and Larger Markets" comments on the issue in the late Canadian election.—An account of the life and work of Mgr. Hilton President of the English College, Lisbon.—"The Belgian Catholics and Their Schools" gives an exposition of the demand made by Belgian Catholics for fairer terms for Catholic schools at the recent demonstration in Louvain.—How the Insurance Bill will affect industrial charities is discussed by Robert Segar in his paper on the subject. "The International Congress of Catholic Esperantists" by the Rev. P. H. Dowling, C.M., gives the notable features of this meeting, not the least of which was the ease with which the various nationalities in attendance talked in the new Esperanto language. Dr. Edward Somers, J.P. in his paper on "Temperance and Thrift" defines thrift as the economic use of all the resources vouchsafed to man, and temperance as the economic use of one of these resources, namely alcohol.

The National Review (Sept.): "Episodes of the Month" again emphatically states that the outlook for England is fraught with peril which no patched-up settlement between France and Germany over Morocco will permanently dispel.—"Agadir," an unsigned article, reviews the beginnings of the Moroccan trouble and the present relations between France and Germany, with a view to showing that England is a barrier to Germany the world over and as a reminder to the British public that "rights without the might to protect them are vain and profitless."—Lord Ebury sketches the origin, progress and adoption of "The Parliament Bill."—"Had," by the Hon. Henry Lygon concerns itself with the last meeting of the Constitutional Conference which, the writer says, "tricked the nation into committing itself to a policy which it had hardly considered."—"A Shooting Star," by Captain Harry Graham is a biographical sketch of Charles Townshend who is remembered to-day only as an orator and "a statesman whose

disastrous policy helped to rend an Empire asunder."——"The Homing Power of Animals" is a study by Captain Humphries.——A. Maurice Low in "American Affairs," writes of President Taft and Canadian Reciprocity, the losses by fire in the United States, and the spread of prohibition in the South.——"The Creed of an Agnostic Spiritualist," by J. Arthur Hill. The author has "no deep certainty about anything."——"Production: An Economic Note" shows the annual production of Great Britain, Germany and the United States.

The Church Quarterly (July): "The Morals of Immoralism," a summary of the philosophy of Nietzsche. By Rev. W. R. Matthews, B.D.——"Glimpses of the Church of England in the Eighteenth Century." The object of this article is to illustrate from contemporary authority the general position and activity of the Church of England during the eighteenth century.——"Reincarnation," a criticism by Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall, of the revival of the ancient doctrine of the transmigration of souls. A theory so evil in its effects and so destitute of proof can hardly, in the Europe of the twentieth century, have a fate different from what befell it in the past.——"Oxford of Five Hundred Years Ago."——A brief survey of the early history of Oxford.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Sept.): "Prospects of the Catholic Church in China," by Rev. J. M. Fraser, after describing the empire's state of rapid evolution, closes with an appeal for missionaries.——Rev. T. Dunne, C.C., sketches the life and character of "Sir William Butler."——"The Wisdom of Francis Thompson," by W. P. Smith, S.J., points out that the poet was a mystic whose message was to interpret the meaning of pain.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug.): Francis Laurentie in "The Diary of An Exile," presents a daily account for the year 1848-1849 kept by Count de Chambord during his exile from France in Germany, Italy and Austria. The diary shows how alert the Count was to all going on in France. Letters from the reigning sovereigns to the Count are also presented in full.——"A Friend of Lamartine," by Leon Seché, gives an account of the life and works of Louis de Vignet, and the friendships ex-

isting between Lamartine, de Vignet and de Virien begun in their college days. The article is compiled from the personal letters of these three literary men, hitherto unpublished. Prince Louis D'Orleans presents his third article entitled "Across Bolivia." In this article he takes the reader from Santa Cruz to Puerto-Suarez, pointing out the principal events *en route*.—"The Cuirassiers of the Guard," by Baron Almir de Vaux is an account of the Franco-Prussian War 1870-1871 taken from the note-book of an officer.—"The Truth About Mexico," is an unsigned article on the recent revolution in Mexico, centering the blame on the last election of President Diaz and his former administrations.

(25 Aug.): A. Leroy-Beaulieu discusses the compromise effected between the German Government and the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine concerning the French language, in the article entitled, "The Law for French Culture."—"Unedited Letters of Voltaire," presents the private letters of Voltaire from 1719-1778, with an introduction and notes by Fernand Caussy.—"A French Mission to Morocco under Louis XIII.," by Baron André de Maricourt, relates the efforts of Louis XIII. at Christianizing Morocco. This article has been compiled chiefly from the journal of a Capuchin missionary—Father Joseph of Paris.—"For Our Little Marines," by P. Giquello, describes the movement on foot for the support and education of the orphans of French sailors.—"The Neapolitans and French at Naples 100 Years Ago," by Antoine de Tarlé, discusses the political intrigues at Naples in 1811.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Aug.): L. Venard concludes his article on "Christian Origins."—E. Vacandard brings to a close his examination of "The Question of Ritual Murder Among the Jews." After consideration of the many alleged cases of the crime, he concludes that "this is a heritage from ages without criticism, which the generations have transmitted blindly in favor of race hatred." Not a single case seems to have a solid foundation.—Apropos of a recent biography of Schopenhauer, E. Lenoble gives a brief sketch of the philosopher's life. He considers also the pragmatic philosophy

of William James.—A. Gratieux writes of "Icons Among the Russians."—"The Association of Heads of Families," signed J. T., is an account of a movement to resist the anti-religious activity of the government especially regarding the education of the children.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Aug.): "The Preacher," by H. Lesetre. The preacher, says the author, should be a man of progress. He should not rest upon natural abilities or inspiration for his sermons. He should work with the aim of making his sermons ever more worthy. —"Vocation." By a Friend of a Priest. Vocation, though mysterious, has two signs by which it can be known. The first consists in a horror for vice, a love of virtue, a desire to save souls. The second mark is the call of the Church. The Church studies the applicant for the priesthood, and she accepts him if she finds the vocation to be true.

(1 Sept.): Dr. Robert van der Elst, writing on miraculous cures, concludes that there have been wonderful cures in the Church which cannot be explained by natural causes.—"Modernist Apologetics," according to H. Petitot, are based on false exegesis, a radical evolution of dogma, and a subjective test of truth.

Études (5 August): Victor Pourcel eulogizes the studies of animal life made by J. H. Fabre.—Gaston Sortais describes "The Frescoes of the Basilica at Assisi."—"The Phenomena of Radio-Activity," by Joseph de Joannis.

(20 Aug.): Lucien Roure reviews the brief authentic history of St. Anthony of Padua (1195-1231) with the Augustinian Canons and with the Friars Minor, and dwells upon his remarkable energy and purity of heart and his love of nature.—"The Present Religious Situation in Spain," according to Charles Parra, is very dark, especially in the central and southern parts. The older clergy are apathetic, half the people illiterate, the press anti-clerical and violent, the premier cannot resist the logical outcome of his policies, the best Catholics, the Carlists, are the implacable enemies of the ruling dynasty.—A. Décisier describes the transfer of the relics of St. Francis de Sales and of St. Jane de Chantal as

a Savoyard celebration.—Guillaume de Jerphanion praises Commandant d'Ollone's researches on "The Last of the Barbarians—China, Thibet and Mongolia."

La Civiltà Cattolica (19 August): "The Conflict Between Morality and Sociology" is the first of a series of articles discussing the French school of sociologic positivism headed by Durkheim.—"The Origin of the Rose in Dante's Empyrean" refers the conception to Innocent III. more particularly and discusses its various mystical interpretations.—The recent Eucharistic Congress in Spain is the subject of an article which is enthusiastic as to Spain's Catholicity.—"Good Readers" describes the qualities necessary in the reader who wishes to read with profit to himself.—The full text of the "Protest of the Portuguese Bishops" is given as is also the proceedings of the Court of Appeal, in confirming the condemnation of Verdesi.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (August): A. Leger traces "The Doctrine of Wesley," from its inception as a doctrine of justification by faith alone—this faith consisting in a special assurance given the individual by God that he is saved from the law of sin and death—to the doctrine maintaining good works as a condition of saving faith.—Ch. de Hellencourt writes of the "Exterior Activity of the Christian Mystics." "One cannot find on earth a type of man more complete and more perfect than the true Catholic mystic . . . He realizes in the highest degree the living synthesis of thought and action in love."—S. Saberthonnière begins an article on "The Religion of Descartes."

Stimmens aus Maria Laach: J. Kreitmaier, S.J., writes sympathetically of "Richard Wagner's Character." In this first paper, he describes the gifted artist, as passionate, capricious, sensitive and somewhat weak.—A. Lehmkuhl, S.J. points out five points of difference between "Christianity and Socialism": origin, object, means, activity and consequences.—"The Discussion Concerning Romanticism" by J. Overmans, S.J., traces the various meanings of this term in different authors.

Recent Events.

France. In the presence of danger, the French people have shown great firmness, patience and self-restraint,

and almost complete unanimity. There have been a few manifestations against the government by anti-militarists and a section of the Socialists, but the latter as a body have fallen into line with the rest of the nation. The secrecy which has been maintained as to the conversations which have so long been carried on with the German Government, has been respected, although the conditions were trying, the government having been formed only a few days before the crisis occurred, and the desire to know what was going on having naturally been great. Even the workingmen who had, by strikes and violence and numerous acts of malicious injury, caused such extreme anxiety, for a considerable time suspended proceedings of this kind, doubtless from a sense of common danger. There were a few acts of *sabotage*, but not to anything like the same extent as before. But the rise in the price of food has led the women of France to acts almost as violent as were those of the railway men, and in these proceedings they have been supported by the notorious Confederation of Labor. Energetic measures have been taken by the government as it recognizes the revolutionary character of the movement. Troops in some places have had to be called out.

The condition of the Army and the defences of the country are under present circumstances a matter of supreme interest. If what is said is true there is little reason to fear. Since 1905, hundreds of millions of francs have been spent upon the eastern forts, which are said now to constitute a line of defence without a parallel in Europe. There are now twice the number of guns that there were in the same year, and the stock of stores and ammunition is three times as great. The Minister of War in a speech recently made declared that he had the fullest confidence in the strength of the Army—that it was a living reality. All ranks, high and low, bore testimony to this. These are official declarations, but even these are sometimes true. The Navy, however, is not at the same high level. It has shown marks of deterioration in quality and has not been maintained at its full strength in comparison

with its former position and that of other Powers. The present Minister, however, M. Delcassé, has taken steps for a complete reorganization and for its due increase. But time has not yet permitted any great measure of improvement. There is, however, little doubt that should the worst happen, France would be supported by a Power whose Navy would make up for any deficiencies in her own.

The action of Germany in sending France, Germany and Morocco. a war vessel to Agadir has been the cause of anxiety throughout the whole of Europe, and to a certain extent in this country for now more than two months. It is Germany herself that has suffered the most, especially in the disturbance to business which has resulted. For with all her power and prosperity Germany is not a rich country. She depends for the carrying out of her many commercial projects on money which has to be got from other countries, especially from France, which is at present the great treasury to which the European Continent wishes to have recourse. Direct financial intercourse between France and Germany, although much desired by many German financiers, and advocated by a few French, such as the quotation of German securities on the Paris Bourse would give, has not been permitted since the war of 1870, but in roundabout ways means have been taken to make use of French resources. The Baghdad railway, for instance, has been financed by a body of financiers who have their headquarters in Switzerland. Naturally Germany's action in Morocco has made the owners of this money anxious to withdraw it from the keeping of a possible enemy, and they have accordingly been calling it in, and this has resulted in somewhat serious consequences to business in Germany, consequences which doubtless were not foreseen by the clique which, it is said, prompted the hasty action of the government.

While it is not possible to get at the real truth about current events, as so many people concerned in them do not love the light, and are not willing to come to it, there is good reason to think that the real promoters of the recent step are not the Emperor, or his official advisers, but persons belonging to the party of Pan-Germans which has been vociferous for so many years in urging on forward movements. In particular

this party has been calling upon the government to seize upon a port on the coast of Morocco, in order that the ever-increasing German Navy may establish for itself a stronghold upon the Atlantic. Certain newspapers which advocate these views have not hesitated to declare that German domination of the whole of Europe is the aim to be kept in view by all good Germans, and the Emperor himself has been subjected to outspoken criticism on account of what is believed to be his strong desire for peace.

Great Britain, of course, finds no favor in the eyes of those who have such a lofty ambition. The policy of England has always been to preserve the balance of power, and to prevent any nation from securing that all-dominant place which the Pan-Germans wish to secure for the German Empire. At the present time the agreement made with France in April 1904 as to Morocco and Egypt makes it necessary for her to support the Republic irrespective of her general policy. Moreover, the compensations required by Germany in the first instance would have seriously conflicted with British interests. Hence it cannot be doubted that Great Britain has been giving to France real support, and, taking into account the words of Mr. Lloyd George there is every reason to think that this support would, in the unhappy event of war, take the shape of military assistance. But the support thus given has not been with a view to bring on a conflict, as has been asserted by what is called the Press of the second rank in Germany, but with an object the very reverse—the bringing about of a reasonable agreement between the two countries. This is made plain by Mr. Asquith's speech in Parliament and by the repeated declarations of all responsible British journals. These facts, however, have not prevented some organs of the German Press just referred to from asserting that, while France is the traditional enemy of Germany, the angriest and most ceaseless enemy is Great Britain; and that Germany's path is everywhere blocked by England, no opportunity being missed on her part of doing Germany an injury or of hampering her progress.

It must be confessed that there is some truth in the assertion that Great Britain stands in the way of German desires for an outlet for her ever-increasing population to colonies in which that population can settle without ceasing to be subjects of the Emperor. But it is untrue to say that

this has been done out of enmity to Germany or on purpose to thwart her. England's colonies had been established long before Germany needed expansion. The Monroe doctrine stands in the way of Germany's wishes as effectually as do the colonies of Great Britain, but the Monroe doctrine involves no animosity on the part of this country towards Germany. Hence the recent effort to embitter the German public against Great Britain is unjustifiable, and although the journals that have been endeavoring to embroil the two countries are not without influence, they do not represent the best part of the German people. To put the matter on a lower ground, for Germany to excite warlike feeling in Great Britain is in the highest degree detrimental to her own interests. There are all sorts of people in England as in every other country, and among them are to be found strong advocates of a war with Germany at the earliest possible moment, before the German navy has grown in strength so as to become more of a match for the British than it has yet become. These look upon a war as inevitable and naturally wish it to be waged while England is relatively strong. It is into their hands that this German Press is playing.

Among the German parties the Social Democrats are the only one which has taken a decided stand in favor of the maintenance of peace. Their leading spokesmen repudiate both the new policy of seeking compensation as well as the older of coveting territory because convenient for expansion. Expansion, they say, is not needed, for Germany is able to find room for a million and a half of foreign workmen and to supply them with work. But it would be a mistake to expect that the Social Democrats will be able to exercise a decisive influence upon the course of events. They are, indeed, the most numerous of all the parties, but the rest are accustomed to unite against them.

How soon the conversations which have been going on so long will come to an end it is not possible to say, or what will be the outcome. It does not seem likely, however, that war will break out, even in the event of no agreement being reached. If Germany's object in going to Agadir had been to provoke war with France, these long conversations would not have taken place. Perhaps a Conference of the Powers interested may be held in order to settle the whole question. If this should result in freeing the hands of France and of Spain,

that they may obtain effectual control of regions which have for so long a period been blighted by the despotic rule of irresponsible autocrats, and have become the abode of cruelty and lust in all their most revolting forms, an upward step will have been taken in the progress of mankind towards better things.

Nothing at all has been said about referring the settlement of the question between France and Germany to arbitration, and it might be inferred from this by the opponents and be-littlers of this movement that the talk of settling disputes in this way was futile, that it was only of service in minor matters about which war would in no case be resorted to. Such a conclusion, however, would be precipitate. The movement for arbitration sprang out of the strong feeling which has for a long time existed in favor of peaceful methods of settling international questions, from a keen realization of the horror and essential barbarity of war. Perhaps it may be said to be due in a measure to the diffusion in the minds of ruled and rulers of a more Christian spirit. Had it not been for this general adoption of higher principles, there is but small reason to doubt that the challenge—for such it was—offered by Germany to France when she sent the gun-boat to Agadir, would have been taken up in the spirit in which it was made, and that instead of consenting to take part in a series of conversations with a view to a peaceful settlement of the question, France would have demanded satisfaction for the affront; nor would the other Powers have acquiesced in the discussion behind their backs of questions which affected their interests. So that, although arbitration has not been formally proposed, yet the spirit from which the arbitration movement has sprung has led to the settlement by peaceful methods—for a peaceful settlement seems now assured—of what would, under the domination of other sentiments, have led to war. It must be remembered, too, that Germany is the most backward of all the nations in the support which she has given to the settlement of disputes by recourse to arbitration, and consequently it was not to be expected that she would appeal to this method, or even listen to such an appeal.

The negotiations between Russia
and Germany which began with
the Tzar's visit to Potsdam last

Germany.
November have at last been brought to a conclusion. In this

case the possessions of another Mohammedan nation form the subject-matter of a possible conflict, although not of so acute a character as that with France concerning Morocco. In 1907 Russia and Great Britain came to an agreement concerning their respective spheres of influence in Persia, according to the terms of which Russia was left free in the North, and Great Britain in the South, each to pursue its own plans and projects. The new Agreement between Russia and Germany is concerned exclusively with this Northern part of Persia in which Russia is interested, and by it Germany is pledged not to seek concessions for railways, roads, navigation or telegraphs for herself, or to support any such application on the part of German or other subjects. The Russian Government binds itself, on its part, to apply within a certain definite period to the Persian Government for a concession for a railway from Teheran to a place to which a branch of the Baghdad Railway will be brought under German auspices, thus affording a connection with this long-projected and much-talked-of railway. Russia pledges herself in no wise to hinder the completion of this railway, or to prevent the participation of foreign capital. It is now expected that Baghdad will be reached by 1918. This agreement between Russia and Germany in no way affects the attitude of Russia towards France or the support which it has given to the latter Power in the Morocco question. The Dual Alliance and the Triple *Entente* remain unshaken. But the conclusion of the new agreement encourages the hope of better relations between Germany and Russia, and consequently of increased international security. An indirect result of the agreement is the probability that Russia and India will in a short time be connected by railway, and that thereby order will be promoted among the tumultuous tribes which have reduced Persia to the chaotic condition of the present time.

No relaxation is taking place in the efforts to increase the Navy. On the contrary, not only is there an enlargement of the size of the warships, but there has been a constant reduction of the period of construction. From 36 to 40 months, the German Minister for the Navy declared three years ago, was the average time which it took to build a vessel. The average rate of construction is now from $29\frac{1}{2}$ to $31\frac{1}{2}$ months. Whether still further demands are to be made upon the German people for a new programme of ship-construction

has excited no little discussion. The German method is to make arrangements for building at a certain rate for a fairly long period in advance. This period comes to an end in 1917. But in a speech recently made at Hamburg, the Emperor referred to the Navy as young and still growing to maturity, and expressed his conviction that the German people were minded to strengthen the Navy in the future, so that security might be attained that nobody would dispute with them the place in the sun which belonged to them. An intimation was given that the whip and the spur might be applied to stimulate the nation to the requisite effort. There are those who see in this an intimation that a new programme of naval construction has been made by the government and will soon be introduced, and this in violation of an assurance given by Prince Bülow that the limit of taxation had been reached, and in spite of the fact that an increase in number of the Social Democrats is the invariable result of every fresh addition to the burdens of the people.

Germany has not been without its labor troubles, although compared with those of Great Britain and France they have scarcely deserved to be mentioned. The Kaiser, in one of the numerous speeches which he has been making, took occasion to praise his consort, the Empress, as one who had brought family life into the Hohenzollern House, and had become a model for German mothers. She had raised up six sons to become capable and earnest men, who were not minded to make use of the easy side of their titles and positions, and to live for enjoyment, but in the hard and strict performance of duty to devote their strength to the Fatherland. With such examples before their eyes it may be that the German people, employer and employed alike, may be saved from the conflicts that too exclusive a pursuit of their supposed rights is bringing upon other countries.

Another supposed case of espionage has tended still further to increase the feeling against Great Britain which the alleged conduct of that country in the Morocco question had already made sufficiently dangerous. An Englishman has been arrested at Bremen on suspicion, but the grounds of it have not been disclosed. To return the compliment, a German officer has been arrested at Plymouth on the charge of attempted bribery in order to learn official military and naval secrets. Incidents of this kind do not improve the relations

between the two countries. Whether the visit of the Heir-apparent of the Sultan to Berlin will have any effect upon the relations between Turkey and Germany has not yet been disclosed.

Austria-Hungary.

Very little that calls for notice has taken place in either Austria or Hungary. This doubtless is to be taken as an indication that things are going fairly well. Payment of bills incurred through the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and for the increase of the Navy, is the main preoccupation of the government, and this although a necessity is not of much interest to the outside world. For many years the relations of Austria with Hungary have not been so good as they now are. The question of the common Bank has been settled to the satisfaction of both countries. The Emperor-King, Francis Joseph, has been celebrating his eighty-first birthday amid general rejoicings, and a statue in his honor has been unveiled at Karlsbad. No steps have been taken in Hungary to proceed with the long-promised Bill for Universal Suffrage. The fact that within a month two duels were fought by members of the Hungarian nobility enables a judgment to be formed as to its progress in civilization. Count Aehrenthal has returned to the Foreign office thereby disappointing those who had hoped that his career was ended. The Albanian rising and the way in which Austria treated the Catholics who looked to her for protection, has led to the diminution of Austrian influence in the Balkans. The King of Montenegro has supplanted the Emperor of Austria in the affections of those who suffered at the hands of the Turks. Peoples and races that for centuries have been sworn enemies have now for the first time entered into friendly relations. Germany, it is taken for granted, is being supported by Austria in the question of Morocco. At all events Great Britain has been assailed both by a part of the Press and by the President of the Austrian Chamber. In a speech made by the latter, he promulgated what he called a new idea—the Mediterranean for the Mediterranean States. This, he said, was directed against a Power which has its hands in all the affairs of the world, and wants to drive back Germanic Germany. The Power he had in his mind was Great Britain, and he proceeded to declare that he would not stand

its proceedings, and that he was ready to go hand in hand with the French and Italians in solid opposition. They wished to be recognized in the Mediterranean as fully valid Mediterraneans. So far as yet appears little progress has been made with the new idea.

Portugal. After somewhat protracted labors, due to the desire of making the new Constitution as perfect as possible, the Constituent Assembly has passed the new Constitution. Few details, however, have been published, for the interest taken in the doings of Portugal does not seem to be great. There is to be a Senate, to be chosen out of the most prominent members of the National Assembly. Immediately after the completion of the work of constitution making, a President of the Republic was elected by the Assembly itself. The nominee of the moderates, Dr. Arriaga, was chosen by a majority over the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the late Provisional Government. It is hoped that the new President, who has the sympathy of the greater part of the Chamber, as he is not a party man, will conciliate both the Advanced and the Moderate Republicans. He is seventy years of age, a Doctor of Laws of the University of Coimbra, and a brilliant journalist and orator. On the election of the President the Provisional Ministry at once resigned. France immediately officially recognized the Republic and doubtless other Powers will not long defer so doing. After one unsuccessful attempt, a Ministry was formed in the course of a week. It is of a Conservative character, and supported by a majority of 55 in the Chamber and 25 in the Senate. There is danger, however, lest it should meet with obstruction on the part of the Radicals headed by Senhor Costa, in the event of its trying to alter, as the Conservatives wish to do, the Law of Separation of Church and State.

The new Republic is threatened by many dangers, both internal and external. Labor disputes involving violence and riots have taken place in various places. Friends of the expelled royal family are threatening an invasion from Spain, and they are said to have many sympathizers not only among the people but in the Army.

With Our Readers

TWO EARLY ENGLISH MYSTICS.

(WRITTEN IN 1894 BY LIONEL JOHNSON.)

SAYS a modern writer: "Our island would be but a spare contributor to a general exhibition of mystics. The British cloister has not one great mystical saint to show. Mysticism did not, with us, prepare the way for the Reformation. John Wycliffe and John Tauler are a striking contrast in this respect. . . . Whether coming as gloomy superstition, as hysterical fervor, or as pantheistic speculation, mysticism has found our soil a thankless one." It is true that Catholic England produced no Tauler, Eckhart, John of the Cross, Merswin, Suso, St. Teresa, or Catharine, or Gertrude: neither in orthodox mystical theology nor in heretical has England excelled. But Vaughan's language is vastly too sweeping; it is the language of a partly false tradition, which assigns to the Anglo-Saxons all practical qualities, to the Celts all extravagance and revolt. Sober, steady, sensible, quiet religion, a decent gravity and seriousness, are the supposed Saxon virtues; wild yearnings and visionary longings and imaginative audacities are given to the Celts. It is generally assumed that early English poetry, wherever found, is a dull and earthbound thing, compared with Celtic; and, though we hear plenty of Saxon "superstition," it is said to have been a prosaic thing, coarsely uninspired, without the true glooms and glories, loveliness and strangeness, of an impassioned mysticism. What has early Anglo-Saxon literature to set by the side of St. Brendan's voyage, or of St. Fursey's visions, and all the riches of the Celtic Christian spirit in legend and in song? That is, of course, a conventional and mistaken conception. Modern writers have dwelled sufficiently upon the characteristics of the Northumbrian and Western literature to make it clear that an immense sadness and an immense passion, a sense of tears and a fighting fierceness, went to the self-expression of the Saxon Christian writer. When Vaughan asks for a monkish mystic, we point him to Richard Rolle of Hampole—that eager Augustinian visionary.

A certain pathos clings about the memory of this ancient English mystic. He died in 1349, and our chief authority for his life is derived from the office which the nuns of Hampole had composed for him against the day of his elevation to the Church's altars. But that day never came, and Richard Rolle remains a saint uncanonized and scarce remembered, save by literary historians and philologists. Leaving Oxford and his father's house before his twentieth year, he retired to an eremitical life near Hampole, in Yorkshire, and abode there all his days in contemplation, and in the composition of devout works, original and translated, Latin and English, prose and verse. His is the glory of being the first original writer of English prose whose name we know, and, scant as is our knowledge of him, he is a figure of profound fascination, as mystical theologians are wont to be. Anglican Churchmen, whilst often learned in Church historians before the Reformation, are apt to begin their study of English theologians

with Cranmer and Hooker, ignoring even the Anselms and other lights of the Church. Many would mistake an extract from Rolle for some utterance of fourteenth-century Germany or sixteenth-century Spain, of an Eckhart or a John of the Cross; it is a prevailing delusion that old England produced no mystics, properly so called, but merely devotional writers untouched by the spirit of the "sacred darkness" and the contemplative ecstasy. Richard Rolle, with his fellows and followers represented in this volume,* dispels that error; it is a book burning with the divine zeal, the work of men driven by Bonaventure's *Goad of Love*, and casting themselves upon poetry, allegory, ejaculation, for the expression of their passionate hearts. With Sir Thomas Browne, they love to "lose themselves in an *O Altitudo!*" and, as the same writer has it, they "have been so happy as personally to understand Christian Annihilation, Ecstasy, Exolution, Liquefaction, Transformation, the Kiss of the Spouse, Gustation of God, and Ingression into the Divine Shadow," and therefore "they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them."

At the same time there is an English note in their theological strictness. It is easy, as Faber said, "to go wrong in spiritual theology, and to stray into the shadow of condemned propositions." But these mystics do not so much as skirt the abyss of pantheism, as do so many of their foreign brethren; they keep safe within the plain paths traced by creed, and Scripture, and the Church's "living voice." They are practical, in the common sense of the word, and write less with a desire to contribute to mystical science for its own sake, than with an eye to the practice of piety. They are not, like the great masters of Catholic mysticism, intellectually hard to comprehend, but fervent and simple. Their pages are not divided into rigid logical sections, but are a vehement stream of entreaties and outcries, starred with "Ah, sweet Jesu!" and rapturous appeals. Rolle, at least, has a singular poetical charm in imagination and in phrase, a true literary instinct amid his ecstasies. Thus, Conscience is "the Abbey of the Holy Ghost," founded by the Father of Heaven. The Holy Ghost is its warden and visitor: and twenty-nine "ghostly ladies" inhabit it, of whom Charity is abbess, Wisdom prioress, Meekness sub-prioress. God's four daughters dwell in the convent: Mercy and Truth are Abbess Charity's chaplains, Righteousness is Wisdom's, Peace attends upon Meekness. It is like Bunyan, but more consistent in theological meaning, less vivid in dramatic art. The plangent sentences are full of piteous beauty and simplicity. What a reverent realism in this scene from the Crucifixion! "And then took they such another rugged nail and drove it with an hammer through both His feet at once into the hard Tree. Ah, Lord, how that rugged nail crashed among the hard bones!" This is no Spanish Jesuit of Renaissance times, nor Italian Passionist of our own: it is a north-country Saxon hermit of the fourteenth century. But, like all who have what Wesley called "heart-religion," he loves the personal, and physical, and concrete details of the Scripture narrative, and to amplify them in his imagination—as in this exquisite passage:

* Johnson here refers to *Yorkshire Writers, Richard Rolle of Hampole, an English Father of the Church, and his Followers*. Edited by C. Horstman. Published by Sonnenschen of London.

"Then was He born of His Mother in an old broken house at Bethlem town's end, and laid in an ass-manger on a little hay. And there found He another lady of the same Abbey, that is Poverty: forwhy His Mother had none other sheets to bind Him in, but took a kerchief off her head, and cut an old kirtle, and made thereof clothes, and wound therein her Child for cold, and laid Him on a wisp in an ox-stall—I trow there was poverty enough!" It is all realized, as by some contemporary artist of the cloister, who had no wish to denude the Gospels of their positive externals, by way of honoring their internal message. Rolle has an extraordinary passion of humble faith, finding utterance in touching words. He asks of the Blessed Virgin "neither castles, nor towns, nor none other world's weal, nor sun, nor moon, nor none of the bodies of heaven, nor nothing: but wounds of ruth, of pain, and of compassion of sweet Jesu my Lord's passion is all my desire." For he has "appetite to pain," for the Passion's sake. "Ah, sweet Jesu, then were there five great floods of blood from hands, feet, and side. Thy chin hangeth on Thy breast, the white of Thine eyes is cast upwards Thy lips shrink, Thy white teeth show, Thy lovely face is become all pale, Thine hair clotted all with blood." But from such piteous and vivid realization he always passes to a moral or to prayer: there is no morbid feverishness of imagination. The counsels for daily life, the "Form of Perfect Living," are direct and plain, rich in common sense, application to the world, knowledge of human nature; yet all in rigorous conformity with orthodox belief, with the doctrine of Augustine and of Bernard, Anselm and Bonaventure. As M. Huysmans' latest hero discovered, Catholic mysticism is justified by experience; it contains a true psychology; it *works*. Rolle sets it forth with beauty and intensity of speech, which do not obscure its matter-of-fact truth to the realities of life. He was a man of visions and ecstasies, living in "worlds not realized" by the mass of men; and the result is not a mere hysterical emotion, nor wayward rhapsody, but a consistent and verifiable doctrine, containing nothing of which "Seynt Thomas Alqwyne" or "Seynt Gregor" could disapprove. Not that he is a metaphysical theologian, a scholastic; his fundamental theology is that of tradition, and personal experience has instructed him in its ascetic and mystic sides.

Though it is true that pantheistic mysticism had no place in England, and that Wycliffe was no mystic, yet M. Jusserand reminds us, that some of his heretical, unpantheistic doctrines were welcomed by the adepts of the Free Spirit in Bohemia. The general truth seems to be that, whilst formal mysticism—the mysticism of Germany and Spain—have been uncongenial to the English mind, yet that a mystical strain has run through English literature. English religion, since the Reformation, can boast of the Cambridge Platonists, of Leighton and Law, among the "orthodox"; of Fox and Bunyan, Wesley and Irving, among the nobler "schismatics"; of countless queer and pathetic bodies, Mugglestonians and the like, such as flourish among us still, swelling the "varieties of Protestantism." But it is in English literature, rather than in English religion, that something mystical has prevailed; something which warrants M. Brunetière in saying that, while French literature expresses the *communis sensus* of the world, English

gives voice to personal vagaries, strange idiosyncrasies, individual emotions, the lyrical cries and private thoughts of isolated, single souls. In the last century, English writers were for establishing a check against the spirit of lawlessness, or of "each man a law unto himself"; they did great and good things, but in that they failed. To-day, English literature has all the extravagance and individualism of the Elizabethan. French writers have no sense of mystery; the French mystics—a Francis of Sales, a Fénelon, a Madame Guyon—have none; they are touching and melting and moving, sometimes majestic and superb; but there is no feeling of awe, no shudder and thrill, either of agony or of ecstasy, when reading them. And the poets, the orators, the historians, and romance writers of France, are in like case: Chateaubriand and Michelet, Hugo and Lacordaire, Renan and Balzac, Mirabeau and Diderot, Baudelaire and Rousseau—there is not one line in them that gives us the sense of an everlasting wonder and a fearful joy. But in Langland, M. Jusserand bids us see an early chief of a great company, among whom are Wesley and Shelley, Blake and Browning, Cowper and Carlyle, Coleridge and Newman. He traces the strain of semi-mystical emotion, common to them all, to the Germanic element in the English race. Thanks to the fusion of races, the mingling, as Arnold eloquently explains, of Celt and Teuton and Scandinavian, the English race has neither the metaphysical turn of the Germans nor the idealism of the Celts undiluted and pure; the two combine, and create a literature of beautiful mysticism, a literature full of strangeness and propensity, of thought quivering with emotion. In Tennyson's phrase, our poets "follow The Gleam." Langland, a brooding and solitary man, his heart hot within him, "spake with his tongue" when "the fire kindled"; his visions were of "the whole creation groaning and travailling together," of the world under a cloud, of a painful pilgrimage to the altar of "Saint Truth." His conception of the social state was not Utopian and unpractical, but he could only see life in some eternal light; he saw in the Commons of England at once a national power and a divine instrument. Milton, in the last pages of his *Reformation in England*, uses language of apocalyptic fire and majesty, whilst his practical politics are calm and sober, not the ravings of Fifth Monarchists. It is instructive to contrast these Englishmen with the rhetoricians of the French Revolution; they advocated all manner of Utopias with elegant and pseudo-classic grace, with invocations of Brutus and Humanity and Reason, without the least touch or tone of mystery and awe. No passage of Hugo's greatest verse, magnificent and resonant, rings so true and pierces so deep as do Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" lines, or some of Shakespeare's sonnets. Take the late Mr. Pearson's *National Life and Character*: it is lucid, systematic, unrhetical, a book of statistics and scientific induction and historical comparison, yet what a sense of the mystery of things, what a feeling for the strangeness of human fortunes, the lots, issues and struggles of mortality! The English distaste for logic springs from the instinctive conviction that logic cannot get to the heart of anything—the conviction that animated Burke in pleading for Ireland and against the Revolution. "All shallows are clear," said Johnson, when one praised the clearness of Hume; and in the same century Butler and Berkeley poured scorn upon the facile

coffee-house sceptic, who never recognized the depths and heights of existence :

“ Thus God has will'd
That man, when fully skilled,
Still gropes in twilight dim ;
Encompassed all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him.”

It is this recognition of a mystery in the world, however vaguely and variably felt, which forbids us to believe that Englishmen will ever accept purely “ scientific and secular ” principles of individual or of social life. From that early reformer Langland up to our day, English literature has been wont to take the side of faith in unseen realities ; not all the forces of material desire and material comfort, of national pride and social dissatisfaction, have been able to turn the face of England towards the way that ends in the anarchy of atheism and the atheism of anarchy. Langland echoed David—“ Clouds and darkness are round about Him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His seat.” This mediæval dreamer of dreams, with his eyes so keen to mark the swarming life around him, and still so ardent in reverence for the eternal truth, and in belief in its power to redress all wrongs and confute all lies, is a “ representative man ” among English mystics.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

THE Tenth National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, which convened in Columbus, Ohio, August 20th to 24th, was one of the greatest held by this organization. The ceremonies opened with Pontifical High Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral. His Excellency, Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, was the celebrant. The Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburg, preached a masterly sermon. Among the Church dignitaries in attendance were, besides Mgr. Falconio, Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati, Bishop James McFaul of Trenton, N. J., Bishop J. J. Hartley of Columbus, Bishop H. Richter of Grand Rapids, Mich., Bishop Joseph Schrembs of Toledo, Bishop Regis Canevin of Pittsburg, Bishop C. P. Maes of Covington, Ky., Bishop P. J. Muldoon of Rockford, Bishop Kelley of Detroit, Bishop Thos. J. Lillis of Kansas City, Abbot Paul Schaeuble of Louisiana, Mgr. M. J. Lavelle of N. Y. City, Mgr. A. J. Teeling of Boston, Mass., Mgr. F. Wall of New York, and Mgrs. Specht and Soentgerath of Columbus.

A monster parade took place in the afternoon, in which, it was estimated, 12,000 persons participated. The parade was reviewed by Gov. Harmon and all the Church dignitaries present.

Sunday night a great mass meeting was held at Memorial Hall, at which addresses were made by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Moeller, Bishop Hartley, Prof. Walsh of Fordham University, N. Y., Gov. Harmon of Ohio and others.

The business sessions were held at the Knights of Columbus Hall and were quite spirited. The reports of the National President and National Secretary gave evidence of the great work done by the Federation since its last convention held in New Orleans. They showed the Federation's activity in its crusade against immorality, the indecent stage, the salacious posters, divorce, Socialism, and the White Slave Traffic; and its work for the better observance of Sunday, and the suppression of sacrilegious works.

Letters of encouragement were received from Cardinal Merry del Val, and four other Cardinals of the Church, as well as hundreds of Bishops and Archbishops from all parts of the Catholic world.

Some very telling addresses were delivered by Bishop Muldoon, by Bishop Canevin and by Abbot Paul Schaeuble.

The resolutions adopted by the Federation cover the following:

Loyalty and Devotion to our Holy Father; Message of Congratulation to Cardinal Gibbons, Encyclopedia Britannica, Persecutions in Albania, Portugal, etc., Sunday Observance, Mailing or offering for sale of obscene literature, Catholic Citizenship, World Federation, Catholic Education, Catholic Schools and Colleges, Freedom of Education, Educational Periodicals, Catholic Daily Press, Deaf Mutes, Catholic Alumni Association, Bible Reading, etc., Social Section, Welfare of Wage Earners, Social Reform,

At the second Mass Meeting, held at Memorial Hall Tuesday night, addresses were made by Right Rev. James A. McFaul, Rev. Dr. J. Cavanaugh, of Notre Dame, Indiana; Chief Horn Cloud, of the Indian Missions, and others. The meeting was presided over by Hon. Judge M. F. Donahue, of the Ohio Supreme Court.

The great banquet at which covers were laid for over 1,000 persons closed the Tenth National Convention.

The following officers were elected:

President, Edward Feeney, Brooklyn, N. Y.; First Vice-President, J. B. Oelkers, Newark, N. J.; Second Vice-President, Thomas P. Flynn, of Chicago, Ill.; Third Vice-President, J. A. Coller, of Shakopee, Minn.; Fourth Vice-President, J. J. Hynes, Buffalo, N. Y.; Fifth Vice-President, James J. Regan, St. Paul, Minn.; Sixth Vice-President, J. W. Philp, Dallas, Tex.; Secretary, Anthony Matre, St. Louis, Mo.; Treasurer, C. H. Schulte, Detroit, Mich.; Marshal J. W. West, Kansas City, Kan.; Joseph Horn Cloud, of South Dakota, Color Bearer.

MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD:

Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., Milwaukee, Wis.; Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Trenton, N. J.; Thomas H. Cannon, Chairman, Chicago, Ill.; Nicholas Gonner, Dubuque, Ia.; John Whalen, New York City, N. Y.; C. W. Wallace, Columbus, O.; F. W. Immicus, Pittsburg, Pa.; Daniel Duffy, Pottsville, Pa.; H. V. Cunningham, Boston, Mass.; Charles I. Denechaud, New Orleans, La.; F. W. Heckenkamp, Jr., Quincy, Ill. At a meeting of the Executive Board Frank J. Matre, St. Louis was appointed Supervisor of the Associate Membership.

The next convention will take place in Louisville, Ky., in August 1912.

The Apostolic Delegate who attended the various sessions has this to say of the Federation: "*The American Federation of Catholic Societies is working distinctly under the protection and guidance of the American hierarchy and with the full sanction and the blessing of the Pope.*"

ANTHONY MATRÉ, *National Secretary.*

THE vestibule "Church Rack" for the distribution of books and pamphlets to our people is now being placed in many churches throughout the country. From the words of appreciation which we have received the use of the "Rack" means much for the spread of Catholic reading matter. It is the most effective, indeed we might say the only practical way to give instructive, useful reading matter into the hands of Catholics. One of these "Racks" is placed at the entrance to the Church. With its display of numerous pamphlets on various interesting subjects, it is visible at once to all who enter. It attracts their attention. They stop to examine. The little booklets are there before them with the titles plainly shown. The inquirer will find pamphlets on devotional subjects; on Christian Doctrine; on social questions of present-day interest, which are the common talk of the man in the street; stories of vital, human interest. The price marked in large letters, usually five cents, is easily within the means of all. The purchaser makes his selection, takes the pamphlets home and introduces good Catholic reading matter, perhaps for the first time, to his household. Thus has the "Church Rack" brought blessings to him and his family far-reaching in their results.

* * *

THESE RACKS furnish a means of communication between the Church and the people. By means of them we can promote in many ways the spiritual and intellectual welfare of our people. Many Catholics often wish for a pamphlet on this or that subject which will give them the teaching of the Church; help them to take an intelligent stand on a disputed question and to speak with knowledge. Many Catholics will eagerly read a pamphlet on prayer, on the inspiring life of a saint, on a matter of spiritual instruction, yet they have not known where such a pamphlet might be obtained. We often forget that our people are eager for spiritual food, that the word of God's holy writers would be a consolation and joy to their souls, if they could but receive it. Unfold to them the beauties of the spiritual life, the help and encouragement that come from thinking upon the high and the better things, keep before them or help them to keep before themselves, the good things that God has prepared for those who love Him—and they will be the first to take these things to their hungry hearts; the first to see and to appreciate the great treasures which these truths contain.

NO such opportunity as that which the "Church Rack" furnishes has been given to us to bring these things before our people. It is a direct, simple way. Moreover, it helps the missionary spirit which because of the conditions of our social life is aroused at some time in the soul of every one of us. Frequently because the Catholic does not know where to obtain the pamphlet that would satisfy the inquirer who has asked him questions about the Church, the inspiration is allowed to die, and nothing is done. If the Catholic now knows that he can go to the "Church Rack" and obtain the pamphlet that he desires—even if he but knows that he will find a pamphlet telling in general of the claims and teachings of the Church, the inspiration will live; he will act upon it because he knows how to act, and that "Rack" pamphlet may lead the inquirer to the true fold.

* * *

THE Rack is inexpensive, the literature is inexpensive. It would be a most laudable work for some member of every parish throughout the country to donate a "Rack" and a supply of literature to his parish church. The cost of "Rack" and reading matter may be obtained by writing to the Columbus Press, 120 West 60th Street, New York City. To care for the "Rack," to study the needs of a particular locality, to keep it supplied with pamphlets, and such pamphlets as will fit the needs of the people, is a work that will appeal to a number of people in every parish, and no difficulty will be experienced in securing the service of one to do this most praiseworthy work. The "Church Rack" has proven its worth after long years of experience both in Ireland and England. It will prove its worth here. A study of our situation and our needs, patience and confidence, instruction, explanation, will make it a blessing for our people and for the Church; one of the most effective means of missionary work both for the household of the faith and for those that are without.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Children of the Gael. By Charlotte Dease. 75 cents. *Gemma Galgani.* By Philip Goghlan, C. P. 40 cents. *The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death.* By Daniel A. Dever, Ph. D. 75 cents. *Back to Rome.* By Godfrey Raupert. \$1. *Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.* By A. Borini. 30 cents. *Louise Augusta Lechmere.* By Henry D'Arras, S. J. 90 cents. *A Soggarik's Last Verses.* By Matthew Russell, S. J. 75 cents. *The Culture of the Soul.* By Rev. P. Ryan. 95 cents. *The Way That Leads to God.* By Abbé A. Saudreau. \$1.50. *Sermons and Lectures.* By Mgr. Grosch. \$1.35. *The Little Child's First Communion Book.* By Very Rev. H. Canon Cafferata. 5 cents. *The Life of St. Teresa of Jesus.* By Very Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. \$2 85.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

The Opening Up of Africa. By Sir H. H. Johnston. 75 cents. *Liberalism.* By L. T. Hobhouse, M. A. 75 cents. *Crime and Insanity.* By Dr. C. A. Mercier. 75 cents.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

The Question of the Hour. By Joseph P. Conway. 35 cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, New York:

Mother Carey's Chickens. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$1.25.

EATON & MAINS, New York:

Strange Siberia. By Marcus Lorenzo Taft. \$1.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

The History of Pope Boniface VIII. By Don Louis Tosti. \$2.

A. C. MCCLURG & Co., New York:

Emerson's Wife and Other Stories. By Florence Finch Kelly. \$1.25. *Dr. David.* By Marjorie Benton Cooke. \$1.35.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

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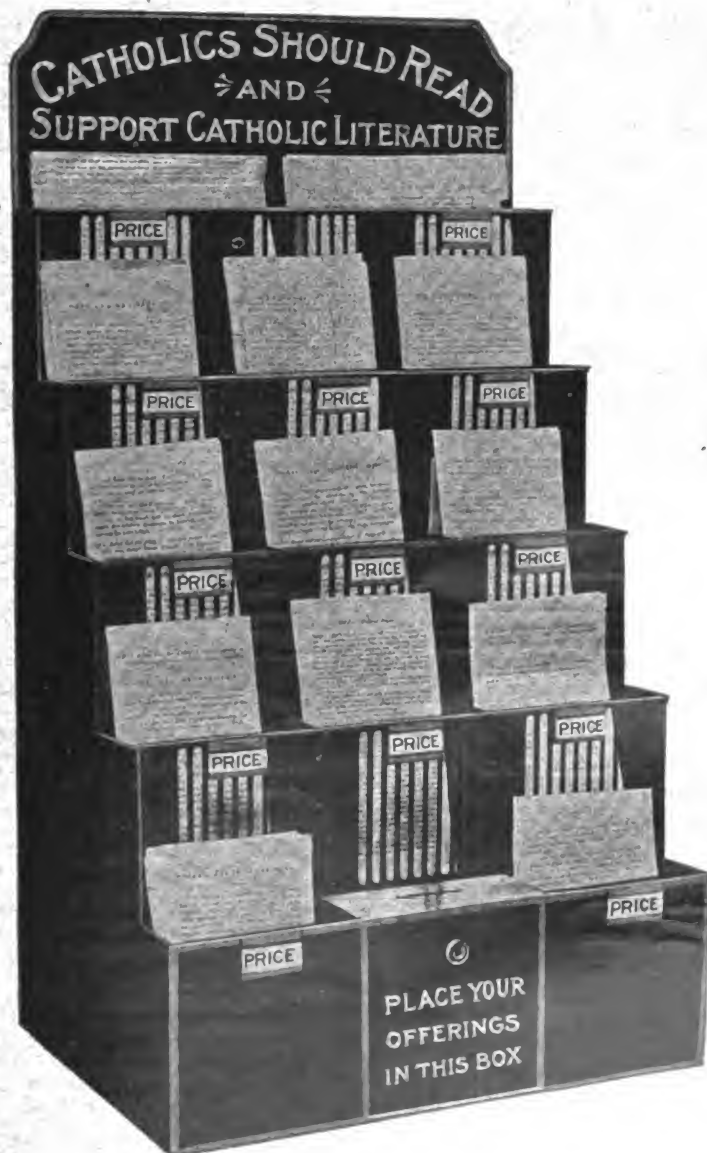
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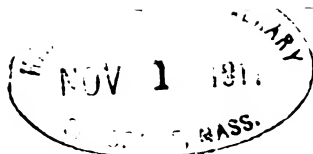
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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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CHRISTENDOM AND THE TURK.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.

WE have recently witnessed yet another of the oft-recurring and sickening episodes in the history of the Turks in Europe which for centuries have marked them out as "the great Anti-christ among the races of men." "The Committee which dominates the Turkish Government," observes an English Protestant journal*—"a committee which is already as ripe for deposition as ever Abdul Hamid was—has at last seen that its wisest course would be to act, or pretend to act, the part of indulgent father towards the Malissori of Albania." Then after enumerating the Committee's terms of peace, it proceeds: "we do not expect to see any of these terms carried into effect, except so far as may be convenient. We have no longer a shred of faith in this blood-stained Committee, the instigator and rewarder of outrage, and the procurer, in the future, of all manner of trouble for Turkey." And it concludes: "But no doubt the world will presently be able to enjoy the spectacle of the Committee squabbling among themselves; and the best we can hope for is the rise of a dictator who will hang them all"; and with this sorry consolation the matter is dismissed. The best we can hope for is, not a response to the crying need of civilized and humane intervention, not an intervention such as of old issued from the center of a united Christendom—since the differences of Protest-

* *The Guardian*, 11 August, 1911.

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antism have robbed the Holy See of being the world's instrument of peace—but that from among the Turks themselves a dictator may arise to punish the Turk for such conduct as has been his habit for centuries.

"Usually placid, hypochondriac, and impassioned," as "the barbarian at rest," the Turk impresses the casual visitor as being a gentle, kindly-disposed, and much-maligned individual. But behold him as "the barbarian roused to action" and you see in each individual Turk "the ungovernable fury of a multitude," all ties, all attachments, all natural and moral obligations forgotten or despised, till his rage subsides, and his worse than bestial lust is satisfied.

No race [says Newman], casts so broad and dark a shadow on the page of ecclesiastical history, and leaves so painful an impression on the minds of the reader, as the Turkish. . . . The Holy See has the reputation, even with men of the world, of seeing instinctively what is favorable, what is unfavorable, to the interests of religion and of the Catholic Faith. Its undying opposition to the Turks is not the least striking instance of this divinely imparted gift. From the very first it pointed at them as an object of alarm for all Christendom, in a way in which it had marked out neither Tartars nor Saracens. It exposed them to the reprobation of Christendom, as a people, with whom, if charity differ from merciless ferocity, tenderness from hardness of heart, depravity of appetite from virtue, and pride from meekness and humility, the faithful never could have sympathy, never alliance. It denounced not merely an odious outlying deformity, painful simply to the moral sight and scent, but an energetic evil, an aggressive, ambitious, ravenous foe, in whom foulness of life and cruelty of policy were methodised by system, consecrated by religion, propagated by the sword.*

War with the Turks was the uninterrupted cry of the Popes for seven or eight centuries, from the eleventh to the eighteenth. "It is a solitary and singular event in the history of the Church."

Much was borrowed by Mahomet from the Church—the existence of God, the fact of His revelation, the faithfulness of His promises, the eternity of the moral law, the certainty of future retribution.

* *Hist. Sketches*, Vol. I. pp. 104-10.

He stands in his creed between the religion of God and the religion of devils, between Christianity and idolatry, between the West and the extreme East. And so stood the Turks, on adopting his faith; . . . they stood between Christ in the West, and Satan in the East, and they had to make their choice; and, alas! they were led. . . to oppose themselves, not to Paganism, but to Christianity, and in the event have proved, of all races the veriest brood of the serpent which the Church has encountered since she was set up, for 800 years her incessant foe, singled out as such, and denounced by successive Vicars of Christ.*

A. D. 1048 is fixed by chronologists as the date of the rise of the Turkish power in so far as Christendom is interested in its history. Toghrul Beg, the first Sultan of the time of Seljûk invaded the Greek provinces of Asia Minor, from Cilicia to Armenia, along a line of 600 miles; and 130,000 Christians is said to be the sacrifice he offered to the false prophet. His nephew, Alp Arslan, succeeded him in 1062, and penetrated to Cæsarea in Cappadocia, attracted by the gold and pearls that encrusted the shrine of St. Basil. He then turned his arms against Armenia and Georgia, and, after conquering the mountaineers of the Caucasus, encountered, defeated and captured the Greek Emperor of "New Rome," humbled him literally to the dust, and having placed his foot upon his neck, gave him his life and, for a large ransom, his liberty. Malek Shah, the son of Alp Arslan subdued Syria and the Holy Land and took Jerusalem, and gave to his cousin Solyman his territories in Asia Minor, planting him over against Constantinople as an earnest of future conquests.

Meanwhile, Pope St. Gregory VII., though thousands of miles from the scene of the sufferings inflicted upon pilgrims to Jerusalem and the Christians of the East, and despite conflicts at home with the secular power, nevertheless, in his zeal for that Christendom of which he was chief shepherd and ruler, in 1074 addressed a letter to the Emperor of Germany, suggesting a crusade (which later Popes carried out) and assuring him that he had 50,000 troops ready for the project.

It is commonly said, [observes Newman] that the Crusades failed in their object; that they were nothing else but a

* *Ibid.* 87-8.

lavish expenditure of men and treasure ; and that the possession of the Holy Places by the Turks to this day is a proof of it. Now I will not enter here into a very intricate controversy ; this only will I say, that, if the tribes of the desert, under the leadership of the house of Seljūk, turned their faces to the West in the middle of the eleventh century ; if in forty years they had advanced from Khorasan to Jerusalem and the neighborhood of Constantinople ; and if in consequence they were threatening Europe and Christianity ; and if, for that reason, it was a great object to drive them back or break them to pieces ; if it were a worthy object of the Crusades to rescue Europe from this peril and to reassure the anxious minds of Christian multitudes ; then were the Crusades no failure in their issue, for this object was fully accomplished. The Seljūkian Turks were hurled back upon the East, and then broken up by the hosts of the Crusaders. The lieutenant of Malek Shah, who had been established as Sultan of Roum (as Asia Minor was called by the Turks), was driven to an obscure town, where his dynasty lasted, indeed, but gradually dwindled away. A similar fate attended the house of Seljūk in other parts of the Empire, and internal quarrels increased and perpetuated its weakness. Sudden as was its rise, as sudden was its fall ; till the terrible Zingis, descending on the Turkish dynasties, like an avalanche, co-operated effectually with the Crusaders and finished their work ; and if Jerusalem was not protected from other enemies, at least Constantinople was saved, and Europe was placed in security, for three hundred years.*

In a footnote to this passage is a quotation from Francis Newman :

The See of Rome had not forgotten, if Europe had, how deadly and dangerous a war Charles Martel and the Franks had had to wage against the Moors from Spain. A new and redoubtable nation, the Seljūk Turks, had now appeared on the confines of Europe, as a fresh champion of the Mohammedan creed ; and it is not attributing too much foresight or too sagacious a policy to the Court of Rome, to believe, that they wished to stop and put down the Turkish power before it should come too near. Be this as it may, such was the result. The might of the Seljūkiens was crippled on the plains of Palestine, and did not ultimately reach Europe. . . . On the whole, it would seem that to the Romish

* *Ib.*, p. 102.

Church we have been largely indebted for that union between European nations, without which Mohammedanism might perhaps not have been repelled.

The Seljûkian Turks, after all but taking Constantinople, and overrunning the West, were defeated by a united Christendom, realms, before all else, for the cause of Christ, and responsive to the call of Christ's Vicar. For more than two centuries the Crusaders of Europe, united under the standard of the Vicar of Christ, fought for the faith of the nations, and Europe was saved from the Turk. Then from out the ashes of the Seljûkian Turkish dynasty arose the dynasty of the Ottoman Turks. The Seljûkians had failed against Christendom united; the Ottomans, alas, succeeded by reason of Christendom's divisions and decay of faith and devotion.

Ottoman's father was in the service of the last Sultan of the Seljûkian line and governor of a horde of 400 families. Ottoman, on succeeding his father, proclaimed a *gazi*, or holy war, against Christians and commenced a long series of conquests, which, lasting about 270 years, resulted in the Ottoman becoming one of the first powers of the world. Orkhan, his son, gained the Greek Emperor's daughter, a Christian princess, in marriage; and, crossing over into Europe under cover of friendship to the court of Constantinople, obtained in 1358, possession of the fortress of Gallipoli, and with it a foothold in Europe. His son Murad I. conquered the eastern half of the Balkan peninsula, cutting off Constantinople from Christian Europe. And, finally, Constantinople was taken by Mohammed II. in 1453.

During all this period the Popes were solicitous for the welfare of the Christians of the East, and constantly sought the aid of the powers of Christendom in their defence. But they were impeded by difficulties many and various. Chief among these difficulties was the attitude of Constantinople itself. The Eastern schismatics hated and despised Western Christendom as much as they hated and feared the Turks. Cowardly, crafty, fickle and insincere, as notoriously they were, how was it possible to save them without their own co-operation and in spite of themselves? During the two hundred years that the Crusades lasted, the multitudes of warriors who had gone to their assistance had been subjected to intolerable

experience of their character and attitude. For two hundred years, "each spring and summer," says Gibbon, "had produced a new emigration of pilgrim warriors for the defence of the Holy Land." The East asked succor of the West, and the West generously responded. When Peter the Hermit was in Constantinople and was informed by the Patriarch that in vain did he look for the Emperor's aid, he cried: "I will rouse the nations of Europe in your cause." And to the capitals of Europe the Emperors selfishly betook themselves, to obtain, instead of supplying, aid against the Turk; and then they made gain of the Crusaders' successes, striving the while, in their pride and cowardice to humble them when in their city and provinces. In the council of Placentia, summoned by Pope Urban II., before the commencement of the Crusades, in the presence of 200 Latin Bishops, 4,000 inferior clergy, and 30,000 laity, the ambassadors of the Greek Emperor had been introduced, and had pleaded the distress of their sovereign and the danger of their city which the unbelievers already were threatening.* They insisted on its being the policy of the Latin princes to repel the Turk in Asia rather than when he was in the heart of Europe; and they gave such an account of their own miseries, as drew tears from the great assembly and the promise and assurance of help and co-operation.

But when Godfrey and his companions in arms arrived in the neighborhood of Constantinople they found themselves all but betrayed into the enemy's hands. When, later, the Crusaders had crossed over into Asia they found the gates of the cities closed against them; food, in insufficient quantity, sometimes poisoned, was let down to them from the walls, base coin was given them, bridges broken down before them, false guides supplied, and information of their movements given to the Turks.

The Greek clergy preached against them as heretics and schismatics and dogs; the Patriarch and the Bishops spoke of their extermination as a merit; and their priests washed and purified the altars where the Latin priests had said Mass. Nay, the Emperors formed a secret alliance with Turks and Saracens against them, and the price at which they obtained it, was the permission of erecting a mosque in Constantinople. †

* Gibbon.

† Newman, *Hist. Sketches*, Vol. I, p. 138.

Later, the Greek populace rose against the Latin merchants settled in Constantinople, and, aided by the Emperor's troops, slaughtered them in the streets and in their homes; they burned their clergy in the churches, their sick in the hospitals, and reduced their whole quarter to ashes; they sold 4,000 of the survivors into perpetual slavery to the Turks; they cut off the head of the Cardinal Legate and tied it to the tail of a dog; and then they chanted a *Te Deum*! Little wonder, that, twenty years later, the crusading hosts turned their arms against the Greeks themselves, besieged and took Constantinople, and committed such excesses, alas, as still further increased the Pope's difficulties and compromised the cause of the Crusades.

When, at a later period, Mohammed took Constantinople, he not only saw that the Greek Church under a Patriarch appointed by the Sultan would be a useful instrument of government, but it was likewise part of his policy to favor it in view of the crusading plans of the Latin powers. The Popes, as he could see, rose to the conception of the unity of Christendom; not so the Greeks, to whom the supremacy of the infidel Sultan seemed more tolerable than the supremacy of the Vicar of Christ. Therefore, he fostered the Greek ill-feeling and chose for the Patriarchate one who was opposed to the union of the Greek and Latin Churches.

Another of the Pope's difficulties was occasioned by the increase of national prosperity and strength. Rulers and people, who were increasing in worldly substance were not disposed to spend it upon distant and spiritual objects, such as the continuance of the war against misbelievers; nor did they care for the religious tenets of those with whom they traded. Moreover, in proportion as nations increased in wealth and power, so did they in jealousy of each other and in indifference to the interests of religion. France and England abandoned the Holy Wars to war on each other. "As in the twelfth century, we read of Cœur de Lion in Palestine, and in the thirteenth, of St. Louis in Egypt, so in the fourteenth do we read the sad tale of Poitiers and Crescy, and in the fifteenth of Agincourt." Henry V. of England, crossed the channel to conquer France at the very time when the Ottoman reverses afforded hope of Christendom's success. He had proposed to conquer Jerusalem, and had sent a knight to survey the towns and country of Syria; but premature death over-

took him and prevented him from undertaking a conquest more glorious than the one in which he was engaged. In the same century Charles VII. of France forbade the preaching of a Crusade in his dominions lest it should lay him open to the attacks of the English. Alfonso of Portugal retracted his promise to join in a Holy War. Alfonso of Aragon and Sicily took the Cross, but used the men and money raised for its objects in a war against the Genoese. The Bohemians would not fight unless they were paid. The Germans pretended to fear that the Pope would apply the money they contributed for some other purpose. In short, what Pope Boniface IX. had said when proclaiming a Crusade in 1394 was but too true, not only of his own, but likewise of subsequent times. In his Bull he bewails the sins of Christendom, which had brought upon them that scourge which was the occasion of his invitation. In speaking of the massacres, tortures, slavery, which had been inflicted on multitudes of the faithful, he says:

the mind is horrified at the very mention of these miseries; but it crowns our anguish to reflect, that the whole of Christendom, which, if in concord, might put an end to these and even greater evils, is either in open war, country with country, or, if in apparent peace, is secretly wasted by mutual jealousies and animosities.

The fourteenth and fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth centuries were the period at once of the Ottoman growth and of Christendom's defection—the period in which “the sins of nations were accumulating that heavy judgment which fell upon them in the Ottoman conquests and the Reformation.” In the middle of the fourteenth century the teaching of Wickliffe gained ground in England; Huss and others soon after gained a hearing on the Continent; and Luther prevailed in the first half of the sixteenth century. Thus was the attention of the Popes and of Western Christendom diverted from the troubles in the East to an evil which more effectually than any other has hindered the Holy See from being the world's instrument of peace and Christian progress.

The Reformation reacted on the Eastern Question, [says a non-Catholic writer.] The mere fact that the Roman See continuously and consistently exhorted to a Crusade was to

the adherents of the new religious movement an argument against a Turkish war. Luther himself announced the principle, that to resist the Turks was to resist God, who had sent them as a visitation. At a safe distance, this was a comfortable doctrine. But some years later, when the visitation drew nigh to the heart of Germany itself, the Reformer was somewhat embarrassed to explain away his earlier utterances. The diffusion of the doctrine of the Reformers seems to have been one of the causes which slackened and weakened the resistance of Hungary to the Ottoman invasion. . . . Early in 1529 it was known that Solymon was preparing for a grand expedition northwards in that year. Germany was alive to the danger. Luther changed his attitude and acknowledged the necessity of war against the Turks, while he insisted that all the disasters which had befallen Christendom from Varna to Mohács had been due to the interference of Popes and bishops—language which the deeds of Archbishop Paul Tomory of Kalocsa, the defender of Southern Hungary, might have been held to belie.*

But though by 1571 "half Christendom had become Protestant, and secretly perhaps felt as the Greeks felt, that the Turk was its friend and ally," and though neither from England, France, nor Germany could he look for help, Pope Pius V., fired with the zeal bequeathed him by his predecessors, formed a holy league with Philip, King of Spain and the Venetians, Don John, of Austria, being appointed commander-in-chief of the forces, and Colonna, admiral. The Turks were scouring the Gulf of Venice, blockading the ports and terrifying the city itself. Pope Pius resorted to prayer; he appointed a *triduo* of supplication at Rome, took part in the procession himself, and proclaimed a jubilee to the whole Christian world. He exhorted the officers of the armament to see to the good conduct and morals of their troops. A fast of three days was proclaimed for the fleet, commencing on our Lady's Nativity; everyone went to confession and Communion. On the 7th of October they found and fought the Turkish fleet. Upwards of thirty thousand Turks perished, and nearly the whole of their fleet was taken, with three thousand, five hundred prisoners. It was the greatest blow that the Turks had sustained since Timour's victory over Bajazet,

* *The Cambridge Modern Hist.*, Vol. I, Art. on Ottoman Conquest, pp. 95, 97.

a century and a half before. It was the turning point in the Turkish history. Such is the judgment of Protestants. "The battle of Lepanto arrested forever the danger of Mahomedan invasion in the south of Europe."* "The Austro-Spanish monarchy set limits to their expansion both in the north and in the south."†

And great as were the material consequences of the overthrow at Lepanto to the Turks, the moral misfortune was more serious still, and more permanent, by reason of the fatalism of their creed. Unable to abandon their traditionary principles without ceasing to be a state, and by the very principle of their existence pledged to barbarism, they remain in their decadence what they have ever been, with nothing to show for their former long reign of successes; ignorant, fanatical, incapable of progress, sensual, devilish, despising labor, detesting and despising Europe. And the civilized governments around them, in proportion as they advance in material and moral strength, feel that they are in the way, and fain would be rid of them. But the Turk's existence in Europe is perforce tolerated by reason of the mutual jealousies of the Christian powers; and a divided Christendom has no common centre round which to rally in the interests of civilized and humane intervention and the deliverance of the victims of the Turk's fierce and bestial barbarity. Europe's national jealousies and interested and contemptuous patronage, combined with the mutual jealousies of the Sultan's subject populations, prevail to maintain the Turk in position and to give him a free hand in the perpetration of repeated atrocities. The nations of Europe have substituted in place of a central Christian authority the temporal "balance of power," and by so doing, not only have they deprived the Holy See of the power of acting as the world's instrument of peace and orderly progress, but they have deprived themselves of the power of concert in Christian and humane endeavor, as likewise of the means of promoting that universal peace of which we nowadays hear so much, even while armaments are enormously increasing in the interests of national ascendancy.

The religion of the Turks, national and local, is "their badge of a standing antagonism to nations they abhor," and "places them, in their own imagination, in a spiritual posi-

* *Alison's Europe*, Vol. IX., p. 95.

† *Cambridge Modern Hist.*, p. 103.

tion relatively to those nations, which they would simply forfeit if they abandoned it. It would require clear proof of the fact, to credit in their instance the report of a change of mind, which antecedently is so improbable." * It seems inconceivable that they should, as an existing nation, accept of modern civilization. What will come of the present Young Turk movement † remains to be seen. But that "the great bulk of evidence goes to show that Mohammedanism has always been a curse and always will be a curse, that Turkey cannot possibly succeed," is the opinion of writers friendly to the movement, ‡ and seems apparent enough.

Meanwhile, Christendom divided by the differences of Protestantism and the jealousies of nationalism, is powerless to effect anything in the nature of what Christendom united under the divinely appointed authority of the Holy See accomplished in subduing, converting, and uniting the barbarian invaders of the empire; as likewise by her continual arbitration between the feudal monarchs of the Middle Ages, her command of their services, and her action as a whole during the centuries of crusades.

Catholicism is the one great principle of unity and concord which the world has seen; the Holy See is the one Catholic centre and court of appeal that the world has known. Unity with the Holy See meant for the nations unity with one another in any cause that threatened or affected Christendom as a whole, in any cause that called for civilized and humane intervention. In vain do men who are now agitating for universal peace cast about for some other means as the world's instrument of peace and orderly progress. It is not in human nature to supply it; man is unequal to the need. Only by a return to the divinely appointed centre and circle of unity will concord reign amongst Christians, and the principle of universal peace prevail. Only in union with the Holy See can Christendom present to its common foe, the enemies of the Cross, a united front. Such is the experience of Christianity; and such the verdict of history.

* Newman, *Hist. Sketches*, p. 226.

† For an account of it see *Dublin Review*, Art., "Modernism in Islam," April, 1910.


‡ *Ibid.*, p. 295.

THE SHADOW ON THE SOUL OF SWEET GRASS.*

(TALES OF FATHER LACOMBE).

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

I.

OR months the plague, like a skeleton shrouded in gravecloths, had stalked over the plains. In every tepee its cold talons had lain a frozen grip upon the Crees of the Saskatchewan, and each morning the bodies of its victims wrapped in blankets or buffalo robes were massed on the prairie for interment.

It was the golden autumn now. The smallpox was past, but Father Lacombe was still with his Cree nomads as he had been all summer, passing from camp to camp, nursing their sick by day and night, burying their dead away from the dogs and coyotes.

He was in the camp of Sweet Grass, famous on the plains as a councilor and warrior—head-chief of all the Crees of the Saskatchewan. The snows of fifteen winters had melted since this chief's hospitable lodge had first been thrown open to Father Lacombe, and since then there had existed between the two a deep friendship accompanied oddly enough by a quiet, persistent clash of will.

Now and again the spirit of this contest lifted its head, when the two met by camp-fire or trail, and the sturdy missionary approached the chief afresh with invitations to embrace the Christian faith. The answer of Sweet Grass was always the same:

"Leave me alone; I will tell you when my time comes."

And with this the calm, unvoiced struggle would be resumed between the two. One spring that Father Lacombe had cured his favorite young warrior from blood-poisoning,

* Chief Sweet Grass was baptized by Father Lacombe and later taken across the prairie to St. Boniface and confirmed by Archbishop Tache. It was he who negotiated the Treaty with Canada at Fort Pitt in 1876, and he died a few years later, killed by an accidental shot from the revolver presented to him on the occasion of the Treaty by Governor Morris.

Sweet Grass had voluntarily offered to become a Christian. Yet, as season gave way to season, and Sweet Grass still held back, Father Lacombe ransacked his consciousness for the key to the mystery.

No Christian warrior on the plains was at greater pains to assist him than Sweet Grass; nor had the great Little Chief any contempt for his teachings. He merely refused to submit himself to the new order.

Now, in this mellow autumn weather, when the peace of God lay over the lately-afflicted camp, a group of the stronger Indians gathered about Father Lacombe's tent one evening for prayer. And as they prayed they were astounded to see Sweet Grass stalk into the circle, not pausing till he reached the priest. There he solemnly abjured his old beliefs.

He knelt then, and asked Father Lacombe to make the sign of the cross on him; which Father Lacombe did, saying:

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I receive you, brave Chief of the Crees."

It was a dramatic scene, pregnant with significance for the onlookers. They knew that the head-chief had the heart of a woman for his friends, but he was also a man of fire and iron in war, and shrewd as a serpent in council. . . . He had yielded now to the white man's God: who among them could hope to hold out longer against Him?

For days Sweet Grass busied himself studying Christian teachings with Father Lacombe. Then, another evening after prayer, as the old men sat about Father Lacombe's tent smoking and talking, Sweet Grass again startled his people. He inquired abruptly of *Ka-miyo-atcak-we* (the Man-of-the-Beautiful-Mind):

"Will you soon baptize me?"

"The whole camp knows I am only making you ready for that."

"But perhaps you would not do it if you knew what a man I am—and what evil I once did."

Father Lacombe in reply slipped his crucifix from his belt, and holding it out to their gaze and his own said: "He became Man and died on the Cross for your salvation. He came into the world to save sinners. . . . He will pardon you all. . . ."

"Hah!"

Sweet Grass heard with satisfaction. But his soul still troubled him. Its spur urged him to have recourse to the centuries-old custom of his race and, as a warrior guilty of a crime propitiates the Great Spirit by confessing his evil to one of the Ancients of the tribe, Sweet Grass bared his secret to Father Lacombe.

Then for a long time the evening silence was broken only by the low and rather pleasant voice of the Little Chief:

"When I was a child I did not belong to the Crees. I was taken by them in battle from another tribe, and I did not know my father and mother. I had no name.

"In the Cree camp there was only one old woman who was kind to me. She adopted me for her son. The other children were rude to me, and the old people treated me like a dog. When I grew older there was still no favor for me, for I was very small and they said I would be no good for hunting or for battle.

"They gave me no true name; they called me—'He-who-has-no-name.' Every man and woman in the camp was proud of the name given them after their birth by the old women; but the braves were still more proud of the name each man made for himself when he first did some great deed to show himself a man. It was always so.

"When a young brave wanted to receive some rank among his own people or win for himself a name he would rise up in camp and call on his comrades to come with him on the war-path. Now and again I would see these braves take their departure, while all our people looked on.

"The war-cry was raised; their young wives or sweet-hearts or mothers gave them their guns and moccasins and pemmican. The old councillors encouraged them, and the leader of the new war-party made a brave speech in the centre of the camp.

"He called upon all his comrades to come with him to kill the old enemies of their race and carry off the horses of those who had so often robbed them. . . . Then another day the warriors would return with their young leader at their head. They were greeted with joy by the women and older men—and the new brave was given a fine name, the seal upon his new manhood.

"But in all these war-parties no one ever called upon me.

I was still a stranger in their camp. And I spent my days working for the old woman, grieving in my heart because in all that camp I was treated only as a dog. But a day came when I was close to eighteen years, and I could no longer live under the scorn of the men around me. I made up my mind that I should go to war.

"I told my plans to none, and I called no other braves to help me. I only went to the old mother-squaw and said:

"To-night I am going out on the war-path."

"She cried out—'Are you crazy, you boy, to talk of going alone to make war?'

"I only repeated what I said, and ordered her to bring me all that I needed—for now I was a man. But I had no sweetheart or wife to bring me the pemmican or moccasins. The old mother brought them to me, and when she did she spoke to me in a new fashion. She saw that now I was a man!

"I had an old gun—a hunter had given it to me once for tending horses—and I made fresh arrows and a lasso of *shaganappi*. At night when the camp slept I went away alone. It was my plan to go south to the Blackfeet camps.

"For five days and nights I walked over the prairies looking for our enemies. One night in the distance I saw a large camp of Blackfeet on the bank of a river. . . . At once I hid myself for the night in a coulee among the bushes.

"At daybreak I studied the country about the camp, and at one side I saw a band of horses feeding on the prairies. They had no guard over them."

Here the voice of Sweet Grass took on a deeper note. Father Lacombe was so moved by what remained of this self-revelation of the strong Little Chief's self-revelation, that only the facts of the narrative have stayed in his memory.

While Sweet Grass was reckoning the number of horses, he suddenly saw a warrior leave the camp and walk slowly in the direction of the coulee. The Blackfoot came to a stop on the top of a hill near the nameless youth from the country of the Crees. The latter saw him plainly in the clear morning air.

He was an old man of dignified aspect, one of the Ancients of the tribe, and he wore a fine cloth mantle striped in red. On the hill-top he turned his face toward the East and stood there in prayer, with arms outstretched, adoring the sun, which at that moment had lifted itself above the horizon. . . .

The youth concealed at the mouth of the coulee bowed his soul before the Great Spirit, and asked that it should be revealed to him what he was to do. The old man dropped his arms to his side, ceased his prayer, and paused on the hill-top, looking far out over the land of his people.

Then he turned and continued his walk toward the coulee. As his slow steps brought him closer to the youth's hiding-place, the nameless Cree took this progress as an answer to his prayer. He held his breath and waited.

He felt his quiver—and put the gun aside; the report of a gun would only arouse the sleeping camp; his arrow would find its way truly to the old man's heart. He made his preparations with exquisite care; he must have the scalp of this Blackfoot, a man of importance in his tribe. What matter that the man was old and his mien peaceful? . . . The youth must have a name; he must stand as a man among his people.

It was so that he stifled in himself the stirrings of some finer feelings than the young Indian warrior usually knew—perceptions deepened in him by his own sensitive childhood. Whatever came to pass . . . he must have a name.

The Ancient came nearer. The youth lifted an arrow from his quiver, whispered to it—"To the heart!" And it sped from his hands through the leafy copse direct to the heart of the old man.

The Blackfoot councillor fell forward on the prairie suddenly—silently. The boy leapt through the bush to the body, and buried his knife deep in the Ancient's breast to insure death. Then he painted his own face with red streaks of the blood that gushed forth.

He stripped the scalp from the head of the Ancient, hung it to his belt as he had seen the warriors bear their trophies, and from the ground beneath where some sweet-grass was growing he snatched a handful, stained it with the flowing blood and thrust it into the bosom of his deerskin tunic.

Reckless with his first taste of blood, the boy ran lightly down the hill to where the horses grazed. He lassoed one—a strong stallion—and mounting it, drove the others ahead of him toward the north and the camps of the Crees.

He raised the harsh war-cry he had so often heard from the young warriors. He flung it back in defiance to the

roused camp of the Blackfeet. Then he turned his back in triumph on the Bow River country.

The horses were fresh and galloped over the springy turf like creatures that knew his purpose. A few of the band had evaded his eager round-up at the start, and for some hours he could hear the thunder of their hoofs and the enraged cries of their riders behind him. . . . The Blackfeet were following their superbly audacious enemy.

But they feared a Cree ambushade—and dropped the pursuit before midday. Even the daring Blackfeet could not conceive of one slight youth entering their country and single-handed robbing them of a whole band of horses.

When the enemy dropped behind, He-who-has-no-name rested a brief space and watered his horses in a pleasant creek. His first mount being tired, he lassoed another and pushed on and on—driving his horses ahead of him, stopping for neither food nor drink again until he had crossed the Red Deer River.

Now he was in the country of the only people he knew—of the people who would not make him theirs. He could let his horses slacken speed here, but all through the night he rode, pushing on toward the camp he had left as a nameless youth.

Shortly after dawn he saw the camp rise in the distance like large-tented fringe on the greensward. He carried himself like another being, and he felt a long time had elapsed since a despised boy slipped out of the camp by stealth, begging the Great Spirit to send him scalps of his enemies, so that he too might be a warrior among men.

He urged the horses to a gallop.

The camp was still asleep, but it was roused by the rumble of his horses' hoofs galloping over the plain. The Crees tumbled out of their lodges to learn the cause of the alarm. . . . As they did a single warrior rode into camp, driving forty-two Blackfoot ponies before him!

He-who-has-no-name was standing erect on his one pony's back, chanting the weird war-songs of their tribe.

"Rise! Rise!" he cried. "He-who-has-no-name has come from the war. Let the orphans and those who have no horses come and I will give to them!"

The band thronged about him; his praises were shouted

aloud. He had never seen a warrior received in greater triumph. Questions were hurled at him beyond his power of answering, for many had not even known the lad was away from the camp.

One of the old men invited him kindly down from his horse, and to this man the young brave presented as further evidence of his deed the tuft of blood-stained sweet grass he carried inside his shirt.

The Ancient raised it aloft.

"Sweet Grass will be his name!" he cried.

And "Sweet Grass! Sweet Grass!" the Crees acclaimed on all sides.

It was so that Sweet Grass made his name in the nation of which he was one day to be the head.

There was silence among the warriors when the voice of Sweet Grass died on the quiet evening air.

The old chief had told his story with no bravado, but only with regret.

It was this wanton murder of an unoffending old man—in the act of worshipping the Great Spirit in his symbol the sun—that had weighed on the mind of Sweet Grass. He loathed the crime; the thought of it had held him back from a religion of love which taught—"Thou shalt not kill!" He feared the missionaries would reject him when they knew of the crime.

Now with his story told that autumn night he found no judge in Father Lacombe, but a disciple of the all-comprehending Christ, the Man of Sorrows—and the disciple repeated only the Master's words:

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

THE AGREEMENT PRIOR TO MIXED MARRIAGES.

A REPLY.

BY CHARLES O'SULLIVAN.

"Error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it."

—Jefferson's First Inaugural.

THE article that appeared in the CATHOLIC WORLD for August by Mr. James M. Dohan, on the agreement prior to mixed marriages would, I think, possess a more permanent value had the writer refrained from pouring criticism on the article by myself, on the same subject, that appeared in the June number of the magazine. There is not the slightest reason why Mr. Dohan and I should quarrel. There is no question of controversy between us. On fundamentals we are certainly agreed—agreed that the law in Great Britain to-day is against the validity of a contract made by a Catholic and Protestant before marriage providing for the religious education of children; agreed also that the law in this country on the subject is in an unsettled condition; and it is the obvious desire of us both to find a method of settling that law, thus rendering a slight service to the great Church of which we are both humble members. For travelers going along a narrow path in the dark to bump into each other is foolish, and sometimes even fatal. But perhaps, Mr. Dohan is to be excused. He has but recently finished a great case, and while it is true he met with defeat, he was not overwhelmed by any means. He has (to use the phrase of the militarists) retreated in good order. He has saved his banners! It is quite evident, however, that he has not yet laid aside the accouterments of the conflict. He is still wearing the wig and gown of the forum, and, consequently, instead of stating the law and the facts with the perfect impartiality of the clear-headed judge or fair-minded historian, he argues with the passionate force of an ardent advocate intent on persuading the court to decide in his favor and zealously twisting everything to advantage in his eagerness to obtain a verdict. Mr. Dohan's article is a glowing description of what ought to be or what may be, but not, unfortunately, of what is.

I.

Anyone who takes the trouble to glance over the article written by me, will see at once that it was not meant to be a digest of cases or a brief on the law. Least of all was it an attempt to make a case—an attempt that is to establish a fact or state of facts arbitrarily assumed to be true, by subtle, specious and sophistical reasoning, far-fetched speculations and false analogies. Knowing that the paper was to be read by many lay people I tried to avoid technicalities, and, therefore, while stating the law as accurately as possible, merely cited the leading cases. That is why I did not specifically refer to *In re Clarke* and *In re Newton* although the rules laid down in those cases will be found on p. 341 of my article. And that, too, is one of the reasons for my failure to mention the long list of decisions quoted by Mr. Dohan, many of which (as I shall show hereafter), are quite wide of the mark. My intention was, of course, to set forth the law precisely as it is to-day in America, Ireland and England; not to expound what the law should be or prophesy what it may be to-morrow. My intention was, further, to call the attention of Catholics everywhere to a question that (it seemed to me) affected their most vital interests—the spiritual welfare of themselves, their children and their children's children. And finally, I offered certain suggestions, not in the expectation, or even the hope, that they would be accepted and made use of by those in authority, but rather in the confident belief that other lawyers would be incited thereby to offer suggestions likewise, so that from many ideas or plans one might be chosen that would stand the test of judicial investigation. Great questions should be treated sincerely and with candor. The lawyer who intentionally deceives clients who seek his advice, by stating the law falsely, can only be compared to the physician whose anxiety for the physical welfare of his patient prompts him to conceal the approach of death. To those who have seen fit to criticize me for bringing this question to the front at all, saying that it is far better for the public to remain in ignorance concerning such matters—to those people, I reply, now in the noble words of *Ecclesiastes*: “To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven; a time to rend and a time to sew; a time to keep silence and a time to speak.”

II.

Had Mr. Dohan been content to admit that the Courts in Ireland and England had decided that a pre-nuptial contract providing for the religious education of children to be born, was invalid, it would be unnecessary to deal further with that side of the matter; unfortunately, however, he has chosen to give reasons for the judges acting as they did—reasons that display a curious lack of historical knowledge on the part of a person so pretentious. On p. 670 of his article Mr. Dohan says: "To an American lawyer the whole line of English cases is based on (1) the fact that the Church of England is an established Church and this leads to (2) a prejudice of the English judges in its favor."

In other words, the minds of the judges in Ireland and England were so warped by bigotry that they were quite unable to deal fairly with Catholics and Catholic affairs. Now this charge, so cruelly unfair to men of great learning and probity long since dead, can easily be refuted by proving three propositions: (1) that a Protestant judge held such a contract invalid on legal grounds although it provided for the education of children as Protestants; (2) that a Catholic judge held such a contract invalid on legal grounds although it provided for the education of children as Catholics; (3) that in administering the rules of law relating to the religious training of children the judges of Great Britain have been consistently fair in their treatment of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

Let us proceed to consider these propositions in the order named:

First: In 1851 the Irish Court of Chancery decided the case known as *In re Browne, a Minor* (2 Ir. Ch. 151). At that time the Established Church flourished in Ireland, penal laws still darkened the statute books, and, it being the year of that infamous legislative measure known as "the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," an unfortunate feeling of antipathy was felt by one religious body for the other. Sir Thomas Berry Cusack Smith, the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was a Protestant, and the pre-nuptial contract he was required to construe provided that the children should be reared as Protestants, the Catholic father having given his solemn consent to that being done. If the Irish judges were as loyal to the Establishment as Mr. Dohan would have us believe, here was certainly a splendid

chance to proclaim that allegiance to the world. But the Master of the Rolls evidently prized honor and justice more than intolerance and bigotry, for in a masterly opinion, written with great vigor and acuteness, he held that the pre-nuptial agreement entered into by the father and mother to educate the children in the Protestant faith was against public policy and incapable of enforcement.

Second: In the year 1869 Mr. Gladstone declared in a memorable speech that the Established Church in Ireland must cease to exist as a State Church. "In the name of light and truth" he cried, "we shall go forward. The hour is come. Justice postponed is justice denied." And at his word that vast and fantastic structure that for several centuries had cast a weird shadow over the Irish hamlets, tottered, and crumbled away and was no more. Two years later, in 1871, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland handed down his opinion in the *Meade Case* (5 Ir. Rep. Eq. 98), and in view of all that has gone before I think it is perfectly fair to ask Mr. Dohan how he reconciles his theory with that opinion which decides so plainly that a pre-nuptial contract entered into by a Protestant father and a Catholic mother to rear the children in the Catholic faith has no binding force in law? If the Protestant judges decided against the validity of such contracts because of prejudice, why did not this great Catholic judge decide the other way? Why did he hand over two innocent little children who had been carefully brought up as Catholics until one was nine years of age and the other eight, to a Protestant father, to be trained thenceforth according to the tenets of the Church of England? Was Lord O'Hagan of Tullahogue a bad Catholic or a bad judge?

Third: In Great Britain, as I pointed out in my previous article, a father is permitted to direct the religious education of his children until they are twenty-one years old and the courts will not interfere with his authority unless he is guilty of gross immoral or irreligious conduct, or has waived his rights by allowing the infants to be reared in another faith for so long a time that to change might be injurious to their moral and physical welfare.

Mr. Dohan cites a great number of cases that have arisen in England under these rules and gently chides me for having failed to do so. Well, he is perfectly right; I did not cite them nor did I try, for such decisions are not in any way

apposite to the question under discussion which is simply this: Is a contract entered into by a Catholic and Protestant before marriage providing for the religious education of the children, valid in law? In his eager hunt for cases, Mr. Dohan travels far from this point thus falling into that ancient fallacy known among disputants as the *ignoratio elenchi*. I am glad he has done so, however, as it gives me an excuse for traveling a little myself and consequently quoting some cases strangely omitted from Mr. Dohan's digest—cases nevertheless that show very conclusively that in their treatment of Catholics, the English judges have been eminently just.

In the case of *Talbot v. The Earl of Shrewsbury*, (4 M. & C. 673) although it was urged upon the Court that it would be distinctly for the pecuniary and worldly advantage of the infant who was heir to the great title and estate of the Earl of Shrewsbury to be brought up in the Protestant faith, Lord Chancellor Cottenham directed that the child be educated as a Catholic since that had been the religion of its father.

In the case of *Davis v. Davis* (10 W. R. 245) a similar question was passed upon by Vice-Chancellor Wood who also decided that the directions contained in the will of a Catholic father that "the child should be brought up in the faith of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church," must be observed and carried into effect although the infant's mother was a Protestant.

In the case of *Austin v. Austin* (34 L. J. Eq. 499) Lord Chancellor Westbury went to great lengths to enforce the maxim *Religio sequitur patrem* for he directed that an infant of three years of age, whose father had been a Catholic, should be left under the care of the Protestant mother until she attained the age of seven years and that she should from that time be brought up and educated as a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

In the case of *Hawthornthwaite v. Hawthornthwaite* (L. R. 6 Ch. 539) the court practically turned a Protestant child into a Catholic for it directed that an infant who had been educated by its mother as a member of the Church of England until she had reached the age of eight and a half years should be educated thereafter as a Roman Catholic, that having been the religion of the father.

I can quite conceive [says Lord Justice Mellish in his concurring opinion], that many persons might think that it

would be for the interest of the child in such cases that the mother should be allowed to educate the child in her own religion ; but that is not the rule of law. The rule of law is that the religion of the father is to prevail over the religion of the mother, even in such a case, and that rule, of course, we cannot alter.

Now if these cases prove, as I maintain, that the decisions in Great Britain against the validity of the agreement prior to mixed marriages were not influenced by bigotry or prompted by a mistaken sense of loyalty to the Established Church, it follows, as a matter of course, that they must have been rendered on legal grounds purely. The fact is that Mr. Dohan attaches an importance to the Anglican Establishment that cannot but surprise any close observer of foreign affairs. I assure him that she is not by any means the powerful organization he seems to think. Her enemies have encompassed her and most of the important offices in the state, at the bar and in the Army and Navy are not now held by members of the Church of England, but by Catholics and non-conformists. But yesterday we saw a Catholic acting as Lord Chief Justice of the realm, and to-day a Jew, Sir Rufus Isaacs, is attorney-general of England, while an agnostic, Viscount Morley of Blackburne, leads the Liberal Government in the House of Lords.

III.

And now, at last, I turn to the long line of American decisions so elaborately compiled by Mr. Dohan. No doubt he expected to overwhelm me entirely, and if numbers counted for anything he certainly would have accomplished his purpose. But while Mr. Dohan has numbers on his side he has little else, for his myriad of precedents do not contain a single case possessing cogency, relevancy or pertinency, and, when all is said and done, those are the qualities that make legal decisions valuable, especially in a discussion like the present. In my previous article I said that *Brewer v. Cary* (127 S. W. R. 685), was the only case in which an American Court of Appeal had passed upon a pre-nuptial agreement providing for the religious education of children and that the decision in that case had been adverse to the validity of the contract. To that statement I adhere. What the courts of

other states will do or what the decision of the United States Supreme Court will be when a case involving such a question is submitted on appeal, I cannot say, as I do not pose as a prophet, but narrate facts as an unbiased historian. But this far I am prepared to go; until a judicial tribunal equal or superior in power to the Missouri Court overrules the decisions in *Brewer v. Cary* that case will stand as a precedent—and as Mr. Disraeli said so wittily, many years ago, “a precedent embalms a principle.”

In examining the decisions cited by Mr. Dohan, it is necessary to remember that the question is not whether the statutes of adoption are valid, not whether agreements made after marriage and the birth of children are valid, but the question is whether a contract entered into before marriage, to educate the children born of that marriage in a certain religious faith, is valid in law? This necessitates three things (1) the agreement must be made before marriage and (2) it must provide for the religious education of (3) children not in being.

I shall proceed to discuss the citations of Mr. Dohan in the order in which they are quoted by him.

In the case of *Janes v. Cleghorn*, (54 Georgia 9,) the mother of an infant having died the father placed her in the care and custody of an intimate friend of his wife with the distinct agreement and understanding that she was to have the child. The infant's father died when she was about three years of age never having in any way attempted to take the child into his own possession. Sometime later a brother-in-law of the child's father obtained the consent of the adopted parents to take the child on a visit to his family, promising to return it in two days. When he did not comply with his promise a writ of habeas corpus was obtained and the child, by order of the court was returned to its adopted parents. It is provided by the Georgia statute that a father loses control over his child, (1) by voluntary contract releasing the right to a third person and (2) by consenting to the adoption of the child by a third person. The case of *Lamar v. Harris*, (117 Georgia, 993,) is also an adoption case. The mother of an infant of two months having died, the father by voluntary contract gave the child to its maternal grandfather for adoption. When the grandfather died he left a will naming his son testamentary guardian of the infant. Later the son gave the child to its aunt to be

brought up and it was not until six years had passed that the father attempted to regain possession of his offspring. The court held that the contract was binding, saying: "It is expressly provided *by statute* that parental power over a child may be lost by voluntary contract releasing the right to a third person."

Purinton v. Jamrock, (195 Mass. 187) is likewise an adoption case. It seems that an illegitimate child who had been cared for by the state for six years, having been committed to the State Board of Charity by virtue of R.L. c. 83 Sec. 37, was about to be adopted into a respectable family. The mother opposed the adoption on numerous grounds among them being that the persons seeking to adopt the child were Baptists while she was a Catholic. The Chief Justice of Massachusetts, whose opinion was confirmed in all respects by the Supreme Judicial Court had this to say on that objection: "The Roman Catholic Church and the Baptist Church are both alike before the law. . . . The law assumes that the child will be as well taught in one Church as in the other, and that his future happiness is as likely to be promoted in one as in the other." A decree was made accordingly, and the child was adopted into the Baptist family.

When Mr. Dohan comes to discuss the opinion of Mr. Justice Brewer in the case of *Chapsky v. Wood* (26 Kan. 650) he gives a wrong impression of what was said by that distinguished jurist. A worthless father and a sick mother by verbal agreement gave their little girl to an aunt, who, it appears was wealthy and capable of taking care of her. After five and one-half years the father attempted to recover the child by writ of habeas corpus. Mr. Dohan says that Judge Brewer enunciated the principle in that case that "parents have no absolute right of property in their minor children of which they cannot be deprived without their consent." Now what actually was said is the following:

The father is the natural guardian and is *prima facie* entitled to the custody of his minor child. . . . A child is not in any sense like a horse or any other chattel, subject matter for absolute and irrevocable gift or contract. The father cannot, by merely giving away his child, release himself from the obligation to support it, nor be deprived of the right to its custody. . . . I might say here that the statute has provided for the relinquishment through probate court proceed-

ings which may be considered (but that is outside this case) irrevocable. . . . A parent's right to the custody of a child is not like the right of property, an absolute and uncontrollable right. . . . A mere right of property may be asserted by any man, no matter how bad, immoral or unworthy he may be; but no case can be found in which the courts have given to the father, who was a drunkard and a man of gross immoralities, the custody of a minor child, especially when that child is a girl.

Now this is precisely the rule laid down by the English Courts in *Wellesley v. Wellesley* (2 Bligh 124) and in *re Newton* (1 Ch. 740).

Mr. Dohan tells us that the case of *The State v. Smith* (6 Maine 400) is in point but when we come to examine it we are disappointed to find that it is very similar to the case of *Chapsky v. Wood* (*supra*). In a fit of momentary kindness, a brutal husband made an agreement with his wife "that if in consequence of any ill-treatment by him his wife should be rendered unhappy and unwilling to co-habit with him . . . then she may live separately from him at her own pleasure and shall be at liberty to take the children under her own control and custody." When the wife finally was compelled to leave home taking the children with her the father brought the matter into court on a writ of habeas corpus and the court quoting with approval the decision in *Wellesley v. Wellesley*, decided in favor of the mother on two grounds: "(1) that the father was unfit to have the care of the children, and (2) that by reason of statute the agreement was valid until the children reached the age of fourteen years."

Mr. Dohan tries to emphasize the opinion of the court that the father had no vested right to the exclusive possession of his children. But whoever claimed he had? I certainly did not; and the rules followed by the courts in the last two cases are the rules laid down, consistently enforced and systematically followed by the Chancery Court of Great Britain for over a century.

In *Fletcher v. Hickman*, (50 W. Va. 244), a dying mother persuaded her husband to consent that her mother (the children's grandmother) should take the children and bring them up. After the death of his wife, the father, who was unable to support the children properly, attempted to recover them through a writ of habeas corpus. The court held that the

grandmother should retain possession, on the ground that it was for the benefit of the children, saying: "Unless the welfare of the child demands a disregard of the contract, it is binding. It is not binding under those decisions if the welfare of the child does demand that the contract be disregarded."

In *Clark v. Bayer*, (32 Ohio State, 299), a father and mother, being wholly unable to care for their infant children, transferred the possession of them to their grandfather, formally abandoning their rights as parents. The learned court said this in the opinion:

In case of controverted custody, the present and future interests of the minor controls the judgment and directs the discretion of the courts. While the legal rights of parents are to be respected, the welfare of the minor is of paramount consideration. If necessary to attain that end, the custody of minor children will be taken from their parents or refused to them.

In *Ward v. Goodrich*, (34 Col. 369), the father of an infant two years old, having brought suit for divorce against his wife, but desiring to leave the child in her possession, entered into an agreement to allow her a certain sum each week for its support. When he failed to keep his agreement the wife sued on the contract, and, of course, recovered. The court's decision was sound in law, but I fail to see what it has to do with an ante-nuptial agreement relating to the religious education of children not in being.

Anderson v. Young (54 So. Carolina, 388), follows the same rule set forth in *Fletcher v. Hickman* and *Clark v. Bayer* (*supra*). It seems that under the statutes of South Carolina it is lawful to apprentice children to learn trades, etc. Accordingly, the parents of two half-grown children apprenticed them to a farmer until they were fourteen years of age, for the purpose of having them trained as farmers. Later, the father of the children, a worthless, indigent individual, attempted to recover them, but the court, while holding that the indenture of apprenticeship had not been properly executed, refused to direct that the children be taken away from the farmer, holding that it was for their benefit to remain with him.

In *State v. Barrett* (45 N. H. 15), a father parted with his parental rights to the custody and service of his infant child

until she was eighteen years of age. The court held that the agreement as drawn did not conform with the provisions of the statute, which only permits children to be bound as apprentices until they are fourteen. Nevertheless, it was decided that the infant alone could avoid such a contract—it being binding on the parent.

Mr. Dohan is of the opinion that *In re Doyle* (16 Mo. App. 159) is in favor of the pre-nuptial agreement, and, as it touches on the question of religious training, it certainly is more apposite than some of the other cases quoted by him. The father of four children, being totally unable to care for them properly placed two of them in a Catholic orphan asylum. Later, one of the little girls was given to a family who were thought to be Catholics, but as a matter of fact had no religious faith at all. When this fact became known to the father, he executed an agreement to one of the sisters, surrendering to her all his parental rights, and thereafter she applied to the court for the child's custody:

We cannot in this proceeding [says the court, in the course of a long opinion] determine the question of guardianship; and whether we shall alter the custody of this child, is a matter that rests solely in our sound discretion, which, in such a matter, is not in America governed by any wooden rule as to the rights of the father, but is to be exercised on general principles of justice, after full consideration of all the circumstances, and with a view mainly to the child's interest, which we must look upon as altogether paramount to the claims of its father, who is not vested by law with any absolute right to its custody.

And then the court goes on to say, regarding religion:

A father in Missouri forfeits no rights to the custody and control of his child by being or becoming an atheist, nor are his rights in this respect increased before the law by his believing rightly. The State of Missouri has, however, a law which forbids the appointment for an orphan . . . of a permanent guardian who is of a different religion from that of its last surviving parent. Under this law, no doubt, a baptized Catholic or a Jewish child might be given up to a guardian who rejected all forms of religious belief; and must be so given up if the last surviving parent died in the open profession of unbelief. The enactment is not made with any

view to the eternal interests of the child in a future state of existence, but with a view to the rights and feelings of the parents. . . . It is manifest that anything which interferes with the natural right of the father to direct the religious education of his child, strikes a blow at the family which in the last analysis is the foundation of the state. Few men would be willing to assume the burdens of a legal paternity if they supposed that their children could, against their will, be taken from them to be educated in religious systems which they believed to be false, and to be taught there to despise their father for his superstition or for his infidelity as the case might be.

Mr. Dohan is mistaken if he thinks this case was decided because an agreement of abandonment had been signed by the father. The court concluded thus:

After giving to this case the most careful consideration . . . we have arrived at the conclusion that we shall best consult the interests of the child by remitting her now to the custody of Sister Simeon in accordance with the wishes of her only surviving parent, which we have felt that we had under the circumstances to regard *in some degree* in arriving at this determination.

In re Clements (78 Mo. 352) raises the question as to the construction of the Missouri Statute of adoption (R. S. 1879, Sec. 601). A widowed mother who had executed a deed of adoption of her child, later signed an instrument committing the care and custody of the same child to the Orphan Asylum. The Court, however, held that the subsequent paper could not be construed as a revocation of the deed given under the Statute.

Mr. Dohan calls *Nowack v. Burger* (133 Mo. 24), "the best case of all," and so the facts are worth examining. The defendant made an oral ante-nuptial agreement with his intended wife, that in consideration of their marriage and of his having charge of their illegitimate child, the plaintiff, during his minority, he would in his will devise his property to this child and any children of their marriage in equal shares. The husband died making no provision for the plaintiff, who thereupon brought action for specific performance. It was objected to this agreement that it was not in writing and consequently was invalid under the Statute of Frauds. While I admit that

the court decided that the marriage constituted a good consideration, I can't help asking what difference does that make? In the questions raised in regard to the pre-nuptial agreement relating to the religious education of children in the Irish and English Courts the contract was never objected to on the ground of consideration.

Now, I ask my readers to analyze these cases carefully, to examine the facts closely, ascertaining precisely the question involved, and then say in what way they are analogous to the case of a man and woman of different religions making a contract before marriage to educate the children of that marriage according to the tenets of a certain faith. Where is the relevancy, the cogency, the similarity? How do they help us in answering the objections so sharply defined by the presiding justice of the Missouri Court of Appeals? Most of these cases have arisen under the statutes of the various states, and but two of them refer in any way to religion and religious training. The only case involving the question of an ante-nuptial contract is *Nowack v. Berger* (133 Missouri 24)—Mr. Dohan's "ultimate and consummate flower"—and that relates entirely to property rights, the important point discussed and finally settled by the court, being that marriage was a good consideration for a verbal ante-nuptial agreement when made between the parties themselves. Yet it is on these decisions that Mr. Dohan actually bases his opinion that a contract made by a Catholic and Protestant before marriage with regard to the control of the custody and religious education of future offspring, is legally valid and binding in Colorado, Georgia, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Kansas, Ohio, South Carolina and West Virginia.

Of course it is not at all difficult to see through his argument. He reasons that because the law permits a parent under certain circumstances to make an absolute gift of his child to strangers, and because in particular instances the law will for the benefit of the child deprive the parent of his natural rights, that, therefore, a man or a woman may make a contract before marriage consenting to have the children of the marriage educated in a certain religion. He might just as well say that because a man can walk he can also swim. It would be quite as logical.

THE LORD.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTON.

I can see Him in the sunlight
In His Beauty and His Splendor,
And the garments of His Glory
On the morning float and flow :
I can hear Him in the whisper
Of the willows young and tender.
I can hear Him in the murmur
Of the river singing low.

I can see His footsteps shining,
In the glory of the flowers
In the purple of the poppy
And the crimson of the rose.
I can feel His Sunny Presence
Filling all the golden hours,
Making music on the mountain
Where the morning-bugle blows.

And the trees their banners flutter
In the beauty of His Splendor,
And the river offers incense
In its smoke of silver mist.
All the birds with rapture singing
Hail the Maker, kind and tender
Like a thousand bells a-ringing
In His dome of amethyst.

Every virescent aster
Every shell beside the ocean
Every breeze that like a robin
Whistles on its silver flute,

Sweetly murmurs of the Master
In the music of devotion
Till my heart is like the singing
Of a silver-ringing lute.

O, the summer is a casket
Rich with every jewel splendid
Gladly offered to the Glory
Of the Lord of Love and Light.
And the night a silver basket,
Full of brilliants gaily tendered
To the Lord, whose Golden Beauty
Makes the brow of morning bright !

O it's sweet to know that Heaven
Is beside, and not above us ;
That the Lord of life and glory
Makes His tent upon the hills ;
That in all the summer sunshine
We can find the Looks that love us,
Hear the rustle of His garments
In the music of the rills !

As of old He spake to Moses
In the bush upon the mountain,
So He speaks to every spirit,
In the balsam-laden breeze ;
In the blooming of the roses,
In the flashing of the fountain—
For His rubrics are the flowers,
And the stars, His Litanies.

PRAGMATISM—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

BY WILLIAM TURNER, S. T. D.



T is pleasing to our sense of national pride to be able to record the fact that philosophy in America has never been anti-religious in the degree in which it has been aggressively opposed to religious institutions in other countries. If one leaves out of account the non-technical philosophy of Tom Paine, which was, after all, but an echo of the restless rationalism that stirred Europe to its depths at the close of the eighteenth century, and the loose literary form of philosophizing that characterized the so-called School of Concord in the middle of the nineteenth century, one will find that all the great names in the history of philosophy in this country are those of men who strove to uphold, if not some one form of Christian belief, at least, belief in the fundamental truths common to all Christians. Jonathan Edwards, strict Calvinist in theology, James McCosh, orthodox Presbyterian, Orestes A. Brownson, a fervent and devout Catholic from his conversion in 1844 to his death in 1876, John Fiske, a theist, and William T. Harris, late United States Commissioner of Education, who was personally known to many of us as an opponent of scepticism and materialism—all these were constructive thinkers as far as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of the will are concerned. They had no inclination to tear down the structure of religious faith, or to sweep away the foundation underlying the edifice of Christian theology. Still, while these were American philosophers, their philosophy was not American, but a modification of English, Scottish, German or Italian philosophy. In our own day, there has grown up a school of thinkers who are not only American philosophers, but founders of a philosophy that is genuinely, indeed, characteristically American, and it is pleasing to reflect that they, too, are, in intention, at least, with us, rather than against us in the struggle of Christian philosophy to resist the encroachments of ma-

terialistic scepticism. The members of this school are known as pragmatists. For the last ten years, they have occupied the limelight of attention in the world of philosophy, and have so popularized their ideas and method as to merit the distinction, unique among metaphysical thinkers, of drawing fire from the most unconventional of all our critics, the genial Mr. Dooley. They have attracted notice not only in centres of learning throughout Europe, but also in the popular magazines and even in the daily press. The leaders of the movement are Charles Sanders Pierce, now of Medford, Pa., the late Professor William James, Professor John Dewey, now of Columbia University, New York, Dr. Frederick S. Schiller, now of the University of Oxford, who received his philosophical education in this country.

Let us examine, in the first place, the intellectual antecedents of pragmatism, so that, having ascertained how it came to be, we may, perhaps, be better able to understand what it is. Descartes, as is well known, built a whole system of philosophy on the foundation of individual consciousness. The one incontrovertible truth, he said, is that "I think." I may doubt about everything else, but I cannot doubt that I think; because doubting is thinking, so that even were I to doubt that I am thinking, the fact of doubt would show that I *am* thinking. But, if I think, I exist. If I exist, God exists. If God exists, the external world exists. And thus the whole body of truth rests on my consciousness of the fact that I think. Kant changed all that. For "I think" he substituted "I ought." He considered that moral obligation is the one incontrovertible fact, and on moral conscience he built the structure which Descartes sought to build on individual consciousness. Now, Kant's influence leads ultimately to the pragmatic way of thinking. Theoretical reason was the guide of the Cartesians; practical reason is the guide of the Kantist. Lotze, a follower of Kant, put the matter clearly when he said that the *validity* of a principle is not of so great importance as its *value*. From this it is but a step to the American way of asking, not is the principle true, but what is it worth? What consequences will it have for you and me?

Another line of descent of pragmatism is indicated by the change of point of view in the sciences. Up to the nineteenth century, scientists were seeking for causes to explain facts, and

laws which, they hoped, would represent the truth of the facts. They used hypotheses only as means to discover laws, intending, after the discovery of the law, to discard the hypothesis as useless. Then came the theory of evolution, which, independently of whether it is true or not, is valuable in biology as an explanation of many facts which are ascertained to be true. In the nineteenth century, too, appeared the theory of ether to explain the phenomena of light and heat. The scientist is inclined to think that if evolution explains the facts of biology, and ether explains the facts observed in our study of light and heat, it matters little whether evolution is itself a fact or ether really exists. They "work out" all right, as we say, and that is enough. Hence, the pragmatists' view of truth, that a principle is true *if it works*, or functions satisfactorily.

We must not, however, omit the influences, temperamental, racial and environmental, which no doubt explain pragmatism as much as any logical antecedents. The men who originated the pragmatic movement are of the motor-active type. The first of them Mr. C. S. Pierce, declares that pragmatism rests on the axiom, "The end of man is action," an axiom, he adds, that does not recommend itself to him at sixty as forcibly as it did when he was thirty. The country in which pragmatism sprang up is pre-eminently a country of achievement; the age in which it saw the light is an age which bestows its highest praise on successful endeavor. We boast that we have no traditions, that we do not look backward to customs, institutions, established lines, but forward to results, success, achievement. If a man "makes good," we are inclined to think that he *is* good, and if an experiment in public policy succeeds, we care little whether the manner of it is inconsistent with past precedent, or in line with logical progress. We are not prepared to say that "whatever is, is right" but if a project or a method succeeds, we are inclined to think that it has much in its favor. The pragmatist, then, is in harmony with the spirit of the country and the times when he discards the old logical tests of truth and applies in place of them the test of practical consequences. Suppose one is confronted with the assertion "The human soul is immortal." If he were an intellectualist, that is, a philosopher of the old type, he would try to fit it into a logical system; he would reason the mat-

ter out in this way: The human soul is a spiritual substance; what is spiritual, having no parts, is not liable to corruption; therefore, the death of the body cannot result in the disintegration of the soul. The pragmatist does not look backward. He looks forward. He asks how does the assertion "The human soul is immortal" *work*? What practical consequences has it for you and me? If these consequences are satisfactory, the assertion is true; that is the only meaning that its truth can have.

We are now in a position to define more closely what pragmatism is. According to the late Professor James, pragmatism is "A temper of mind," an attitude; it is also a theory of the nature of ideas; and finally, it is a theory about reality.* We shall, therefore, describe pragmatism (1) As an attitude towards philosophy; (2) As a theory of knowledge, and (3) As a metaphysics, or theory of reality.

(1) *As an Attitude of Mind.* The old philosophy, or intellectualistic philosophy, as the pragmatists call it, was organized as a retrospective system. It started with self-evident truths, as we do in geometry; to these it added truths of experience, as we do in the natural sciences, and from these it built up a system, the dominant cohesive force, the cement and mortar of the structure, being logical consistency. When a new truth was presented for consideration, the old philosophy tried to fit it into the system; if it was true, either self-evident or vouched for by experience, it was inevitable that it should fit in, or that the old system should be modified. The new philosophy is not retrospective. James says expressly that the attitude of the pragmatist is "The attitude of looking away from first things, principles, categories, supposed necessities; and of looking towards last things, fruits, consequences, facts."† The pragmatist discards "closed systems." "The whole function of philosophy," says James, "ought to be to find out what definite difference it will make to you and me, at definite instants of our lives, if this world-formula or that world-formula be the true one."‡ It is only just, however, to put on record the protest of the pragmatist against a misunderstanding of the phrase "practical consequences." When he says that truth is to be tested by practical consequences, he does not mean practical in the sordid, material

* *Journal of Phil.*, etc., V. 85.

† *Pragmatism*, p. 55.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 50.

sense. He does not mean consequences of the "bread and butter" sort; he does not mean what difference will it make in dollars and cents. He, too, admits that philosophy bakes no bread. He means consequences which satisfy other needs besides the economic needs of mankind. Professor Dewey explains the matter thus. When we acquire a new item of knowledge, we must relate it somehow to what we know already. As long as it remains unrelated, it is like a thorn in the flesh; it irritates us; the mind is under a strain, or tension, until it is adjusted to the new truth. As soon as the adjustment is completed there arises a sense of satisfaction, and this sense of satisfaction is the only test of truth that we have. Do you wish, then, to know whether a doctrine is true or false? If it satisfies, it is true; if, despite your efforts, it remains a thorn in the sensitive tissue of the logical mind, if it does not satisfy, it is false. If it does neither one nor the other, it has no meaning. To attain satisfaction, you must remake all the truth that is already in the mind. There is, therefore, no fixed truth. Knowledge is a stream that never stops flowing. *Labitur et labetur*, as the Latin poet said. This view is emphasized by the English pragmatist, Dr. Schiller, who names his philosophy *Humanism*, because there is no God-made truth handed out to us in systems; we make our own truth, or rather our truths, for ourselves. I have my truths, you have yours; and all truth is personal. This, then, is the general attitude of the pragmatist towards philosophy.

(2) *Theory of Knowledge*. The old notion, the intellectualist notion, was that our thoughts somehow represent things; our impressions and ideas correspond to real things, our judgments represent real relations among things, and the conclusions of science correspond to laws of nature, which are real and independent of us. The pragmatist takes an entirely different view of truth. For him, the value of a concept or idea does not consist in representation; it consists in its use as a tool or instrument to manipulate our experience. The Germans have an appropriate name for such a tool or instrument; they call it a *Denkmittel*, an instrument of thought. If one were asked what a saw is, it would be quite natural to answer by describing it as an instrument used to cut wood; a hammer would just as naturally be described as an instrument used for driving nails. So, says the pragmatist, our ideas are best de-

scribed as contrivances invented by man to bring order and arrangement into our experience, which would otherwise be chaotic. An excellent example is furnished by Professor Dewey. "What," he asks, "is our idea of a rose?" The old answer was: "It is an image in the mind, representing the color, texture, shape, fragrance, and so forth of a certain kind of flower." The pragmatist's account of it is quite different:

A sweet odor of a certain specific kind enters into my consciousness. I think immediately of a rose. That is, there comes to my mind the idea of a rose. This idea becomes forthwith a *plan of action*. It leads me to walk towards the source of the odor, to look at the object from which the odor emanates, to handle it, to examine it closely, until I have finally reached satisfaction in the conclusion that the object *is* a rose. The idea has removed the mental strain, it has put an end to inquiry, it has *satisfied*; only in that sense is it true.*

It is clear, then, that the meaning of an idea, the meaning of any kind of knowledge, or the truth of any kind of knowledge, does not consist in its correspondence with an object, but in its function as an instrument used for the purpose of relieving mental strain, or bringing order into the chaos of our experience. From this it follows that knowledge has no fixed value. No truth can be acquired once for all, and set aside, so to speak, for future reference.. We make truths as we go along. This is the meaning of James' famous saying that truth is not transcendent but *ambulatory*. Let us take one more example, this time from the kind of knowledge that we call judgments. No one doubts that two and two are four. That is a truth which we consider to be self-evident. If any one were so original as to question it, we should answer that two and two are four. "Because our experience shows that two dollars and two dollars are four dollars, two trees and two trees are four trees"; or, with some amount of condescension to kindergarten methods, we might answer: "Because two blocks and two blocks are four blocks." As philosophers, however, we know that the judgment "Two and two are four" is necessarily true, because "two" and "four" are here used as abstract representations of quantity, which necessarily imply the truth that "Two and two are four." The pragmatist once

* Cf *Mind*, 1906, pp. 203 ff. and *Journal of Phil.*, Vol. II., 397 ff.

more gives a different account of the matter. He says that our semi-human ancestors long ago used the formula in dealing with cocoanuts, or flint arrow-heads, or some of the other things in which they were interested. Their descendants, down to our day, have used the formula with similar success; so that it comes to us as an inevitable conviction which we inherit, and which we continue to use, as they used it, for practical purposes. It *worked then*; and it *works now*. But it is not necessarily true. The so-called necessity of it is simply an inveterate habit of the race. The consequence of all this is that there are no absolute and necessary truths, and that, as John Stuart Mill said, "it is quite conceivable that on the planet Mars or in some remote interstellar space, two and two would be three, or five, or any other number imaginable." What a pity that we did not realize this when we were making our first steps in arithmetic! How we could have upset the authority of our teacher, and brilliantly evaded the consequence of our mistakes in multiplication and addition. But, there is a serious side to it all. If there are no necessary truths, and that alone is true which works out satisfactorily, then the way to scepticism, it seems to me, is wide open. Let us come, however, to the next point.

(3) *The pragmatist theory of reality.* At first, the pragmatist was seemingly unable to make up his mind about the value of metaphysics. At one time he considered metaphysics to be "a luxury"; at another, he concluded that pragmatism was merely a method, and could be made to suit any kind of metaphysics. For instance, the Italian pragmatist, Papini, described pragmatism as a corridor, leading to various apartments, labeled "materialism," "idealism," and so forth. Finally, the pragmatist decided that he should have a metaphysics of his own, and he determined to call it *pluralism*. Pluralism is opposed to monism. Monism maintains that all reality is fundamentally one, that there is a unity underlying all the events which constitute our experience. Christian philosophy is monistic, in so far as it assigns one source or origin to all things, teaches that there is one, all-ruling Providence, that He holds us all in the hollow of His hand, and that all things tend each in its own way to fulfill the one Divine Purpose in creation. There are differences among things; for a mineral is not a plant, a plant is not an animal,

an animal is not a human being. Monism, however, holds that in spite of these differences there is a fundamental unity. The pluralist says "No; things are essentially different one from another. This is a multiverse, not a universe, when it comes into our experience. After it has come into our experience, we begin to connect up the disparate events, we string the beads together into a kind of unity, and so convert the multiverse into a universe." This is what James means when he says that the unity of reality is "of the strung-along type." We make our world, it is not ready made as we enter into it. This view he thinks, appeals to the strenuous, to the tough-minded, to the democratic soul. "Sick souls," he says, and people whose minds are "tender" prefer to believe that they step into a world already made for them by an Absolute Mind that put order into chaos. Such people are, to his way of thinking, aristocrats. As for him, give him the good, strenuous, democratic view, according to which he is indebted to no one for his world, but makes it himself. The view which I have ventured to call that of Christian philosophy does not appeal to him. He confesses that it has a certain majesty; and a capacity to yield religious comfort to a most respectable class of minds; but "it is dapper, it is noble in the bad sense of the word, in the sense in which it is noble to be inapt for humble service. In this real world of sweat and dirt, it seems to me that, when a view of things is 'noble' that ought to count as a presumption against its truth, and as a philosophical disqualification."* Here one catches I think, the note of Americanism, democracy, strenuousness, the self-conscious condescension to grasp the horny hand of toil. But, is not the note forced, as the French say? Is it necessary to carry so far our love of freedom and our appreciation of honest, though humble, labor? Is it not rather the fanaticism of the ignorant Puritan who would have no Roman candles in the celebration of the Fourth of July in his town, because Romanism was opposed to our free institutions. We can be independent without going so far as to claim the right to make our own universe, each for himself. The test of this audacious democracy run riot is the pragmatist treatment of the idea of God. Naturally, being a pluralist, the pragmatist will not admit that God is an all-including infinite reality, in

* *Pragmatism*, pp. 71 and 72.

the pantheistic sense. He will not bow to the theistic idea of a God Who made the universe for us. Therefore, he will have a pantheism of his own, a peculiar democratic pantheism of the "strung-along" type, according to which the universe is not part of God, but God a part of the universe. God, says the pragmatist, is finite. He "has an environment, is in time, and works out a history, like ourselves. Thus, He escapes from the foreignness, the timelessness, the remoteness which theists ascribe to Him."* A finite God! A God subject to the vicissitudes of time and history! Surely this is a sufficient refutation of pragmatist metaphysics, and a proof that it carries its irreverent audacity, which is not a part of true democracy, beyond the limits, not only of logic but of decent sentiment as well.

And yet, the attitude of pragmatism towards religious institutions is not one of intentional hostility. As I said at the beginning, there is in the history of philosophy in America a pleasing spirit of toleration and a tendency to build up where philosophers in other countries have shown an eager willingness to tear down. The pragmatist is tolerant, even though he does appear to patronize. He realizes the vital and social importance of all religions. And he realizes it by force of logic, as well as by his own inclination to be conciliatory. Religion, he thinks, is not merely an attitude of mind, not merely an illumination thrown on facts already ascertained by science, nor yet a state of feeling or sentiment which disposes one to place an emotional value on the facts which leave the scientist cold, so to speak. It is more than that. It adds new facts to the facts of science, and brings forward new truths which it adds to the truths of science. These facts and these truths *make a difference* and lead to further differences in the matter of conduct. Therefore, religion has a meaning independently of science, and whether religions are proved or not, they are approved by the pragmatist. They should be judged, and they are judged in the pragmatist school, by their *intent* rather than by their *content*. So that if a false system of religious truth could have the same effect in the social life as a true one it would be just as good, just as beneficial, and therefore, in spite of the paradox, just as true as the true system. Take, for example, the belief in the

* Cf. *Pluralistic Universe*, p. 318.

existence of God. "On pragmatic principles," says James, "if the hypothesis of God works satisfactorily in the widest sense of the word, it is true"* James is convinced that it does work satisfactorily, and so are most of the pragmatists. But, the Christian philosopher would do well to pause before he accepts such assistance as the pragmatist offers. *Non tali auxilio*. In the first place, there is a confusion here between two very different things. It is not the existence of God, but belief in the existence of God, that "works satisfactorily." We do not need to be told that. We know that the belief in God functions for good. It restrains and represses in the moral order impulses and tendencies that are undesirable from the point of view of social welfare. It is, in the moral order also, a source of inspiration, inciting to noble effort and nerving the believer to deeds of sublime, heroic sacrifice. In the moral order also, it sustains the soul in a hopeful outlook on life, and suggests always the vision of the better things that are beyond. In the intellectual order, the belief in God nurtures a confidence in the rationality of things, and brings order into the chaos of our experience. *From God to God* is an excellent epitome of the history of the world, and *for God* is a splendid all-inclusive motive for human conduct. But, what we need is not this realization of the value of a belief in God; what we need in the face of scepticism and agnosticism is the ability to show clearly that this belief is justified, that the existence of God is a fact; and the pragmatist brings us not a step nearer to that conclusion. He does not, because he cannot. When he talks of the "effects" or "consequences" of a principle he means effects and consequences within our experience. All the consequences, therefore, which follow from "the hypothesis of God" must be such that they fall within actual or possible human experience. But, apart from the supernatural experience of the mystic, which the pragmatist takes no account of, our experience of the existence of God can never be direct, personal or immediate, but only indirect, inferential and deductive. The pragmatic test fails, then, in its most important application to religious truth, in spite of the good will and the friendly attitude of the pragmatist.

What, then, is to be our attitude towards the latest Amer-

* *Pragmatism*, p. 299.

ican philosophy? What are we to think of its present achievements and of its prospects in the future? Let the pragmatist speak first in his own behalf:

The centre of philosophic gravity [writes James] must alter its place. The earth of things, long thrown into shadow by the glories of the upper ether, must resume its rights. . . . It will be an alteration in the "seat of authority" that reminds one almost of the Protestant reformation. And as, to papal minds, Protestantism has often seemed a mere mess of anarchy and confusion, such, no doubt, will pragmatism often seem to ultra-rationalist minds in philosophy. It would seem so much trash, philosophically. But, life wags on, all the same, and compasses its ends, in Protestant countries. I venture to think that philosophic Protestantism will compass a not dissimilar prosperity.*

The challenge is fairly flung down. It is not the intellectualist but the pragmatist himself who calls pragmatism "philosophic Protestantism." Like Protestantism, it is individualistic; making the consequences *to you and me* to be the test of meaning and of truth; it goes back, in fact, to the doctrine of the Greek sophist that "Man is the measure of all things." Like Protestantism, it is the centrifugal rather than centripetal. It denies the fundamental unity of reality, rejects the validity of universal principles, and scornfully repudiates universally valid ideas, reducing all knowledge to *my* knowledge and *your* knowledge, replacing all central truth by a principle similar to that of private interpretation. Like Protestantism, it misrepresents the medieval scholastic realism, casting aspersions on that which it does not understand. On this platform, if one may so designate its programme, it appeals to the future, and as you have just heard, appeals with confidence. Is that confidence doomed to disappointment? It seems to me that it is. And my reason for so thinking is, in a sense, pragmatic. Pragmatism will not satisfy the demands of a future generation. The whole drift of thought is towards centralization in every line of human endeavor. The nineteenth century was collectivistic, centripetal, Catholically inclined, compared with the eighteenth century, which was individualistic, inclined towards fragmentation and tending to

* *Pragmatism*, p. 123.

Protestant decentralization. We have inherited the spirit of the nineteenth century and are more inclined to carry it farther in the same direction than to revert to an earlier tendency. Not only in industry, production, transportation and other material lines, but in organization and government, in art, literature, theology and philosophy we are centralizing, unifying and building up, where former generations were decentralizing, fragmentating and tearing down. There is a note of democratic individualism in the pragmatic philosophy, that makes it distinctly American. There is also admittedly a note of Protestant anarchy that is not American but old-country, eighteenth century revolutionism—witness James' fling at the dapper, aristocratic spirit of intellectualism. The true American is he who, seeing the signs of the times, realizing the dangers of a democracy run riot, seeks to reconcile progress with stability, freedom with authority, individualism with healthy institutionalism. The pragmatist has brought philosophy down to earth and to practical issues. But he has carried his "shirt-sleeves" manner too far. It is for a future school of philosophy to profit by what the pragmatist teaches and at the same time avoid the exaggeration into which the pragmatist has fallen. The philosophy which will satisfy by meeting the demands of the future generation will have to be constructive in the true sense, not only tolerant of authority, but able to articulate its individualism into an intellectual system, and to reconcile the new with the old in an age that is beginning to realize how much the present owes to the past. The world does not "wag on," as James says. It moves cautiously and circumspectly at times. It is doing that now. And over against the advantages of Protestant individualism and democratic strenuosity it recognizes the claims of Catholic principle and aristocratic leisure. Pragmatism stands on one side, on the side of Protestantism. The American philosophy of the future will be obliged to make an intelligent compromise.

A SISTER-IN-LAW OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

MARIE AYMÉE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL.*

BY THE HON. MRS. MAXWELL SCOTT.

I.



HE short life-story of Marie Aymée de Rabutin Chantal, the daughter of St. Chantal and the sister-in-law of St. Francis de Sales is very beautiful. It is, indeed, a little poem of earthly happiness, crowned by heroic suffering and virtue, and breathes a fragrance which sets it apart from other biographies, however holy and admirable.

This young girl, for she was but nineteen when she died, was very dear to our Saint. He had watched over her from her early childhood, and when she married his brother Bernard, he welcomed her into the family as "one of the best loved sisters in the world," and, to use his own expression, he became henceforth her "father and brother in one" throughout the happy and the sorrowful days of her short earthly pilgrimage.

Marie Aymée, who was the second child of the Baron and Baroness de Rabutin Chantal, was born at the Château of Bourbilly on July 1, 1598. Her mother consecrated her to the Blessed Virgin and gave her the name of Mary in her honor, to which was added that of Aymée, after one of her aunts. From her infancy she seems to have merited her name of "beloved," says her biographer. "God had endowed her with so many natural gifts of body and mind, although they appeared as yet only in bud, she was so charming, that Monsieur, her father, had more affection for this little one than he had for his only son, and her mother and other relations were especially fond of her."

Marie Aymée and her brother and sisters, Celse Begnine

* This sketch is founded on *Les deux filles de Ste. Chantal*, with introductory letter by Mgr. Dupanloup. Paris: Firmin Didot.

and Françoise,* grew up in an atmosphere of peace and joy in the ideal home portrayed for us in St. Chantal's life, till she was four years old, when the death of her father under the most tragic circumstances brought a sudden end to the happy home life, and changed the course of the child's existence. M. de Chantal, who, had gone out one morning on a shooting expedition, was shot accidentally by a friend, and brought back to his unfortunate wife and children in a dying condition. Marie Aymée, although too young to understand fully his danger, shared her mother's anguish, and showed her love for her father by kissing his hands or laying her little head beside his. When death came it was long before she understood the sad mystery, but when at last she felt that her father had left her, she stretched out her arms to the lifeless body and burst into tears. This sad event had a great effect on the child, but as soon as consolation was possible, she strove to comfort her mother in her innocent way. Mme. de Chantal was one of those who love with all their strength, and she was at first entirely crushed by her sorrow, and longed to retire from the world. She says herself of this time: "If duty to my four little children had not kept me back I should have fled at once to the Holy Land, there to end my days." But, as always, duty and the will of God were her guides, and she remained at Bourbilly to inaugurate a new life of devotion to her children and their interests. One of the witnesses in the process of canonization tells us how she now ordered her life. "She redoubled her prayers to God and her alms to the poor—she gave all her rich garments to churches and sent away her husband's servants with handsome gifts, keeping for herself and her four children only a modest widow's retinue conformable to the life she wished to lead."

It was under the shadow of this great sorrow that Marie Aymée's education began. As she was the eldest girl, and perhaps more greatly gifted than Celse Begnine, Mme. de Chantal felt that it was important that she should be an example to the others, and began earnestly to try "to cultivate this rare plant that it might bear the fruit of all the virtues." With all her gifts the little girl had also certain faults. Her mother watched carefully over these tendencies, and did not hesitate to pun-

* The youngest sister, Charlotte, was born just before her father's death, and we hear little of her short life.

ish her if necessary, so that gradually the child conquered her childish failings. After the first year of mourning had passed, President Fremyot sent to Dijon for his daughter and her children to visit him, and this good grandfather, by his great affection mingled with authority, comforted them all. He consoled and cheered his daughter and caused her to moderate her grief and a certain severity which had unconsciously clouded her new life, and the children benefited by brighter surroundings. In spite of his age and serious character Marie Aymée became quickly devoted to her grandfather, and showed him "many little attentions and tendernesses, so that he felt a special affection for the child." Unfortunately the peaceful time at Dijon could not last. The children's other grandfather, M. de Chantal, urged Mme. de Chantal to come and live with him at Monthelon. This old gentleman, "of a sad and severe character," threatened to marry again and disinherit the children if his daughter-in-law did not comply with his wishes, so that she felt obliged to obey him.

For almost seven years, therefore, Monthelon became the home of Mme. de Chantal and her children, and here the former heroically endured what her biographer truly calls a purgatory. Not only was the old Baron a most difficult character, but he was ruled by a housekeeper, a woman who assumed all the airs of mistress of the household. She insisted on bringing her own children to live in the house, and treated Mme. de Chantal very badly. To these insults the Saint returned only gentleness and humility, while to obviate the difficulties of the situation, she undertook the charge of this person's children herself, "in order to make them very good and that they might not in any way harm her own children." She devoted herself more than ever to the care of these dear children, and as Marie Aymée was now five, she was able to profit by her mother's lessons. Mme. de Chantal, always an early riser, assisted daily at her children's toilet, taking care that they should hear no idle words from their attendants, and heard them say their little prayers; after which she took them to say "good morning to their grandfather and wait upon him if he permitted it, though he was not always in a humor for this." Besides their simple lessons and religious instructions the children helped their mother in her works of charity, and this was their great delight. On Sundays and

Feast days Mme. de Chantal would set out on foot, attended by two servants and accompanied by Celse Begnine and Marie Aymée, and presently, as she grew older, by Françoise, to assist the poor. Everyone carried something. The children took charge of the bread and the clothes, while their mother's share was the soup and medicine: "Marie Aymée in particular carried as much as possible, and the more she had to take charge of, the happier she was."

In 1604, when Marie Aymée was six years old, a great and happy event came to change the lives of the whole family. In the spring of this year they made the acquaintance of St. Francis at Dijon, where he was preaching the Lenten Sermons, and whither M. de Fremyot summoned his daughter once more. The first meetings between her and her future director and their wonderful results have been often recorded, and here we must keep to the story of Marie Aymée, but luckily for us there is special mention of her in the early chronicles. The little girl, who saw the Saint at her grandfather's house, and, who, with a child's instinct became quickly attracted by his paternal kindness and gentleness, "almost at first sight loved him like a father and approached him with a confidence which surprised everyone. The Saint, astonished and touched by this naïve attachment, felt suddenly a special affection for this child, and looked upon her in future as the youngest, tenderest, and most loved sheep that he was to guide to the Good Shepherd."

When he visited the good President the Saint would be met and escorted by the children to the drawing-room after which his "little people," as he called them, would disperse to play, all except Marie Aymée, who remained near him hidden behind a curtain or a chair: "to consider quietly and at her ease this great Bishop, who seemed to her a Saint from heaven;" but presently, stealing from her place, she would come closer and the Saint would not fail to talk to her. At a later date, when writing to Mme. de Chantal, he refers to this time: "Marie Aymée is the eldest, and besides this I am bound to love her more tenderly because one day at Dijon, when you were not at home, she showed me much favor and allowed me to embrace her—have I not good reason, therefore, to pray our Lord to make her all pleasing to His goodness?"

Not only did the Saint take special interest in the children, but, as we know, his advice to their mother for her own direction, resulted in great benefit to them also. In place of the somewhat severe and austere rules of life which had guided her latterly, St. Francis inculcated gentleness and joy of spirit, amidst her sorrows and in spite of—or rather because of—her great spirit of mortification. Full of charity to her neighbors, as she was, the habits of the time yet required much personal attendance, and we may recall the saying of Mme. de Chantal's servants, who, after she had met St. Francis, remarked that under her former directors Madame prayed four times a day and disturbed everyone, but that she now prayed continually and disturbed no one, and we can understand that the new régime made the home life brighter for the children. The Saint likewise spared no pains to assist their mother in their education. Above all he recommended her to respect their individual liberty, to draw them to virtue rather than to constrain them to it, and no doubt those words of his, with which we are familiar, "Do all by love, nothing by force," and "One must as much as possible influence the minds of others as the angels do by gracious movements and without violence," helped the widowed mother in her task. In one of his letters to her the Saint says: "As God has given you this wish, to see all your children devoted to the service of God, you must bring them up for this, gently inspiring them with suitable thoughts—but this, little by little as they grow older." In another letter he attacks the vanity inherent in women, and of which Marie Aymée already showed decided signs: "In all your daughters eradicate female vanity—nearly all women are born to it."

When Marie Aymée was eight—and it seems strangely young to us—her mother and grandparents began seriously to consider her future. Mme. de Chantal, who had passed through so much joy and sorrow, would have been glad, had her child shown signs of vocation to the religious life, to place her in the peace and shelter of the cloister, but the little girl appeared to be more fitted for the world. Her own wishes were carefully ascertained, and says the *Chronicle*, "Messieurs, her grandparents, destined her for the world and she wished what they wished."

At Whitsuntide, 1607, the latter made up her mind to go

to Annecy to confer with St. Francis. In making this plan she little foresaw that this journey would have a great influence on her future and that of her children, and that, in particular, she was about to make the acquaintance of Marie Aymée's future husband.

At Annecy Mme. de Chantal stayed at the Bishop's house where Mme. de Boisy, the mother of St. Francis, came to entertain her. This lady, was deeply loved and revered by her large family, and by none more than by her saintly eldest son, and Mme. de Chantal, we are told, "soon loved her as if she was her own mother; joining with the other children of the venerable lady and asking to be united with them in her heart, she rendered her the most tender and respectful marks of attention." In her family circle Mme. de Boisy showed special affection to her youngest son, Bernard, "either because he was the youngest, or because he was the most amiable," and it was he who was to have the honor of being Mme. de Chantal's son-in-law. The charming love story which we have to record began by a trifling episode of which, at the time, she was far from perceiving the importance.

On the Feast of *Corpus Christi*, Mme. de Chantal who had followed the procession through the town of Annecy, returned home rather fatigued, and wished to go to her room to rest. As she ascended the stairs several gentlemen came forward to assist her. She thanked them and declined their help, but seeing that the young Bernard continued to follow her, she said with a smile: "Truly I am willing to have this one for my share." She said these words quite simply without any design, but they were quickly repeated, and Mme. de Boisy accepted them with joy as an indication that Mme. de Chantal was thinking of a marriage between Bernard and her daughter. "She at once felt such a desire for this alliance that she gave St. Francis no peace until he had arranged that he and she, with Mme. de Chantal, should be left alone after dinner to discuss the matter." The Saint did not care to speak of such things, but he could not distress his mother, so he acquainted Mme. de Chantal with the hopes to which her words had given rise. She, on her side, felt greatly astonished; and perhaps thought that in the small town of Annecy a great importance was given to trivial events. At first she could see only difficulties in the way of such a marriage, the pic-

ture of the two grandfathers—both devoted to Marie Aymée, and who would be loath to let her come so far—rose before her eyes. She, therefore, expressed her gratitude to Mme. de Boisy without committing herself to any definite reply, but before leaving Annecy she took the opportunity of closely observing Bernard de Sales, and received an impression such as is not easily effaced from a mother's heart. Bernard, at this time twenty-three, was already an accomplished gentleman and soldier, while, thanks to his holy brother's care, he had received a brilliant and solid education, and was a fervent and well instructed Catholic. It was no wonder that the project so unexpectedly presented to her should, as time went on, become more and more acceptable to Mme. de Chantal.

The death of Jeanne de Sales, Mme. de Boisy's youngest child, brought Mme. de Chantal to a decision regarding the proposed marriage, for she felt a great desire to console Mme. de Boisy by meeting her wishes and by giving her a new daughter to fill the place of the one she had lost. She resolved, therefore, to lose no time in consulting Marie Aymée's grandparents, with whom, in those days, rested the final decision in such matters. She went first to President Fremyot, and she tells us herself the result:

My good father was much surprised at the news, and showed me many reasons against my proposal; nevertheless, God gave me grace to hold so firmly to my point as my conscience was engaged, that he agreed, and weighed with great respect the honor and happiness it would be to our house to be allied to that of the blessed Bishop whom he revered as a true man of God.

With M. de Chantal there was greater difficulty, but after Mme. de Chantal had received a half-consent from him, she informed St. Francis, who at once wrote the old Baron a letter full of humble gratitude and respect that must have charmed even him. By degrees also the opposition of the other relations, at the idea of losing their charming Marie Aymée and letting her go to the wilds of Savoy, died away, and the project seemed about to be realized. The occasion of Marie Aymée's First Communion, in 1608, brought the two grandfathers together and enabled them to arrange the temporal matters relating to their child's future establishment.

We have no details as to this great day in Marie Aymée's life, though we learn from a letter of St. Francis that he was unable to be present, but her biographer tells us of its happy fruits, and how she began from now "to pray longer and with more attention, her care for the poor was more loving, and her character already so charming became excellent."

The wish that Marie Aymée should be all that Mme. de Boisy desired, and should be worthy of the hopes placed in her, filled her mother's heart and caused her some anxiety. She determined to do all in her power to prepare her daughter for her new life, and for this purpose and in spite of her youth, she took her to Dijon to introduce her to society, and to accustom herself to its usages. With her mother beside her, to watch over her, to warn her against the vanities which had a certain fascination for her, Marie Aymée could safely enjoy this glimpse of the world. "Mme. de Chantal knowing perfectly how to teach, and Marie Aymée possessing much intelligence and grace, she became a little marvel, and in this new guise of a *Demoiselle* no one could help admiring her." St. Francis heard a rumor that Marie Aymée was thus making her appearance in the world, and he felt a little anxious and wrote to Mme. de Chantal as follows: "I am told that our Marie Aymée and *très aimée* is with you, for I inquired, but I am also told that you let her go much into society, although I had not asked this—please do not make her so fine that she will look down upon us!" And again, after receiving a messenger from Dijon, "I asked Jean plainly whether our dear Marie wears a *Moule*,* but I did not mean that there was any harm in that, for, as you know well, I like well-moulded heads, and if that little head is moulded by you I shall care for it all the more. What would you have? Girls must be a little smart." Such are the words of the gentle Saint regarding the innocent adornments suited to Marie Aymée's age, while for older women his verdict was that their dress should be simple but fitting and suitable to their position in the world, "so that we may not alarm young people but draw them to imitate us."

Everything being now satisfactorily settled, and Mme. de Boisy earnestly pressing matters on, the moment had come for Bernard de Sales to see his fiancée, and although it seems

* Headdress of the period.

strange to us that the meeting had not taken place earlier, Marie Aymée's extreme youth explains the delay, which also was quite in accordance with the customs of the day. It was settled that St. Francis, accompanied by his two brothers, M. de Groisy, and Bernard, should visit Monthelon. The journey was undertaken with great joy and ardor on the part of the latter, to conquer his lady's affections, and as Marie Aymée's biographer¹ says, the holy Bishop had another kind of conquest to effect, that of the old Baron de Chantal, whom he had not yet seen. Mme. de Chantal had begged to be warned in time of the arrival of the travelers, no doubt in order to dress Marie Aymée becomingly. So St. Francis sent on a messenger three hours in advance, and when the party reached the castle they found Mme. de Chantal, the Baron and the four young people awaiting them at the door.

Marie Aymée and Bernard seem to have felt a mutual attraction at first sight, and "drawn one to the other those two gentle hearts began the romance which was to end only with their lives."

St. Francis' presence smoothed many little difficulties of detail, and when he left "every one was enchanted at the alliance." Bernard returned home in excellent spirits at the success of his wooing and began at once to correspond with Mme. de Chantal and Marie Aymée.

At the close of this year of 1608, an event took place in the family of Sales which had a great influence on Marie Aymée's future. M. de Boisy, the father of St. Francis, by his will, which is a very curious one for those days, had decreed that his children should share his property:

He did this in order that they should live together without separation or disunion, but in case for the sake of peace it should be necessary to divide his goods, he wished that Francis, the Bishop, his eldest son, should make the division and that Bernard de Sales, the youngest, should have first choice.

Bernard, having taken advice on the matter, chose for his share the Château de Sales itself, and thus as Baron de Thorens became in a manner the head of the family. St. Francis was much pleased, but there were of course some murmurings among the other brothers at this choice, nor can we wonder,

but peace was soon made through the influence of Louis de Sales, Seigneur de Thuile, the third brother of the Saint, as we learn by the latter's letter to Mme. de Chantal. "Never," he writes, "had our Thuile given us so much pleasure as in this division of property, which we have made amicably this week among my brothers, in short our Marie Aymée will be Baronne de Thorens. But all this has been done so peaceably and christianly that I feel quite edified and consoled,"

This event, of course, simplified the arrangements for the marriage, and the contract was duly drawn up and signed in the presence of President Fremyot at his Château of Thôtes, on January 3, 1609. On her return to Monthelon after this ceremony, Mme. de Chantal had to suffer anew from the hostility of the housekeeper whom we have mentioned; as this trial and her long patience under it now became known to her father, she easily obtained his permission, and even that of M. de Chantal, to spend Holy Week at Annecy and to take Marie Aymée to see Mme de Boisy, whose health gave cause for anxiety, and whose longing to see her whom she called "her little *Baronne*" was becoming even more pressing, for the venerable lady felt a presentiment that she would die before she should have the joy of possessing her long desired daughter-in-law.

Mme. de Chantal set out early in March, accompanied by Marie Aymée and Françoise, and a modest retinue of servants. The journey was made on horseback, and at this season of the year it was long and cold. The Holy Bishop multiplied his blessings and wishes for the travelers, and hoped that Marie Aymée would not be overtired. In one of his letters he goes into details about the visit and proposes that they should stop first with his mother at the Château de Sales: "to have a little rest and refreshment," and that then the whole party should come on to him at Annecy. The little visit to Sales was a great happiness to all. Mme. de Boisy was indeed enchanted with Marie Aymée, and would have liked to keep her then for good, but to this Mme. de Chantal could not consent, and after Lent was over she returned with her daughter to Burgundy.

The time of the marriage was, however, not very far off. It was fixed for October, 1609, and Marie Aymée might have been a little alarmed by her mother's earnest instructions

about the change before her, and the serious duties of the married state, had not the thought of Bernard's kindness and charm driven all fear from her heart. On October 13, the numerous relations being all assembled, St. Francis, with celestial joy and ardent prayers, gave the nuptial blessing to this brother who was more than brother to him, and to this little Marie Aymée, whom he called "his well-loved daughter."

The long desired event was accomplished, but as the little bride was only eleven,* she, according to the custom of the time, was to remain under her mother's care for the present, and Bernard had to return at once to Savoy to continue his duties in the household of the Duc de Nemours. Before they left both he and St. Francis gave many affectionate counsels to Marie Aymée, but while Bernard said, "Be always good and charming," the Saint added, "Become always better and wiser." On reaching Annecy he wrote those lines to Mme. de Chantal: "I want to tell you that your son has been in so gentle and agreeable a temper throughout the journey that I love him more than fraternally, and especially when he speaks lovingly of his little wife."

It is at this moment in Marie Aymée's life that her mother's design of giving herself to Almighty God in religion was taking shape. During the years 1609-10 she was occupied in arranging for this great step, and for the welfare of Celse Begnine and her daughters. The life she was about to embrace would leave her for some time free to direct these temporal affairs, while Françoise and Charlotte were to remain with her and be educated in the convent. In the spring of 1610 everything seemed ready for the consummation of her sacrifice, when fresh sorrows fell unexpectedly on the two families—little Charlotte de Chantal, of whom we catch but a glimpse, died suddenly, and almost at the same moment Mme. de Boisy was taken from her devoted children. These sad events hastened Mme. de Chantal's movements, for it was evident that Marie Aymée would need her mother's presence to watch over her at first in her new life, now that Bernard's mother was dead. He came himself to Dijon to fetch his mother-in-law, his wife and Françoise, and witnessed the heartbreaking parting between the former and her son and aged father, and her hero-

* As we need hardly remind our readers, those early marriages were not uncommon at the time of which we write.

ism on the occasion—a heroism at which the world wonders, but which was understood by Marie Aymée, on whom it made a great and lasting impression. She, on her side, had the grief of saying farewell to her grandfather, whom it was not likely she would see again. Escorted by Bernard, the ladies made their way to Annecy, where Mme. de Chantal's project was no secret, and where they were warmly welcomed.

"The Holy Father," says a contemporary, "in company of twenty-six cavaliers, went to meet her who came in the name of the Lord, and who entered Annecy on Palm Sunday, all the town singing hosannas for her happy arrival. She brought with her Mme. de Thorens, her eldest, and Mademoiselle de Chantal, her second daughter, called Françoise, since married to the Baron de Toulonjon; Charlotte, the third, called the angel by the Blessed Francis, was already with the angels."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

FINIS VITAE.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

BY MARIA LONGWORTH STORER.

FOLD thy hands, close thine eyes,
Life's toil is past;
Ended thy sacrifice,
Christ comes at last.

Backward earth's vapors roll:
Stars fill their place:
Deep in thy crystal soul
God sees His Face.

MAKING A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.*

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



O be forced to depend entirely upon God is a better condition than to be dependent in part on Him and in part on one's own efforts also. "I have always been fond of making a virtue of necessity," says St. Teresa (Letter lxxiv.). It sounds paradoxical, but it is quite right to say, that the better service of God is by virtue that is compulsory.

I.

The words of Jesus in the Garden: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt" (Matt. xxvi. 39), achieved our salvation, the compulsory act of a Savior Who yet "was offered because He willed it" (Isaias liii. 7). It is better to let God gain you to His side than to strive to gain God to your side. One of the accusations of the Royal Prophet against the Israelites is that they "Waited not for God's counsel" (Ps. cv. 13). The spontaneous activity of guileless souls responsive to the attractions of grace is the highest order of spirituality. As Moses was bidding farewell to Israel, he commanded them: "And thou shalt build an altar to the Lord thy God, of stones which iron hath not touched, and of stones not fashioned or polished; and thou shalt offer upon it holocausts to the Lord thy God" (Deut. xxvii. 5, 6). Why this rude architecture for the divinest uses? Because, as we must suppose, the Lord would welcome the homage of simple hearts more gladly than that of those refined by human instrumentality, even the holiest. He loves the artless yearnings of untainted minds. Virgin soil attracts His husbandry by preference. And all experience shows the peculiar force of sacramental grace upon youthful minds untouched by the iron of man's art, unfashioned and unpolished

* For a powerful exposition of the spiritual doctrine here treated, the reader is respectfully referred to the small posthumous work of Father J. P. de Caussade, S.J., entitled *Abandonment, or Absolute Surrender to Divine Providence*, edited by the late Rev. Henri Ramière, S.J., translated by Ella McMahon (New York: Benziger Brothers). The English version, which is accurate and exceedingly appreciative, was due to Father Hecker's encouragement, who had used the original continuously from its first appearance.

by other hands than God's own. If this be true of ordinary existence, it is especially so of the breathings of a patient soul writhing under the scourge of adversity.

St. Paul (II. Cor. vi. 4-6) enumerates the virtues of the Christian, and he begins with patience—"much patience." This is the only one of his lengthy list to which he gives an adjective—"much patience," until he comes to the last and greatest: "charity unfeigned." An honor this for patience. And indeed the whole peril of the pilgrim is lest he shall be deficient in patience and insincere in charity.

II.

The apostolic contrast of strength and weakness is thus expressed: "Gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me" (II. Cor. xii. 9). Could anything be straighter against the world's wisdom? A logician would run St. Paul to this absurdity: weakness is equal to strength. The apostle instantly accepts: "When I am weak, then am I powerful," and he goes yet deeper into this divine absurdity: "For which cause I please myself in my infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ" (*ibid.* 10).

The divine use of affliction is that it elicits the prayer of patience, which never goes far astray from Calvary's bounty. "When thou shalt seek the Lord thy God," said Moses to Israel, "thou shalt find Him; yet so if thou seek Him with all thy heart, and all the affliction of thy soul" (Deut. iv. 29). God's shadow is more healthful than the world's sunshine, to use a saying of St. Francis de Sales. Visitations of sorrow dredge a channel deep and wide for the stream of heavenly consolations sure to flow into it in due time; consolations and divine guidance. For wisdom, according to Job, is "not found in the land of them that live in delights" (Job xxviii. 13).

III.

Abandonment to God's will is itself a consecration to a life of perfection. Whosoever keeps the rule of patience takes God for his novice master. Seldom do sick men appreciate how directly they are being brought under God's leadership. Any serious consideration of the lot of man, shows conditions of trial so universal, that all must agree that heaven's

best favor is fortitude in adversity, patience in pain and bereavement. What else can be God's purpose in our miseries but the universal offer of the grace of patience? Must not the office of suffering, be great in quality and extensive in scope, since Providence has made it coextensive with human existence? Atonement for sin is its primary privilege. But there is another, which Bishop Hedley states in his *Book of Retreat*:

"Suffering gives a certain kind of intensity to acts of the will, which nothing else can give. This is what recommended it to the Heart of Jesus, (a Heart desirous of proving to men the reality and the depth of its love)." And that author quotes St. Thomas: "The first cause of the passion was that Christ wished it to be known how much God loved man." The first cause, then, of man's suffering, is to show how much man can love God both by sharing in Christ's atonement and in intensifying his heart's love.

Submission to the divine will is an inevitable virtue: I may be obedient or I may be prayerful, but I must be patient. Sooner or later one must turn in his agony to his nearest associates and cry with blessed Job: "Have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me" (Job xix. 21). A man before and after a long illness is two different men. If a Christian, he is advanced into a new being of chastened self-mastery; if a worldling, he is sunk into degeneracy, for he has wilfully refused the divine discipline. Some men hate afflictions, and these are worldlings; some without hating dread them, and these are timid Christians; others though dreading them yet appreciate their place in God's plan, receive them calmly, and then even thankfully. To that class all of us are called. Nor should we flinch from aspiring to the class beyond, namely, those who seek suffering by preference, as did our Master: "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized; and how am I straightened till it be accomplished" (Luke, xii. 50).

IV.

One sometimes projects a good work after much prayer, feeling that God is with him—and the result is failure. What then? Amid disappointments, misunderstandings, calumnies, and failures, God is still to be thanked as the origin of the

undertaking. The work though a failure in itself is a success as a stimulant to confidence in the divine goodness. The Lord praised David: "Whereas, thou hast thought in thy heart to build a house to My Name, thou hast done well" (III Kings, viii. 18)—yet would He not have David but David's son build His temple. The grace of bearing his disappointment was a better gift from God to David than the honor of building and dedicating the temple.

In earlier Christian days how often was the whole reliance of a community snatched away by martyrdom? Yet the people rejoiced; and God compensated them. Not only was it a happier lot to have advocates in heaven instead of leaders on earth, but conversions, the most unexpected, supplied the loss. This dispensation was not for the age of martyrs alone. It was in fulfillment of an invariable rule of Providence: "Give, and it shall be given to you, good measure" (Luke, vi. 38), a rule that prevails as well in men's exchanges with divine Providence as with one another.

The martyrs, by making a virtue of necessity, have outranked all other kinds of saints in the liturgy of Holy Church. So should the bearing of arbitrarily inflicted injuries outrank other forms of holy charity towards men—contradictions and contempts, ignorings of merit and perverse misunderstandings of motives, bullying manners and violent tempers, disobedience of inferiors and suspicions of superiors. These seem little when set against the rack and the wild beasts of our heroic ancestors, yet they are often harder to bear. Suffer them with joy and they win you a martyr's crown; suffer unto blood, that is unto annihilation of all human favor, do it willingly, gladly. You are young? Be glad for God's sake that it is said of you, he is too eager, he is ambitious, opinionated, silly. Old? Be content to hear that you have survived your usefulness and are played out, are reactionary, are a hindrance and should be turned down. Pray to God to give you much of this kind of suffering; some of it is surely well merited by your sins, all of it elevates motives and humbles pride.

V.

Just as meritorious, and alas, far oftener available, is abandonment to God in the misery of our remorse of conscience. We cannot too brightly realize that God works at His best—

if we dare so speak—in drawing good out of evil, nay, that it is the lowest evil that, as it were, provokes Him to the highest good. When my past sinfulness agonizes me, then, O God, lead my anxious spirit into the inner chambers of holy trustfulness, that I may there abandon myself to Thee for pardon and salvation. Herein is the penitent's road to that goal of predestination known as recollectedness of spirit, which is defined as a tendency to consider the present things of earth with a mind preoccupied with the future things of eternity. Who cannot hold his own against the bitterest tauntings of men and devils, if he can only say with the psalmist: "The princes sat and spoke against me; but Thy servant was employed in Thy justifications" (Ps. cxviii. 23).

VI.

Proceed quietly; be not much interested in anything except in the routine of prayerful exercises and herein seek that quiet which abandons all to God. Commend afflictions to Him, joys in like manner; absorb all attention in utilizing the means and methods of keeping mentally close to Him without easily leaving Him. Make the paramount interest of life an uninterrupted offering of loving submission to God. This doctrine is indeed unanimously taught, but it is very little known and less practised. Its application is best illustrated by God's using dire calamity as a vocation to extraordinary sanctity. Take an instance from among the hermits of the fourth century. One of them was a famous master of holiness known as Paul the Simple. In the world he had been a poor man of the lowest state of life. When he was sixty years old his wife proved false to him. A deadly misfortune was this, and Paul fell under the blow, but only to recover quickly, and to recognize the hand of God beckoning him to a high degree of sanctity among the anchorites of Egypt.

We read of the gift of tears among holy souls; and the gift of tongues was a marvelous apostolic attribute. But St. Chrysostom, treating of St. Paul's imprisonments, speaks of another: the gift of chains. "If," says he "I might have had my choice to stand with the angels near God's throne on high, or to be bound with St. Paul, I would have preferred the dungeon. Would you rather have been the angel loosing

Peter, or Peter in chains? I would rather have been Peter. This gift of chains is something greater than to stop the sun, to move the world, or to command devils" (quoted by Alban Butler, June 30). We now and then read of a dying man begging to have some love token inclosed with his corpse in his coffin. It is related of Babylus, a martyr bishop of Antioch, who died in prison for the faith in the persecution of Decius, that he begged that his chains might be buried with him in his grave. Such are the love-tokens of God's heroes.

VII.

Even in little things thoughtful souls find a divine greatness. The clock striking the hours tells of the eternal years; the wind tossing the dust in the street tells of the vanity of human strivings. Not only the wheels of life but every little cog upon them is recognized as part of the divine plan. What, then, must be the lessons taught by the death of our dear ones, or by the annihilation of our own bodily forces. To a discerning mind the outward order of our life whether in little things and great is in direct contact with the invisible Prime Mover Himself. What of our souls little whirlwinds of joy or great tempests of sorrow? To a spiritual man all thought is union with God. Thinking, for instance, of Jesus on His hidden throne in a church, abandoning oneself absolutely to Him there, at Mass, at and after Holy Communion—is not this high spirituality? Hence the apostle's reproach to the Galatians that they would not give up wholly to God, though they were men, "before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been set forth, crucified" (Gal. iii. 1). Of all happenings in heaven or earth that of the Eucharist is supreme; no less so in its teachings than in its graces.

A mark of Christian character is constant advertence to an overruling Providence. As Jesus saw His Father in every event even the most trifling, so in like manner does the Christian whose heart Christ has taken possession of. O what a joy, when human motives of placid acceptance of the inevitable find themselves elevated into divine impulses of abandonment to a Father's care, making the most ordinary things of life all heavenly. This is the best granting of the prayer: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

To yield allegiance to God in all the varying circumstances

of life, whether petty or grave, is the mark of a recollected man, nay, it actually is self-recollection. Such a one, responsive to the inner touches of the Holy Spirit, is from that very fact careful not to forget the external guidance of Providence, and he scrutinizes the most minute signs of divine love. A sparrow is cheap; yet "one of them doth not fall upon the ground without your heavenly Father" (Matt. x. 28). The hairs of my head grow unnoticed and soon are wasted; yet "a hair of your head shall not perish" (Luke xxi. 18). God is found supreme in His bounty among the tiny flutterers of the grove: "your heavenly Father feedeth them" (Matt. vi. 26); and He is revealed in His sovereign beauty amid the waving grass of the meadow: "I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these" (Ibid. 29). Divine majesty is amazingly revealed in a drop of water under the microscope. An infinite purpose of unity is shown in the anatomy of a little moth. God is in all things and in every particular thing, eliciting thanksgiving, adoration, awe, and above all confidence in His Fatherly care.

Simply a general view of God's guidance is not adequate, nor conscious acceptance of it only in matters of supreme importance. God's current influence is as a rule, more potent to sanctify than His occasional and decisive interference, which is usually but the sum and completion of His current teachings. These have occupied God and should have absorbed us for years perhaps. God in everything and ourselves in God, is another expression of making a virtue of necessity.

The greater changes of Providential rule throw us back upon the lesser; upon one littlest point can God turn the vast universe of our destiny. A priest in vigorous health once said to Father Hecker—whose long agony of pain was soon to end in death—that he felt full of courage. Father Hecker answered: "That is the way I used to feel. I used to say: O Lord! I feel as if I had the whole world on my shoulders, and all I've got to say is, O Lord! I'm sorry you've given me such small potatoes to carry on my back. But now—well, when a mosquito comes in I say: Mosquito have you any good to do me? Yes? Then I thank you, for I am glad to get good from a mosquito."

THOUGHTS OF A CATHOLIC ANATOMIST.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.



A GREAT many people in our time who think that they have reason to know something about the matter, are quite sure that modern science has done away with the possibility of old-time religious faith. They feel convinced that it is impossible for a man to know science deeply and thoroughly and still continue to believe in old-fashioned religious truths. Two classes of people particularly are so convinced. The first is composed of men of science, who have never known very much about religion, who have only the most superficial ideas as to what the real significance of religious truths is, and who are inclined to think that religion itself is little more than an emotional exercise. The second class is much larger and consists of people of superficial knowledge whose information has been derived mainly from popularizations of science, and who often owe the notions on scientific subjects, which they hold with as much firmness as the devout believer holds the dogmas of faith, to sensational reports in the newspapers and the magazines.

For both of these classes argument is quite unavailing. For the scientist who knows nothing of religion, but who thinks that he does, there is no basis on which argumentation can be founded. It would be quite impossible to make him believe that his idea of religion is entirely at fault, and that theology is as definite a science as his own.

Of course, to many people it will seem quite impossible that a scientist should thus be ignorant about something concerning which he is so ready to express opinions, but then Josh Billings said: "it is not so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous as the knowing so many things that ain't so." Professor Von Ruville, the Professor of Modern History at the University of Halle-Wittenberg (Luther's University) in Germany, in giving an account of his conversion to the Catholic Church two years ago, said that until he read a Catholic book he never knew anything about

Catholicity. He thought he knew all about it. He was a man past fifty and had been a student all his life. His professors had told him many things about it; yet, when he read a Catholic book he found that he had been merely accumulating ignorance and not knowledge.

For both the scientists who know so little about religion that their opinion as to the relation of science to faith is quite worthless, and for the greater number who get their science at second-hand, there is need of an authoritative declaration from a man who knows both science and religion. This we now have in the book issued shortly before his recent death, by Professor Dwight of Harvard which in his modest way he called simply *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist*.*

Of course it must not be thought that Professor Dwight is an exceptional case among modern scientists, or even a very rare example of a scientist who found no difficulty as regards faith and science. On the contrary no one knew better than he that great scientists who were Catholics have almost without exception maintained their faith in absolute purity while making some of the great discoveries of modern time. For those who talk much of the supposed incompatibility of faith and science it is well sometimes to have a list of great scientific believers, men who have expressed themselves in no dubious terms with regard to faith and most of whom were devout Catholics. Morgagni whom Virchow greeted as the father of modern pathology; Laënnec the founder of modern physical diagnosis; Ampère to whom electricity owes so much; Galvani and Volta who laid the foundations of it; Johann Müller, the great teacher of modern medicine; Theodor Schwann who discovered cells and founded modern biology; Lamarck the first great evolutionist; Claude Bernard the greatest of modern physiologists; Pasteur the father of bacteriology; Lord Kelvin to whom modern physics owes so much; Clerk Maxwell the greatest of mathematical scientists; and many others of less repute who might readily be named have scouted the idea that their knowledge of science disturbed their faith. On the contrary most of them are on record with expressions which declare that the more they knew about science, in the words of Pasteur, the deeper was their faith.

* *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist*. By Professor Dwight. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Professor Dwight was eminently fitted to take up the discussion of the supposed difficulties between faith and science, because he had been occupied all his life with the biological and medical sciences. An old saying runs that where there are three physicians, there are two atheists, and it has been said that a little biology makes more heretics than dozens of heretical missionaries. As most of our makers of modern medicine have been devout believers, and many of them good Catholics (as the list given in the preceding paragraph shows), and as a number of important contributions to biology have come from Catholic clergymen, it is evident that neither of these maxims holds good for the scientist who is profound enough to be original. Still, the impression remains that the study of these sciences tends to take men away from faith, so that Professor Dwight's career makes him just the proper person to discuss the situation.

Many of the sketches written of him just after his death spoke of him as a convert, some of them said he had become a convert after his marriage when he was well past thirty years of age. As a matter of fact, though a descendant of an old Puritan family, Professor Dwight had been a member of the Church since the age of twelve, having become a convert with his mother. He was so situated as to have the leisure and the inclination for special studies in both science and religion. His favorite author was St. Thomas Aquinas. He is thought to have been as well read in St. Thomas as any layman of his generation. There can be no question then, of his having kept his faith because he neglected to inform himself of what he was expected to believe.

A smart expression used by a distinguished professor of the philosophical department of the university in which Professor Dwight has held the chair of anatomy for nearly a quarter of a century was, that if a man has faith and knows science he must keep them in water-tight compartments in his consciousness, for, if by any chance they should mingle, faith would inevitably disappear in the reaction that would take place. Professor Dwight deliberately courted the mingling of his faith and science. Science was always and continued to be until the end his principle occupation, yet faith—and a faith for which he knew the reason—was the guiding star of his life. He was an eminently practical Catholic. He

was one of the most prominent members of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference of Boston and spent much time in its noble works of charity. For him service to humanity was one of the highest expressions of religion. He had no illusion, however, with regard to service to humanity as being man's only duty or the only manifestation of his religious feelings required of him. Protestantism which began with claiming that faith without works was the essence of religion has now come to claim that works without faith are what count; not what a man believes, but what he does for others constitutes the fulfillment of his religious duty. Professor Dwight, however, looked to the life of the spirit as well, and it is to him that the establishment in his native city of the practice of the Holy Hour, the spending of an hour every month before the Blessed Sacrament, is due.

Those who knew him best, know how tender was his faith, and his trust, how humble his belief, yet how complete and how devoted he was to the practice of his religion. Yet he was a member of many scientific societies—of The American Society of Naturalists, The American Association for the Advancement of Science, The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and he had been a president of The Association of American Anatomists. Some of his contributions to anatomy attracted wide attention. His study of variations and anomalies made him one of the world's authorities on that subject, and the collection of bones made to illustrate the subject to be seen in the Anatomical Museum, Harvard University, is one of the best of its kind in the world.

Evidently, here is a man who has the right to talk about the relations of faith and science. He knows both at first hand. He is an authority in science and deeply conversant with his faith.

In the Preface of his book Professor Dwight states his purpose very straightforwardly: "It is often said by those outside of the Church that they cannot see how a Catholic can be a man of science, and conversely, how a man of science can be a Catholic. Indeed, I fear there are many poorly instructed Catholics who are very much of the same opinion. It may be that it is my duty, on account of the position I have the honor to hold to give to both of these classes such poor help as I can. It is just possible that some of those

who have been my pupils during the twenty-seven years of my professorship may be interested in the views as mine. Should that be the case, I am sure that I need not tell them that this discussion is meant above all to be an honest one."

The general argument of the book may readily be understood from the chapter headings. In the Introduction he says that every one concedes that there has been a great decline in religious belief during the past fifty years; because of the progress of science during that same time the decline in belief is attributed to science. Particularly is this true of the study of evolution. Of this there is one feature that is supremely interesting. "We have now," he says, "the remarkable spectacle that, just when many scientific men are of accord that there is no part of the Darwinian system that is of any very great influence, and that as a whole the theory is not only unproved but impossible, the ignorant half-educated masses have acquired the idea that it is to be accepted as a fundamental fact. Moreover, it is not to them an academic question of biology, but, as the matter has been presented to them, it is a system: to wit, the monistic system of philosophy. Thus presented, it is undeniably fatal, not only to all revealed religion, but to any system of morals founded on a supernatural basis."

In the chapter on "Thought of the Day," he takes up the problems of evolution particularly, and answers the question: "Does evolution leave us a God? such a God as a Christian can earnestly believe in," pointing out how little we know in reality about evolution.

"The tyranny of the *zeitgeist* in the matter of evolution is overwhelming to a degree of which outsiders have no idea; not only does it influence (as I must admit that it does in my own case) our manners of thinking, but there is the oppression as in the days of the 'Terror.' How very few of the leaders of science dare tell the truth concerning their own state of mind! How many feel themselves forced in public to do a lip-service to a cult they do not believe in! As Professor T. H. Morgan intimates, it is only too true that many of these who would on no account be guilty of an act which they recognize as dishonest, nevertheless, speak and write habitually, as if evolution were an absolute certainty, as well established as the law of gravitation."

Dr. Dwight shows particularly how much Haeckel has influenced popular thought with regard to evolution, and recalls the fact that no one has more discredited science than Haeckel himself. Professor His has marked out a number of false dealings by Haeckel in his books, by the invention of illustrations, by the changing of illustrations taken from other works to suit his purpose, and by the placing of false designations so as to show similarities that he would like to have exist. Professor His concludes, and it must not be forgotten that he is one of the great anatomists of his generation: "Let then others honor Haeckel as an efficient and reckless party leader; according to my judgment he has forfeited through his methods of fighting even the right to be counted as an equal in the company of serious investigators." Our own Agassiz in answering some of Haeckel's claims had been even more severe than His. Professor Dwight says: "Agassiz' tone is not that of one arguing with an equal, but of one exposing a knave." If evolution were what Haeckel would make of it and if Haeckel's opinions were science then evolution might leave us no God. As it is, we are only on the threshold of any knowledge of evolution, and what we do know about it is entirely compatible with the acceptance of all the dogmas of faith.

Professor Dwight then discusses the various theories of evolution. For most people Darwinism and evolution are supposed to be synonymous, and Darwin is supposed to be the first to have evolved a complete system of evolution. This is so far from true that Lamarck's theory of evolution, expounded in the first year of the nineteenth century, has among scientific men at least as much prestige as Darwinism. No one now accepts Darwinism pure and simple as an adequate explanation of evolution. A number of very prominent scientists have thought that a modification of Lamarckism would be even more satisfactory than any modified Darwinism. There are much greater difficulties now for the acceptance of any theory of evolution than there were when Darwin wrote. The scientific world is about ready now to confess that acquired characters are not transmitted, and this makes it very difficult to understand the evolution that might come from the effect of environment. On the other hand variation and especially variation with adaptation, absolutely requires some internal factor acting with a definite purpose before evolution can be

explained. In a word, the old problem of purpose in the universe and especially in living things makes itself felt.

Candid scientists do not hesitate to say that we as yet know very little about the process. Dr. Dwight quotes Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan, Professor of Biology at Columbia, who says:

"It has been pointed out that the evidence in favor of the theory of evolution appears to establish this theory with great probability, although a closer examination shows that we are almost completely in the dark as to how the process has come about."

Professor Osborn, who has a right to an opinion in the matter, suggests that we are only on the threshold of any evidence for evolution at the present time. He says:

"It follows as an unprejudiced conclusion from our present evidence that upon Weismann's principle we can explain inheritance but not evolution, while with Lamarck's principle and Darwin's selection principle we can explain evolution, but not, at present, inheritance. Disprove Lamarck's principle and we must assume that there is some third factor in evolution of which we are ignorant."

This is the internal factor expressive of the purpose of the organism.

Professor Dwight makes very clear how confused is the thought of the day. Serious thinkers admit, as Ambassador Bryce said not long since, that "the mists that hang around man's origin and destiny are just as thick now as they ever were," but, desirous of some explanation, and not finding it, even the educated accept current thought, though often quite able to point out its inconsistencies, its lack of logic and its inconclusiveness. This is true not only for superficial thinkers, men who must have something to say, but also for those who have studied deeply, but who refuse to think that the old explanations of faith can possibly be received by them. Professor Dwight cites some examples. Goldwin Smith, for instance, declares that "it is impossible since Darwin's discoveries to uphold anything dependent on the belief that man is a creature apart from other animals," yet, as Professor Dwight points out, he "presently turns round and demolishes what he had so lightly asserted." Darwin, Goldwin Smith says, "assumes that conscience is merely the individual index of general opinion.

Surely in the case of religious men and nations it is something more. It has sustained the martyr against the overwhelming preponderance of public opinion, and is constantly sustaining men of independent mind against the opinion of the hour." "More than this," as Professor Dwight points out, "Goldwin Smith stands for the freedom of the will absolutely with a clearness that is utterly at variance with the monistic doctrines he apparently has felt called upon to accept." Goldwin Smith declares: "But unless our nature lies to us we have liberty of choice with responsibility attached to it; and if our nature has lied to us, philosophy may as well spare its pains." Professor Dwight points out "what confusion there is also when men untrained in Christian philosophy and without faith attempt to answer the materialist philosophers." Professor C. Lloyd Morgan in attempting to do so, falls as so many modern philosophers do, into a system of pantheism in which "he sees the impossibility of distinguishing one's neighbor from one's self and both from God, which of course makes nonsense of everything. Do we not know that we are not God nor our neighbor, but just ourself? Professor Morgan owns frankly that he cannot resolve the difficulties."

Concerning Professor James who was in Professor Dwight's words, "a valued friend," and who, he feels confident would not have objected to what he has written of him, Professor Dwight has a few words of emphatic commentary. Much better than the great majority of modern writers on philosophy outside the Church, Professor James has seen the difficulty of explaining conditions as we see them around us without recurrence to old religious principles. He thinks, however, that we have outlived these old religious principles, and that as a consequence we have come into a rather tragic predicament. Monistic pantheism, has, he confesses, replaced the old dualistic theism at British and American Universities. This is an interesting comment from an expert on some recent discussion of faith at American Universities.. It is this that has brought about the intellectual difficulties with regard to God and the soul. Professor James asks: "Well, what must we do now in this tragic predicament? For my part, I have finally found myself compelled to give up the logic, fairly, squarely and irrevocably. . . . Reality, life, experience, concreteness, immediacy, use what word you will, exceeds our logic, over-

flows and surrounds it. I saw that I must either forswear that 'psychology without a soul' to which my whole psychological and Kantian education has committed me—I must, in short, bring back distinct spiritual agents to know the mental states, now singly and now in combination, in a word bring back scholasticism and common sense—or else I must squarely confess the solution of the problem impossible, and then either give up my intellectualist logic, the logic of identity, and adopt some higher (or lower) form of rationality, or finally, face the fact that life is logically irrational. . . . Those of us who are scholastic-minded, or simply common-sense-minded, will smile at the elaborate groans of my parturient mountain, resulting in nothing but this mouse."

On this Professor Dwight comments "The thing, however, is too sad to smile at, and the result is not a mouse but a monster who has devoured reason and common sense and offers us instead pragmatism."

He cites James against himself "Read" he says "*James' Faith Ladder* of which he himself says 'Not one step is logical, yet it is the way in which monists and pluralists alike espouse and hold fast to their visions. It is life exceeding logic, it is the practical reason for which theoretic reason finds arguments after the conclusion is once there.'"

An argument which has appealed strongly to many scientists as supporting evolution is the explanation of variations and anomalies in human beings as reversions to previous stages of existence in the evolutionary scale. Atavistic reversion is a nice mouth-filling term. High-sounding terms, reversion, recapitulation, ontogeny and the like have in the popularization of evolutionary theories meant much more than observations or discoveries. It is well-known that human beings present many variations from the normal human beings. No two skeletons are alike any more than two sets of human features are alike. The differences in skeletons are themselves quite marked, and the variations, as they are called, while sometimes rare among human beings are common among animals. Hence, it was argued, that their only explanation could be on the score of evolution.

Professor Dwight has made a special study of variations and anomalies, especially in the skeleton and he is acknowledged as one of the world's authorities. He discussed the

significance of anomalies in the *American Naturalist* for February, 1895, and showed that the popular theory of reversion was untenable. After studying many further skeletons in museums in many parts of the world he is quite emphatic in his declaration that "the more anomalies we study, the less justification do we find for explaining them as reversions."

This whole subject is typical of other arguments for evolution. They are usually founded on superficial, though often very speciously attractive, theories. It seems easy to explain color by using the words "Protective Mimicry." It has been shown that while this has some significance, most of the color in plants and animals has quite a different origin and cannot at all be explained on any principle of color protection. It has been shown, indeed, that many of the stories of so-called color protection are merely pretty myths. Professor Dwight as an authority on Variations and Anomalies takes the foundation away from a similarly specious argument, but only the deepest study could have done that. The less one knows about biological science the easier it is to accept evolution. The more one knows about the biological sciences the more are the difficulties of any evolutionary theory. It is a question indeed of "drinking deep or touching not the Pierian spring" for beyond peradventure here "a little knowledge has been a dangerous thing."

The chapter on "Living and Non-Living" contains some of Dr. Dwight's most interesting material. He emphasizes the distinctions in such a way as to make some of the familiar differences appear almost new. The following paragraph for instance, on the effect of use on living and non-living material is very striking. Dr. Dwight says:

"The non-living is either broken or worn away by it. The stone rolled for centuries on the beach loses all ridges, a file becomes smooth by using, the magnet loses its power; but, provided always that the external irritation be not so great as to be destructive, the living organism profits by the process, and this, moreover, in many ways. Thus the muscle that is judiciously exercised becomes more powerful, the hands of the worker grows larger and stronger. Protective changes also appear; the skin becomes fitter to resist pressure under stress of trial. More remarkable still the senses of sight, of hearing, and the rest become more acute by usage. These

phenomena in the living body not only imply a something that the non-living does not have, but they are, one might say, contradictory to the effects of use on the lifeless."

Even more interesting, however, is the consideration of the changes that take place in living material after injury or the destruction or amputation of parts. In the non-living nothing happens, unless perhaps the influence of the elements bring about gradual weathering. In the living tissues, however, the story of what happens is a marvel. Professor Dwight says:

"But when we pass from these remarkable changes consequent upon legitimate use and wear and tear of the body, to cases of injury or partial destruction, what we see is still more remarkable. This holds good whenever the injury be to the developing embryo or to the mature body. It is, of course, an old story that in the lower forms repair is much more complete than in the higher. A newt for instance, reproduces a new leg in the place of an amputated one. In the higher animals repair is generally effected by the development of a tissue of lower grade than the one destroyed. Thus an injury to the skin is made good by a scar, which serves the purpose of skin as far as protection goes tolerably well, but does not have the hairs nor glands which normal skin should present. A ruptured muscle is made good by fibrous tissue instead of muscular fibre."

The machine explanation of living beings, which has been often suggested and which seems to many to satisfy their search for efficient causes of the phenomena in living things, receives its due attention, and Professor Dwight suggests that the refutation of the machine theory by Professor Driesch of Heidelberg in the Gifford Lectures (of 1907 and 8) on *The Science and Philosophy of the Organism* is so perfect that it is but just to give it in his own words:

"There cannot be any sort of machine in the cell from which the individual originates, because this cell, including both its protoplasm and its nucleus, has undergone a series of divisions, all resulting in equal products, and because a machine cannot be divided, and in spite of that remain what it was. There cannot be, on the other hand, any sort of machine as the real foundation of the whole of an harmonious system, including many cells and many nuclei, because the development of this system goes on normally, even if its parts are rear-

ranged or partly removed, and because a machine would never remain what it had been in such cases."

Dr. Dwight emphasizes the fact that "the changes during development, the arrangement of the cells, their change into different tissues, their gradual growth into organs are distinctly teleological or, in plain English, purposeful. The cells arrange themselves as under the action of intelligence. The growth of lower organisms which can be followed by the microscope is most wonderful, both when all goes on as it should, and still more when owing either to intentional mutilation or to some accident, something occurs to change the regular course of events." To many it may seem that this appeal to teleology, to final causes once more, is distinctly reactionary and away from the true domain of physical science. Nothing is more interesting in biology at the present time however, than the teleological tendencies of the men whose work in biology is thought most of. Driesch, and the younger school of biologists generally in Germany are confessed teleologists. Things become what they are because there is a purpose in them, a vital force that directs their activities. Physics and chemistry will not explain what takes place in the animal body and some co-ordinating activity different from these must be confessed to be present.

Professor Dwight's chapter "On Man" is particularly important because in any criticism of the descent of man from animals, the fragments of missing links, real or supposed, that have been found are extremely important. These are all skeletal portions; and as Professor Dwight is a special authority on bones his opinion is of great value in the matter. He discusses the question particularly as to whether the body of Adam was a new creation or evolved from lower forms. Many assume this latter as a working hypothesis whether they really believed it or not. Catholics have done so and they understand that the question is an open one. After stating the arguments that make for such a view, he then confesses that he has been drawn more and more away from the view in recent years. He says "that one of the greatest errors of the naturalist of to-day against which I am continually protesting is that similarity of structure necessarily implies relationship." The argument used by theologians that such an origin is unworthy of the dignity of man, for many years

puzzled Professor Dwight, but as time went on, he felt more and more inclined to respect it. As for the missing links Professor Dwight considers them of very little significance; and thinks that what we need to study much more in man is not evolution, but deterioration. This has never been made enough of. And he quotes Chesterton "Man is always something worse or something better than an animal."

Professor Dwight has insisted on the necessity for the use of words with definite meanings and according to definite criterion. In the discussion of reason in animals and in man, nothing is clearer than that the ground for most of the argumentation in this subject is due to the use of words with very different meanings, Professor Dwight says:

"The word 'reason' is used in the most unreasonable way; the idea of reason being hopelessly confused with that of instinct or tendency. When we are told that plants have intelligence we can only say that the author of the statement has his own ideas of what intelligence is. Why should he not go a step further and say that some plants have religion because they turn their heads to the sun? The general teaching of experts in the study of animals like ants, bees, and wasps, which have very highly developed instincts, is that they show no signs of reason when they find themselves under strange conditions."

As Professor Dwight pays his compliments to Haeckel, so too he has a word for Huxley. As it happens to illustrate this particular phase of the subject it may come in here:

"Let us now look at man as a whole. Huxley once recommended that we should study man's body as if it had been sent us from another planet 'preserved, it may be in a cask of rum.' He then pointed out what I have stated at length, that all bodily differences between man and apes are merely differences of degree. The incident seems to me a very striking evidence of how much friend and foe alike have overestimated Huxley. Surely it takes no great talent to see that to place any being correctly in the scale of creation (or if you prefer in that of nature) it is necessary to study and classify him as a whole. Suppose a bee, or an ant, or a wasp had happened to fall into that same cask of rum, should we have had any hint of their wonderful instincts from our examination of their dead bodies? Of course we are told that Huxley meant to discuss only the body and place it in its zoologi-

cal position; but it is getting recognized that this is a very narrow and one-sided view to take of any organism and, above all, of so high an organism as man, whose intelligence (be its origin what you will) places him in an order of his own. The problem is of a higher sphere than that of morphology."

In the matter of evolution, then, in spite of all the work that has been done we are very far from being in a position to draw conclusions. The only conclusion is, that as yet there can be no conclusion. In his concluding chapter Professor Dwight says: "Turning to organisms, we cannot refuse the evidence of some system, perhaps of more than one system, of evolution; and yet, with the possible exception of evolution by sudden changes, there is no system that has stood the test. There is no even plausible line of ascent up to the body of man. Science shows us that whatsoever in evolution can be considered as established rests primarily on the action of an internal force. All that we know of evolution points to law."

The place of chance and of accident in the world of living things is entirely due to the limitation of our understanding of the order in which they exist. As Professor Dwight says:

"Science shows us that in what, for want of a better name, we call accidental variation, there is some regulating principle, presumably closely allied to that which presides over adaptations, reproducing occasionally features of structure which by no possibility can have been inherited, which would imply not only absolutely different, but, so to speak, contradictory lines of descent. We have not the clue to the puzzle of variations, but in their very irregularities they point to law."

In the light of what we know of Professor Dwight's last days, his concluding paragraph is especially interesting. Friends were highly edified by the calm, Christian spirit in which he met what he knew was inevitable. For more than a year he was quite aware that death was upon him and that all that surgery could do was merely palliative. A surgeon who was a dear personal friend for many years had done all that was possible, and then Professor Dwight went about his work as calmly as if the end were not so near and there were years of work ahead of him. As the end approached and bodily suffering was added to the mental strain under which he lived, friends who were not themselves Catholics said that "if the

Catholic religion could make a man and all his family receive affliction in such a spirit it was a faith that *all* must reverence." It is easier to understand this calm spirit after reading the concluding words of the book:

"Finally, reason by the light of faith tells us that a plan of creation worthy of God must include the supernatural, and be grand beyond human conception. Anything less would be but a grotesque caricature. This is not to say that the world does not take the course prescribed by the laws of nature, but that there is something far beyond and above the natural sphere. The triumph of souls, who, by serving God have stood the test and won the crown is so immeasurably great that the fate of the stars and planets, of myriads of merely physical worlds is less than nothing when weighed against it."

In the midst of the confusion of thought and disturbance of mind over the problems of man's place and destiny in the universe, so common during our generation, Professor Dwight had found a safe harbor for himself with peace of mind and satisfaction of reason. He had done so not by concealing from himself any of the difficulties, nor by masking the strength of opposing arguments. He knew the reasons for his faith and held it all the more firmly. It is no wonder then, that he was inclined to pity those who would not follow out their thoughts to ultimate logical conclusions, or who feared to do so because of the practical applications to their mode of life and belief that these might have. In an early chapter of the book on *Thought of the Day* he had expressed this very simply yet with feeling. He said:

"The work of sham science in first deceiving and then demoralizing the population has been well done. We find men and women of all degrees outside of the Catholic Church lamenting that all their foundations of belief are gone and that science is the torrent that has swept them away. How complete is the deception of which even men of high abilities are the victims will be shown by the writings of educated non-Catholics of more or less reputation during the last generation as men of science or as general critics. It is instructive if disheartening reading. A very striking feature is the implied, sometimes the frankly expressed, admission that a logical answer to their perplexities is impossible; yet they will not turn to the Church which alone can furnish it."

BELGIAN CATHOLICS AND THEIR SCHOOLS.

BY F. W. GRAFTON, S.J.



THE school question is in the present day one of the most "live" questions in every country under the sway of what is usually spoken of as western civilization. This means, of course, that civilization which, in its ethical aspect, is the outcome of some nineteen centuries of Christianity. The tide of Christianity has, indeed, ebbed and flowed many times during those centuries, but the broad result has been that the old pagan moral code has been swamped and that throughout Europe and America there prevails a fairly universal conviction, sub-conscious, perhaps, at times, yet, in reality, always present, that the Christian code of morals is the only basis on which society can solidly rest. Still, the alternate ebb and flow continues and will continue. It is one of the inevitable accompaniments of the existence of Christ's kingdom upon earth. He has promised to His Church the final victory, but not the certainty of conquest in every battle that is waged. This, in His divine providence He leaves largely to the hazard of the fight or rather to the strategical skill and powers of leadership of bishops and priests, the officers of the Church militant, and to the sturdiness and courage of the rank and file in the fighting line, the Catholic laity.

For close on eighteen centuries the schools were left unquestioningly in the hands of the Church. Even where the scarce three century-old Protestantism prevailed, this was still the case. The belief in the paramount importance of the supernatural still flourished; and though the principles on which Protestantism was based had already poisoned the roots, yet the tree was a sturdy one and the evil worked its way only slowly up through the branches to its attack on flower and fruit. But as those principles slowly but surely came to their own and were reinforced by one of those outbursts of paganism or materialism or whatever you like to call it—our Lord used to call it "the world"—which nearly always accompanies

an increase of material prosperity either in the individual or in the commonwealth, the civil power laid hands on the schools and claimed them as its own, saying, that the *primary* object of the schools was to fit people for life in this world. The Church had always maintained that the *primary* object was to fit men for the next world. The issue was thus a clear one. But though it was clear then and is clear now, yet, such is the power of that sub-conscious recognition of the basic value of Christian morality and of the fundamental truths on which it itself rests—that scarcely anywhere do you get it stated in this clear way. Anything is put forward as a pretext for turning religion out of the schools rather than an open denial of the supernatural, for the popular conscience would not tolerate that, and as long as we pretend to be enjoying the blessing of democratic governments, the popular conscience, at least in public utterances, must be considered.

Now the interest for Catholics throughout the world of the present struggle over the school question in Belgium is this. First, of course, Belgium is the particular spot on the earth's surface where is taking place what should prove for the moment a decisive engagement in the perennial struggle between the world and the Church, and it is our business to take an interest in the fortunes of any of the Church's troops. Moreover, it is an engagement on this new battle-ground of the schools, which, as I have said, is scarcely more than a century old, and all of us have, therefore, much in the way of tactics to learn from the contest. Secondly, it is the only modern instance of a similar struggle taking place with a frankly Catholic party in power. And thirdly, this same Catholic party has met the enemy on their own ground and shown clearly to all the world that true toleration of all men's honest opinions can be based on sound Catholic principles, without having anything to do with that washy type of toleration which is so popular in the present day and has its only real foundation in scepticism as to the value of all religion. No good Catholic denies to-day any more than in the thirteenth or any other century that the state should be the open supporter of the Church. But equally no Catholic denies that in the majority of countries to-day with their divided beliefs and absence of beliefs—giving them all the credit of being

honest—that a wise toleration makes most for the public peace and for the good of society. The Catholic Church will never abandon her ideal, for the very good reason that it is rooted in indisputable truth, but she was instituted by Christ for the realities and actualities of life and has never failed, where it was for the good of souls, in adapting herself to the circumstances of the times as far as was possible without violating her principles. And the policy followed by the Catholic government of Belgium for more than a quarter of a century is a concrete example of this.

The elementary schools in Belgium, as at present constituted are regulated by the laws of 1884 and 1895. Yet, though these laws had their origin under a Catholic government, the Catholic schools are still at a disadvantage before the law. For it was not the policy of the government to make any violent changes in the organization of the schools; they were content to let justice come to its own by gradual stages.

There exist three types of elementary schools in Belgium. The free public elementary school is maintained by the municipal or communal authority and is staffed by lay teachers or by religious as that authority may choose. Religious instruction is given for half an hour every day, either at the beginning or end of one of the normal school periods, so that conscientious objectors may have the opportunity of withdrawing their children from it, if they wish. This instruction is given either by the teacher, or if he object, by someone else approved by the local authority. Doctrinally, it is under the control of the parish priest. Moreover, in virtue of Article 17 of the Belgian Constitution, schools may be opened by private individuals and religious instruction of any type may be given or religious instruction may be entirely omitted as the proprietors of these schools may determine. Thirdly, such private schools, provided they charge no fees and also provided that in respect of efficiency, sanitation, etc., they come up to the standard required in the public schools, may be "adopted" by the local authorities, that is, be maintained by them. They must of course also submit to state inspection, and religious instruction has to be given at the beginning or end of either the morning or afternoon class period as in the

public schools. Where such a school is in existence the municipality may dispense with the establishment of a public school unless at least twenty heads of families having children of school age demand a public school. In that case the municipality is bound to provide one.

For the financing of both public and "adopted" schools the local authorities are in the first place responsible but they receive subsidies for this purpose both from the national and provincial exchequer. The free schools that are not "adopted" by the commune or municipality receive only the subsidies provided by the state, but at the same rate as the maintained schools. There are, of course, schools that fulfill all the condition for "adoption" and accept state inspection, but which the local authorities refuse to "adopt," and these are technically known as "adoptable" schools.

Such, in outline, is the legal aspect of the present situation. Let us see now how it works out in practice. At first sight one would imagine that for all parties especially for Catholics in a country mainly Catholic nothing could be fairer. There is religious instruction apparently in all the public schools, freedom of conscience and freedom for private enterprise in founding other types of schools which, when scholastically efficient, may receive support from public funds. A few figures will, however, make the real situation clear. There are at present in attendance at the public schools 67,000 children, at the "adopted" schools 236,000, at the "adoptable" schools 182,331, and at other elementary schools 57,000. Now why is there such a comparatively small number of scholars in the public schools where religious instruction is supposed to be provided, and why is there an overwhelmingly larger number in the "adopted" and "adoptable" schools? The fact is, that nearly all these latter types of schools, which have to be provided out of private funds even when they are "adopted" and maintained by the public authority, have been established by Catholics for the very good reason that their consciences would not in most cases allow them to send their children to the public schools. It will be remembered that a clause of the law allows the children of conscientious objectors to be withdrawn from religious instruction. Now, in the large towns especially, where the Socialists and anti-clericals are most in

force, this clause has been taken advantage of by the municipal councils hostile to religion. The people have been canvassed and peaceful persuasion of the recognized anti-clerical type employed to obtain signatures authorizing the withdrawal of children from religious instruction, with the result that in Brussels, for instance, 80 per cent of the children in the public schools are thus dispensed! In Antwerp also the 22,537 children in the public schools never hear a word of religious instruction, so that in that city Catholics have been forced to spend during the past twenty-five years well over a million dollars in providing schools to which their consciences would allow them to send their children. Moreover, the anti-clerical municipalities staff their schools with teachers of their own way of thinking, and on various pretexts hinder the clergy from giving religious instruction even to those children whose parents demand it.

This policy is naturally not without its result on the religious life of the people. In the mining district, for instance, of Charleroi, a region that was originally strongly Catholic, a third of all the marriages and a fifth of all the burials now take place without the blessing of the Church. Again in one commune of this district a third of the children remain unbaptized and of thirty-one marriages only nine took place in a church. In another out of twenty-eight burials only seven were celebrated with the assistance of a priest!

Small wonder, then, that the Catholic government of Belgium has set itself to work, while there is yet time, to remedy this state of affairs. Yet the task was not an easy one. There were at the same time other educational deficiencies to be remedied, while this primary one, from the Catholic point of view, had to be so dealt with that no loophole should be left for the enemies of the Church to allege that anyone's liberty of conscience had been in any way violated. Most of all was this a delicate matter in that the government had determined to include in its new law what the Socialists had long been clamoring for, namely, free and obligatory elementary education up to the age of fourteen for all children in the country; and this compulsory school attendance had to be imposed without doing any violence to the honest religious or irreligious convictions of any parent.

Thus, in the first place, we may notice that the opposition received from the government the measure of school reform on which they had laid most stress. Nor was this all. The age at which a child might leave school was to be raised to fourteen years; practical instruction in various trades and occupations was to be included in the elementary school curriculum; salaries of teachers were to be increased, and means taken to provide for greater efficiency in the staffing of the schools. Yet all this was of no avail to stem the tide of opposition so long as the new law was to give to Catholics the opportunity of sending their children to schools where their faith would not be endangered; so long as it was to free Catholics from an unjust burden of double taxation, that of maintaining their own schools, and that of supporting the public schools. In a Catholic country the condition of Catholics in this regard was analogous to that of Catholics in Protestant England though not quite so advantageous. It was incomparably inferior to the conditions that govern Catholic schools in Holland and Germany both predominantly non-Catholic countries.

The opposition to the introduction of compulsory attendance at school had, it is true, come from the Catholic side. But this was not, as their enemies are fond of alleging, because Catholics are obscurantists and the foes of education and progress. It was rather because they knew the value to be set on their faith and quite rightly felt that it was better to send their children to no school at all than to one where they would encounter only hostility to their religion, and, as has been said, in many districts only such schools were available. For where the anti-clericals had a majority on the local boards the municipal schools were no more neutral than are the so-called neutral schools in France. Indeed, this irreligious spirit which the Belgian Catholics have to combat, consists largely of the overflow of French anti-clerical sewage which has found its way across the common frontier, the common language providing an all too easy channel for it.

The law whose primary object was to meet this unsatisfactory state of affairs was the work of M. Schollaert's cabinet. Its main provision is a most ingenious scheme of unique interest, yet extremely simple and intelligible. It has in addition the merit of emphasizing in a concrete form the great

Catholic principle that it is the parents in the first place, and not the state, who have the duty and the right of determining what religious instruction shall be given to their children. Briefly, the system is this: A coupon, called a *bon scolaire*, is given by the government to every parent for each child of school age in his family. This coupon has a monetary value equal to two-thirds of the cost of a child's education in one of the free schools and is redeemable by the state. It must, however, be presented to the authorities of the school which the child frequents and its face value is then paid over to that authority. Moreover, the *bon scolaire* is available not only for the public and "adopted" schools, but also for all free schools which are "adoptable." Of the expenses of the *bons scolaires* sixty per cent is taken from the national exchequer, ten per cent from the provincial and thirty per cent from the communal funds. A committee consisting of a president and six members, two provided by each of the above three financial administrations, will control the clearing-house process for the just distributions of the various funds. The remaining third of the cost of a child's education, which the value of the coupon does not cover, has to be provided, in the case of public and "adopted" schools by the local authority, and in the case of "adoptable" schools by the proprietors. From this it will be seen that even under the Schollaert law, though it makes a great advance on previous conditions, the private Catholic schools would not be on a completely equal footing with the public schools. Yet the main weight of the financial burden would be removed and it would be possible to establish distinctively Catholic schools wherever they are needed.

The great advantage of the system of the *bon scolaire* is its prospective stability, and it is this as much as anything that has provoked the bitter opposition of the anti-clericals and caused a temporary check to the project. The *bon scolaire* embodies in a tangible form, which even the humblest citizen can appreciate, the right of the parent to choose the school to which he will send his child. Once introduced it would become to him the symbol of that right, and woe to the anti-clerical government that should at any time endeavor to restrict his use of it. The Belgian parents, who are the last people

in the world to allow their individual liberty to be interfered with, would resist uncompromisingly the tampering with a right secured in so concrete a fashion.

The opposition on the public platform to the proposed law has naturally been based on every pretext save the real one—hatred of Catholicism. In the first place the project was declared to be unconstitutional. This objection was supposed to find its justification in Articles 17 and 25 of the Belgian Constitution. The first of these declares that the right to establish schools is free to all and that the public schools are under the control of the state and are to be supported by public funds. From this the opposition would draw the conclusion that private schools may not be subsidized from public funds without infringement of the Constitution. M. Schollaert, in his speech of May 20, 1911, effectually disposed of this sophism and, moreover, proved triumphantly that for more than eighty years subsidies had been paid by the state to private enterprise in education of all grades without any one for a moment suspecting its illegality. Article 25 secures the administrative autonomy of the *Commune*, and this too was now supposed to be encroached upon. But M. Schollaert again showed that while the *communes* were called upon to pay no more than before for education, it was the heads of families themselves belonging to each *Commune* who determined in what way the money should be spent. There was only this difference that the individuals were freer than before in their choice. Thus, communal autonomy in the matter was rather increased than diminished.

The truth is, that the compulsory education demanded so loudly by the anti-clericals, meant for them a universal system of public schools, without religious teaching at all, which all children would be compelled to attend. In other words they wanted to introduce the French "neutral" school, which all the world knows means a type of school essentially irreligious and atheistic. They were so short of sound arguments against the proposed law that they actually charged the government with the desire to squander public funds on religious education while they themselves would have all children attend the public schools, and all these schools supported entirely by public funds. The anti-clerical education budget

would thus far exceed that of the Catholic proposal. Again the old charge of subsidizing the religious orders out of public moneys is a futile one. The law proposed to deal with *free* schools and the large majority of those conducted by religious charge fees. Indeed, in the free schools there are only 442 religious employed as teachers as against 13,628 lay teachers! and the *bon scolaire* could not be used for the support of a school where payment is required.

But for the moment this most interesting and admirable experiment in educational legislation has received a check. It was, as was only to be expected, met by the anti-clericals with parliamentary obstruction, and the procedure in the Belgian Chamber renders this only too easy. For the preliminary examination of any proposed law there are six subordinate committees and a central one. These are chosen by lot, and consequently it may easily happen, where a party possesses so narrow a majority as the Catholic party in Belgium, that the lot may give the opposition the majority on several of these committees. This is what actually happened when the Education Bill came up for consideration last May. On three of the subordinate committees the anti-clericals had a majority, and these three refused to report on the bill. As, however, the Central Committee cannot proceed to deal with a bill unless it be reported favorably by a majority of the subordinate committees, this meant that the proposed law would be shelved indefinitely. M. Schollaert then had recourse to a constitutional but unprecedented measure. He proposed to refer the Bill to a special commission elected by the whole Chamber and, therefore, necessarily containing a government majority. It was this that for the moment wrecked the Education Bill and at the same time the Schollaert Cabinet. M. Woeste, one of the leaders of the Catholic party who had all along been strongly opposed to the principle of compulsory education in any form, now took further exception to M. Schollaert's unprecedented step. To carry their law through, the Schollaert Cabinet required the solid support of all Catholics, and this revolt of M. Woeste's—whose position after all is not quite clear even to many of the Belgians themselves—caused the King of Belgium after consultation with leaders of both political parties, to ask for an adjournment of the bill. His Majesty

had always spoken warmly in favor of the principle of the Schollaert law, and it was apparently merely as an act of prudence that he desired the adjournment, in order to give time for a closer study of the details and also for popular passions to cool down. The Socialists had been raising an agitation against the law on their old lines and the not unmerited reputation which the Belgian mob have for expressing their opinions by street rioting showed every sign of being once again confirmed. M. Schollaert, who was prepared to stake all on what he believed to be a truly national measure—for he had embodied in his bill, as has been explained, the main features, too, of the opposition demands—then resigned. This means that the proposed law is for the present put out of court and must wait until after the elections of 1912 to be reintroduced, that is, supposing the Catholics return with their majority intact. This majority is, however, so narrow, one of eight votes only, that no one can speak with certainty as to the outcome of next year's elections. At the same time there is good hope, for the Belgian Catholics have again closed up their ranks, and time and again the results of past elections have shown that there is no better banner for Catholics to fight under than that of Catholic education for Catholic children.

New Books.

A SOGGARTH'S LAST VERSES. By Father Matthew Russell, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 75 cents.

Readers already familiar with the secular verses—and again with the religious verses—of a certain high-hearted “soggarth,” will welcome alike with pleasure and regret these *last verses* from his pen. For no one is quite ready for the swan song of Father Matthew Russell. It is more than thirty years since the words of this blithe and learned son of St. Ignatius began to enrich our Catholic literature. In prose and verse he has spoken to us with humor and pathos and erudition; in fields devotional, apologetic, historical—and in that form of essay which a critic has amiably defined as “rambling around a subject.” Father Matthew Russell has become, indeed, an institution among English-speaking Catholics: “doing the King’s work all the dim day long,” he has prospered the cause of Catholic letters by precept and example. God grant him (since he is fain to jump by mystic *elevens*) a safe arrival at the goal of eighty-eight!

Tucked away among these present verses is an exquisite little prose translation of Louis Veuillot’s “Sleepy Carthusian,” which no one ought to miss.

HURDCOTT. By John Ayscough. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$150.

The announcement of another book by John Ayscough will be a gratification to all readers of his *San Celestino* and *Mex-sogiorno*. This new story is called *Hurdcott*, and the setting is England of the early nineteenth century. The heroine, finely and nobly conceived, the Englishman whose Buddhist belief is so strangely conquered by Catholicity, and finally, Hurdcott himself, the young Chalkshire shepherd of unknown origin and lonely life, to whom tragedy brings his greatest happiness, these are the characters. The story has the simple qualities of greatness; its dignity, however, is relieved by a humor half-gentle, half-satirical, but always a delight. In this humor, and in the construction of plot, we note again the

resemblance to the best of George Eliot's works. The perfection of style is a rarity and a deep pleasure. Our only possible criticism is a regret that the author's skillful and very delightful introduction of Charles and Mary Lamb does not further continue into the development of the story.

THE DANGER ZONE OF EUROPE. By H. Charles Woods.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3.50.

LIFE IN THE MOSLEM EAST. By Pierre Ponnafidine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.

The present Turko-Italian War lends a special interest to this volume, dealing with conditions, changes, and problems in the Near East. Its chapter on the Turkish Army and Navy will show a reader that Italy has little to fear in the present contest.

The author has traveled extensively and leisurely; talked intimately with the officials, missionaries and peasants of all the provinces of the Near East territory. He states that he writes the facts without bias or prejudice of any kind.

He has, no doubt, honestly tried to live up to this claim, but we do not think he has been successful; in fact, we think such an achievement impossible to any man who is human and who knows the Near East question. Nevertheless, the present volume is a most valuable book, and one that gives the reader a good introduction to a question that has been crying for a solution for hundreds of years, and a question to which no Christian and particularly no Catholic can be indifferent.

The book treats extensively and with first-hand knowledge of the new *régime* of the Young Turks; Turkey's Army and Navy; the Albanian Question; the massacres throughout Armenia in 1909; the effect of the new *régime* in Asiatic Turkey; the Cretan Question; the military revolution in Greece; the independence of Bulgaria; Servia, Montenegro and Bosnia.

The author begins with the statement that he will put down just what he heard and saw, yet, later, he confesses his sympathy with the Turk in the Turk's best aspirations, in other words, with the development of a strong Ottoman Empire. He admits that he does not tell many of the atrocities of the Armenian massacres of 1909, because they are unprintable.

Yet, we believe, that they have an essential bearing on the whole question, for they explain in part why an Ottoman Empire is unthinkable for any Christian. Though complicated by innumerable lesser political, religious and racial problems, the Near East Question practically resolves itself into a contest between Christianity and civilization on the one hand and Moslemism and decay on the other. The author himself sees this when, writing of a possible union of Moslems and Christians in Albania, he says: "The danger from the civilization point of view is that there is no doubt that a great Moslem propaganda will be inaugurated."

It is vain to speak of a Turkish government that will do anything like justice to its Christian subjects. Recent history supports the history of the past to prove that Moslemism is professedly the foe of Christianity. The growth and increase of an Ottoman Empire are abhorrent to every lover of civilization.

Life in the Moslem East is written by the Russian Consul General in Constantinople and has been translated into English by his wife. It also is the account of one who has lived and traveled much in the East and who tells what he himself has seen and heard. He confines himself to descriptions of the external life of the Mussulman, with some discussion on the Koran, the position of women, and the religious life of the people in general. He discusses no problems, but tells in a pleasant, narrative way of the life in the Moslem East—Asiatic Turkey, Arabia, India and Persia. He is sympathetic with his subject, yet he does not hesitate now and again to point out faults and shortcomings. In particular he shows that divorce is one of the great curses of Islamism. The book contains many chapters of interesting descriptions, for the life of the East, particularly that of the Bedouin, has its fascination. This work shows in its own way just as effectively as does *The Danger Zone of Europe*, that a compromise between East and West, Christianity and Moslemism, is impossible. The life of the East will have to see an absolute change, will have to be torn up by its roots, ere it can be grafted upon the tree of the world's civilization. The volume has numerous illustrations and is splendidly presented. We think that a map and an index would make desirable additions.

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION. By John M. Gillette. New York: The American Book Company. \$1.

The author tells us in his Preface that this book is the outcome of his work while teaching in 1905 in the State Normal School of Valley City, North Dakota. What he means by vocational education he also tells us: it "is broad enough in meaning to cover all the training courses which are needed to meet the practical demands of life." He divides his book into three parts, treating respectively the educational renaissance, social demands on education, and methods of socialization, which all contain several chapters on a variety of subjects supposed to have some immediate connection with education.

Here and there we find some good things in the book, but one cannot help noticing that the author is somewhat like a rudderless ship whenever he attempts to deal with the question of morality or the teaching of it. He strives hard to build up a structure totally independent of religion, and succeeds simply in giving us the "emotional attitudes" of a gentleman named Bagley. A school-garden, the care of tools and other articles will develop (we are told) the sense of property right. It is maintained that the American public school system is the ideal, and that this and that craze are necessary for fitting a child for life's battle. Blind theorizing abounds everywhere. Ground that was effectually turned and cultivated centuries ago is now gone over and treated as if it were virgin soil.

If the methods of the Catholic Church were more fully studied, and some vigorous attempts made to understand its attitude towards the education of youth, many pages of this and similar books need not have been written. That the author does not possess the necessary knowledge of the Catholic attitude is quite evident. This illuminating sentence is given on page 192: "In the encyclical of 1908 the Pope permits Catholics to send their children to public schools, but puts the ban on 'Modernism.'" It is quite evident what condition of mind has given rise to this sentence. Are we to judge similarly the statement on page 150 that Thomas Moore wrote the *Utopia*? If we extract some statistics which have been culled from other writers, there is nothing of value remaining in *Vocational Education*.

THE LIVES OF THE POPES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Vols. VI., VII., and VIII. By Rev. Horace K. Mann. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3. a volume.

We have already called attention to the previous Lives of this series in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* for February, 1911. The three volumes now under consideration have as a subtitle "The Gregorian Renaissance" because the influence of that great Pope, St. Gregory the Seventh, dominated the whole period, 1049 A. D. to 1130 A. D.; he gave it its character and shaped its spirit.

Of the thirteen Popes whose "Lives" are recounted in these volumes, six had Hildebrand as friend, counsellor, and guide before he himself ascended the pontifical throne—and the six who succeeded him, walked in the path he had traced, and carried forward the lines of his policy.

Coming to power after one of the worst periods in the Church's history, Gregory the Seventh stands forth as the greatest reformer among all the Popes, the projector and embodiment of mediæval ideals, the strenuous asserter of the Church's independence, the upholder of its sovereignty over the whole Catholic world.

He initiated the first acts of a world-drama which held the stage of Europe for three hundred years and more; it reached its highest activity in Innocent the Third, and its denouement came with Boniface the Eighth—and though mediæval ideals lingered on for a much longer time, they had ceased to claim the undivided attention of mankind.

It is not possible for the wit of man to make portions of the history of the eleventh and twelfth centuries edifying or pleasant reading. Our author has done much, however, in bringing out the Christian faith, piety, zeal and fidelity that did exist in those days, though for the most part they were days of trial and suffering for God's Church.

It was an age of violence and confusion, of building up and breaking down, of Norman invasion and Saracen attack, yet it was redeemed somewhat by great saints and scholars. It was the golden age of monastic observance and diffusion, it was the period which gave birth to the Crusades, which in themselves are evidence of widespread, enthusiastic faith.

To recount the triumph of Gregory the Seventh, in reforming the Church, to enter on the problems of the age,—lay-

investiture, and the co-ordination of the spiritual and the temporal, would carry us too far, and we send our readers to these scholarly, well-documented volumes with the assurance of pleasure and profit in their exposition and solution.

THE HISTORY OF ROME AND THE POPES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. English translation by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. I. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$4.50.

In this first volume and in those which are to follow we have one of those erudite studies which are a credit to Catholic scholarship and to the great Society of which the author is a member.

There is in truth a vast literature bearing on the general subject written from many points of view. But, as the author remarks in his Preface there is no complete and trustworthy history of the inner side of life in mediæval Rome which is so necessary a clue if we would rightly understand the import of many outward events. His purpose accordingly is twofold; to deal with Rome as a city—in its local fortunes, its changes and developments, and also, to recount its world-wide influence and mission as the focus and seat of Christian civilization.

The recent additions to our knowledge in the way of excavations and research, of monuments and documents are so numerous that they have lessened the value of what used to be considered the standard work on the subject, that of Gregoravius. Passing over the fact that it was written fifty years ago, it is the work of a non-Catholic who never rose to the true conception of what the Church is and who, despite many a high tribute, was an enemy of the Papacy.

This first volume deals mainly with three topics: the transition from Paganism, monumental Rome both classic and early Christian, and the history of the Popes down to the fall of the Empire. While all three are treated in a way at once learned and interesting, it is evident that the archæological side has been for the author a labor of love. The minute detail, the happy speculation, the latest word of modern research are here to be had with their bearing both on classic narratives and their testimony to early Christian faith and practice.

In a word, the History is of value to scholars, of interest to the thoughtful reading public; and we look forward with expectancy to its continuation and completion.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hilaire Belloc, M.A. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.

The researches of historians have by no means ceased as regards the history of the French Revolution. Gradually new documents are seeing the light, while the source, the progress, the outcome of the movement are obtaining more critical and impartial treatment than heretofore. As Mr. Belloc rightly points out, bias has had a great deal to do with shaping several stories of the great upheaval. His attempt is to put the history of the Revolution in its proper perspective, seeking right causes, tracing out their inevitable results, and thus building up good history on well-laid foundations, not erecting the structure first, and then arguing how the building found its way into the air without any apparent sub-structure: not reading history backwards from a knowledge of after-events. Owing to the adoption of this sane and scientific method, Mr. Belloc has given us a book which, though small, must have a special and important place assigned it among the many histories of the Revolution.

He has not only brought to bear on the subject a knowledge of the literature of France which perhaps can hardly be surpassed by any other English-speaking writer, but he has brought, too, an intimate knowledge of the country where he served his term as a soldier and citizen. Now as a naturalized British subject he uses his experience and learning in a most commendable manner. It is frankly as a Catholic he writes (as he tells us in his Preface) and wholly in sympathy with the political theory of the Revolution. Therefore, he begins his work by stating rather extensively what this political theory is, and he devotes the later pages to setting forth clearly what the effects of that theory—and more particularly its application by politicians—are in relation to the Catholic Church, and how the pronounced antagonism between the French Republic and the Church came about. These chapters are well worth a most careful reading. Rousseau's theory of democracy, as propounded in *Contrat Social*, is analyzed briefly, and with considerable appreciation for the lucidity, terseness, and accuracy of that "wonderful book." For critics of this book Mr. Belloc has not much mercy; they either "have not read the work or, having read it, did so with an imperfect knowledge of the meaning of French words."

From this the chapters move on brightly to a consideration of the prominent characters of the Revolution: Louis XVI, a man of quiet, unostentatious, religious practices, but an incapable: Marie Antoinette, a busybody whose interferences in public life rushed on the country to the cataclysm, a woman who really thought that she was made of different and superior clay to other people on whom she accordingly looked with disdain, rather indifferent to religion but virtuous so far as practical morality went, though in language not all that she should have been; Mirabeau, a great man, absolutely devoid of religion, who took bribes but still remained independent in politics; La Fayette, who "never upon a single occasion did the right thing"; Dumouriez, the traitor; Danton, who thoroughly, more than other men, understood the national characteristics of the people; Carnot, the military genius of the Revolution; Marat, the insane; Robespierre, the just and incorruptible, who has been wrongly accused by posterity for the many crimes committed during the Terror. For the one who has not closely followed the different schools of thought on the Revolution, there will be many surprises in the brief paragraphs allotted to the above. For instance, the Terror itself becomes resolved into what has the appearance, at any rate, of being a necessary application of mere martial law minus formalities. Here, it was, that Robespierre was absolutely helpless, as he was totally ignorant of military affairs, and had to bend before the superior knowledge of Carnot. Why the Terror ceased when the head of Robespierre rolled in the sand Mr. Belloc explains well.

To most Catholics the final chapter on the relations of the Revolution and the Church will be read with greatest interest, and we venture to say with equally pronounced surprise. Here we have some salutary plain speaking which tends to solve a problem that has been thought impossible of solution by a certain class of mind. The rapid success of revolutionary enmity towards the Church was not the work of a day; it was the outcome of a religious decadence in France where "the Catholic Church was at a lower ebb than it had ever been since the preaching and establishment of it in Gaul." Bishops were bad (one was an atheist), priests were both ignorant and loose-livers, the laity had lost all sense of religion, and in court circles it was thought the proper thing to be

witty and sarcastic about matters pertaining to religion and the Church. "It is safe to say," writes the author, "that where one adult of the educated classes concerned himself seriously with the Catholic Faith and practice in France before the Revolution, there are five to-day." Comment is unnecessary. The Church was looked upon simply as an appendage of the hated monarchy, and when the one went down the other had necessarily to follow it—in the eyes of the French.

Some very useful military plans are inserted in the text, but they are reduced to such small dimensions that considerable difficulty is experienced in making out the details. As enlarged insets they would prove of great value to students of the wars of France with the Allies. We have noted a couple of small slips: "Diacletian" (p. 232), "the bishops should be elected" (p. 238). A more generously-printed, and much less eye-straining Index than the one now affixed should certainly have been given.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vols. X. and XI. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

With the twelfth volume of *The Catholic Encyclopedia* in their possession, subscribers who, at the outset, doubted the successful issue of the work are now wondering how soon the last volume will be in their hands, so rapidly has the publication been carried on. Like their predecessors, Volumes X. and XI. deserve praise for the large number of well-written and well-edited articles they contain.

Perhaps the most important theological article is that on the "Sacrifice of the Mass," by Dr. Joseph Pohle, who treats his subject with the thoroughness and mastery that marked his articles "Eucharist" and "Grace" in former volumes.

Eugène Jacquier, Professor of Scripture in the University of Lyons, writes on the "Gospel of St. Matthew." To him it seems probable that St. Matthew wrote his Gospel in Aramaic, not in Hebrew, and that Matthew's Greek translator used Mark's Greek Gospel, especially for our Lord's discourses. Of interest to every reader will be the article "Modernism," by Father Vermeersch. Like most "isms" Modernism is hard to define exactly, but the author has explained as lucidly as could be done the ideas and tendencies of the Modernists. Father Thurston, in his article on the "Holy Nails," states

that "very little reliance can be placed on the authenticity of the thirty or more holy nails that are still venerated." If one wishes to find real pleasure as well as information in the pages of the *Encyclopedia*, let him read Dr. Barry's brilliant articles on "Cardinal Newman" and the "Oxford Movement." In his article on the "Pentateuch," Father Maas sets forth clearly the witness of Scripture and Tradition, as well as the internal evidence for Mosaic authorship, in accordance with which testimony the Biblical Commission has declared that the arguments of the critics do not warrant us in maintaining that the books of the Pentateuch have not Moses for their author. He then adds a scholarly criticism of the theories of those who question the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. An article of special interest and importance just at this time is "Catholic Periodical Literature," a series of contributions by several authorities on the Catholic Press throughout the world.

We have noted some errors. For example, in the article, "Matteo of Acquasparta," the biographer's birthplace is misspelled every time it occurs. Again the author of the article on "New Mexico," writes: "Christmas is the only religious festival observed as a legal holiday in New Mexico." He then adds: "New Year's Day is also a legal holiday."

The editors are to be congratulated on the rapid progress of this excellent work.

JOHN RUSKIN: A STUDY IN PERSONALITY. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons. \$1.75.

This volume was written by one whose equipment leads us to expect a dignified and worthy attempt to explain the character of John Ruskin. It is written from the standpoint of discriminating admiration of what was noble, morally and spiritually wholesome and helpful in that great man. The mistakes, shortcomings and amazing limitations of Ruskin are dealt with, as they should be, in the hope of presenting them in their right place in his career. While the warmth of genuine sympathy is felt throughout the volume, at no time does the author lose his good sense of proportions and his instinctive grasp on the real meaning of Ruskin's life and work. Lovers of Ruskin will find the study delightful. Not a few pages suggest the rich feeling, the impetuous metaphor, and

emotional intensity of Ruskin himself. Ruskin's critics may find fault with the gentleness with which his limitations are explained, if not excused. But, after all, Ruskin belongs to those who love him.

He was an extraordinary man. His contributions to the discussion of the great moral truths that underlie human existence and relations were of a high order. He scattered inspiration through ten thousand lives and cleared the vision of natural beauty and quickened the sense of its charm for them. He proclaimed unbending faith in the moral purpose of life. He taught much that was true in art, in science, in ethics, in economics and in psychology. He erred frequently in understanding his own knowledge and was mislead many times by the vehemence of his convictions. Just because he was gifted with marvelous imagination and exquisite sensibility his feelings frequently clouded his judgment. Just because he saw great truths wonderfully and declared them in wonderful language he often saw lesser truths with blurred vision and misunderstood them. He may have erred in coming too near to the noble social ideals which seem to have the exalted sanction of heaven, but was his error greater than that of those who seemed to surrender faith in the same ideals and lazily tolerated the inexcusable failure of institutions to protect them.

If reservoirs of bitterness from which invective flowed forth were found in his richly endowed heart, there were also cradled in that same heart emotions whose purity, spiritual depth and varied richness give to us appreciations of life and of its supreme laws which only a limited number among the great ones of earth have been gifted enough to proclaim with becoming dignity. We may believe that the zone of influence in which his virtues operated and which his achievements inspired was immeasurably greater than that in which his mistakes bore any fruit. One of his own paragraphs suggests itself here:

As I myself look at it there is no fault nor folly of my life—and both have been many and great—that does not rise up against me and take away my joy and shorten my power of possession of sight of understanding, and every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it is with me now to help me in my grasp of this art and its vision. So far as I can rejoice in or interpret either, my power is owing to what there is of right in me. I dare to say it, that because through

my life I have desired good and not evil : because I have been kind to many ; have wished to be kind to all ; have willfully injured none ; and because I have loved much and not unselfishly, therefore, the morning light is yet visible to me on those hills, and you who read may trust my thought and word in such work as I have to do for you, and you will be glad afterward that you trusted them.

Benson's volume throughout takes practically this attitude in estimating Ruskin. The volume may be commended strongly to those who have been unable as yet to find the right point of view in estimating Ruskin, because it will teach them. It may be commended strongly to those who love Ruskin and rejoice in the power of the truth which he proclaimed—and the writer gratefully numbers himself among them—because of the exalted and justified estimate of Ruskin which is set forth.

We Catholics may justly find much of which to complain in the work of Ruskin. His misunderstanding of Catholicity was quite as remarkable as in a certain way was his understanding of it. Nevertheless, there are scattered throughout his volumes instances of great spiritual penetration. What worthy lessons may be found in many of his lectures on art and architecture, and with what profit may this day of secularism take to itself these words on religion :

Anything which makes religion its second object makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart but there is one thing He will not put up with, a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place. And there is another mighty truth which you all know, that he who makes religion his first object makes it his one object : he has no other work in the world than God's work.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GODS. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

Opinions will differ considerably as to the artistic value of this book, but there will not be much divergence on the question of its interest. From start to finish it holds the attention of the reader. There is a thoroughly Eastern coloring throughout; a coloring, indeed, which renders it not quite suitable for the eyes of young people. The moral ideas of the East,

which do not agree on all points with those of the West, are described as the opportunity is given.

The reputed son of people devoid of caste, Chun feels within himself the call to great deeds and a high place in the world. He tests his dreams by plunging into the sacred waters which popular superstition claimed would destroy any but the priests. Coming out of the tank unscathed he is firmly convinced that he is one of the demigods. Then, as if to strengthen his fantasy he is accosted by a figure, which, in the moonlight he takes to be that of a goddess. Henceforth, for her he lives, and on this passion, and the subsequent companionship of the two depend the most powerful chapters in the book. Besides a talent for clear description the author has considerable power in characterization.

SIDELIGHTS ON CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.

In a small volume dedicated to Victor Berger and made up of lectures delivered on various occasions, Mr. Spargo addresses his fellow socialists on certain problems that concern themselves. The real character of Marx, his relation to recent phases of the development of Socialism, and the ever acute problem of "what to do with the intellectuals?" form the topics of the three discourses. Of course they are interestingly treated, and of course the book is useful to every student of contemporary socialism, although it reveals little that is unfamiliar to those acquainted with the author's previous works.

One of the interesting sidelights not purposely uncovered is the poverty of the Socialist conception of the word "spiritual." It is rather a favorite word with our author, but a disappointing one,—witness the hollow ring of his pages (58–64) where he enlarges upon the spiritual side of Marx's nature.

Indeed, given so reasonable and persuasive an exponent of Socialism as Mr. Spargo, we should find it hard to detect any irreconcilable difference between his policy and legitimate social reform, until we come at the "spiritual" considerations. More and more the men of his school are confining themselves to purely scientific discussions. Less and less therefore, and almost never of set purpose, do they offend our religious prejudices. When they shall have utterly lost that

philosophical attitude which is really their distinctive characteristic, and shall in consequence have ceased to be what Socialists hitherto have been, in a word when Socialism is at last an essentially different thing from what in doctrine and in life, history shows it hitherto to have been, then, but only then, can there be realized Mr. Spargo's dream of a whole-hearted alliance between "him and his" and "us and ours."

THE LONG ROLL. By Mary Johnston. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.40.

Miss Johnston's book is very little of a romance and very much of a history—to our great satisfaction indeed, but to the disappointment of many readers who prefer books less serious and less long. Official records, local traditions, private papers, and personal reminiscences have been drawn upon heavily and utilized carefully, in the tracing out of the details of Stonewall Jackson's military career; for around his achievements the story is built. To historical accuracy must be added vivid realism as among the characteristics of the book. Of course, it also has faults—too flaring a color and too heavy a brush disfigure many of the scenes. With the fault of frequent failure in due reticence must be classed also a Southern partisanship and an exaggerated Virginiaism, which most of us, however, will find it not difficult to excuse. More blameworthy is the mean spirit which controls her representation of the Frederick Jesuit—a man whose memory still lingers in that old Maryland town, to refute the very unlovely characterization of him which Miss Johnston curiously enough has elected to lay before us here.

The two maps on the inside covers—notably the map of the Shenandoah Valley—are very helpful to the reader. A second volume is to follow the present one. It may easily be fairer and more skillful; it will hardly be as interesting as the really fascinating series of pictures which flash out from the six hundred pages of *The Long Roll*.

EDUCATION AS GROWTH, OR THE CULTURE OF CHARACTER.

By L. H. Jones, A.M. New York: Ginn & Co. \$1.25.

In this era of pseudo-scientific agnosticism when many of the false theories of Haeckel and Spencer are still taught as absolute dogmas in our public schools and colleges, it is significant to find a man like Professor Jones, testifying to the

absolute necessity of a religious basis for all true education, on the strength of convictions gained as the result of over forty years' experience in our public educational system. His book *Education as Growth* is a series of arguments for the existence of the soul, taken from psychology, philosophy, and his personal experience and an earnest appeal to teachers to adjust all their instruction to the needs of the individual soul.

Professor Jones is endeavoring throughout to suggest a religious ideal of life and education, and his best utterances have this aim in view: e.g., "The perfection of culture is to think clearly, to aspire nobly, to drudge cheerfully, to sympathize broadly, to decide righteously, and to perform ably" (p. 115). Again "Doing God's will is the only means of perfecting our spiritual sight or spiritual insight, to which we must trust for further spiritual knowledge" (p. 142). However, in speaking of the final "purpose of education," he is frankly unable to speak "with accuracy and precision" (p. 183). Although he regrets that many a scientist has no "feeling of faith in many practical and religious questions merely because he has never studied the facts on which such conclusions are based" (p. 135), Professor Jones himself seems to be unacquainted with that great body of Christian experience upon which the conclusions of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Ignatius Loyola, and Blessed Thomas à Kempis are based. On p. 133 this writer maintains that "faith never arises without having been preceded by special thought"; but he seems as forgetful of the fact that philosophy is a valuable aid to religious idealism as he is mindful throughout of the value of philosophy for educational idealism.

In the endeavor to base faith entirely upon a rather priggish introspection and thus make religion the product of an inverted and diluted mysticism, Professor Jones ignores the necessity of religious doctrine at the same time that he is expounding pedagogical doctrine. Consequently he falls into the error of making a plea for indifferentism in religion on the theory that each religion is merely a matter of "form or rite" (p. 161), a theory which he illustrates by comparing the various religions to different routes by which we may reach Chicago. Consciously or unconsciously, he finds it impossible to apply this idea of indifferentism in the matter of pedagogical creed. On pp. 76 and 120 he ridicules the conclusions

and methods of the materialists; on p. 272 he says: "A too close restriction to physical themes is liable to lead to agnosticism in reference to other forms of truth. Liberality of range in studies will restore sanity of judgment." Of Spencer he writes: "After he had assumed the rôle of philosopher he was still a prejudiced witness because of his early education. Even in his later years, when he had caught universality of view, he held to many of his early prejudices, thus vitiating many of his conclusions." In his later years Spencer, it is true, realized that materialism was a very narrow and very partial aspect of reality; yet, "rarely did he attempt to correct the views expressed in his early writings, although some of his later ones contradicted them" (p. 237).

Such destructive criticism of doctrines contrary to those held by Professor Jones is necessary if we believe with him that "wrong standards not only lead to activities that do not educate rightly, but prevent activities toward other and better ideals. Many immediate ideals may be right in themselves, but if realized, they make us tend to forget that there is anything higher or farther on. It is the teacher's office to keep the public reminded of the larger hope and the truer aim" (p. 189). We may profitably apply many of the immediate ideals suggested in this book, provided we keep in mind that there is the larger hope and the truer aim than are here embodied—the hope of perpetual union with the Divine Will and the aim of implanting and strengthening that hope in every human soul.

THE WAY THAT LEADS TO GOD. By The Abbé A. Saudreau.

Translated from the French by Leonora L. Yorke Smith.

Revised by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

Every book making for God's love with doctrinal soundness and devotional saneness is entitled to our welcome, but in this case the greeting is hearty. The names of the author, translator and editor are widely and favorably known in the field of Catholic literature, and guarantee a useful publication.

The book veritably leads the way in the practice of Christian perfection. How to seek God in prayer, how to embrace Him closely, how to discriminate His guidance from the mind's fantasies and the evil one's deceptions—this is the great purpose

of the book, wrought out compendiously but not scantily. We know not if a single good thing of weight, contributing to a pure-hearted religious service, is omitted.

The word "practical" characterizes the title. As a matter of fact these pages are transcribed from the author's notes used during many years of conferences to the Good Shepherd Nuns of the Mother House of Angers. Springing originally from study and prayer, the maxims, methods, illustrations here found, have been sifted free from superfluities by actual contact with living beings, by employment in the spiritual equipment of great numbers of souls devoted to Christian and community perfection.

Everywhere we meet with appeals to sound reason, to experience, to the native longings of the heart for higher things, all culminating in the final appeal to Catholic faith. Hardly the littlest spark of devotion is kindled into a flame except by the breath of holy doctrine. In this and other respects the book reminds us of the far-famed *Introduction to a Devout Life*, for it is a manual of ready use and reference for devout souls in all stations of life, including confessors, novice masters, chaplains of communities, and prefects of pious societies.

GEMMA GALGANI: A CHILD OF THE PASSION. By Philip Coghlan, C.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. 40 cents.

This adaptation from the Italian of the Consultor General of the Passionists, is the story of one of those saintly lives that develop and reach perfection only in the Catholic Church. Gemma Galgani died only a few years ago, and proves that God's arm of mercy and love has not been shortened, but that He still, as always, makes saints live among us and inspire us by their example. The events related are attested by unquestionable evidence.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO. Compiled and Edited by Georgina Pell Curtis. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2.

The work of compiling such a volume as the *American Catholic Who's Who*, must have been attended with labors and difficulties such as only one actually doing the work can know. But every thoughtful outsider can realize something of them, and our first word to the editor of this volume, Miss

Curtis, is one of sympathy and encouragement. There has long been need of a *Catholic Who's Who*, not only for the special worker who must know, but also for the general public at large. The present volume is the first of its kind, and hence it must necessarily be very much in the nature of an experiment. But Miss Curtis has succeeded, evidently after great labor, in producing a volume that contains much information and that will be useful to many. She has endeavored to give short sketches of the prominent Catholics of the country; with the events and achievements that have caused them to deserve prominence. A Catholic author, for example, is under discussion, and information concerning him is desired. This *Who's Who* will give the reader information concerning his education, the list of his works, etc. The volume seeks to cover every field of activity and includes every Catholic of note, so its utility is beyond question and we hope that it will receive sufficient support to warrant a second edition.

In the criticism of such a detailed work one is willing to, and indeed should, pass over minor defects of omission or of misstatement, such as, for example, including the name of Henry George, Junior. One cannot but hope, however, that in a second edition there will be shown a more positive standard of judgment than this present edition gives evidence of. In many cases the individual mentioned has been allowed to write his own biography and it has been inserted just as it stood, without that use of an editor's blue pencil which it emphatically demanded. Men who have but little claim to the attention of the Catholic body have been allowed to exploit their business; their political careers, in other words, have used the book as a personal advertisement. The biography of Mayor Gaynor of New York, who is by no means a Catholic, is nothing but a campaign document. The purpose of such a book should be to give the general reader a true idea of the prominence and work of the individual treated. Personal feeling and personal desire should both be disregarded. The standard of judgment should be objective, and it demands on the part of him who exercises it a thorough knowledge through trustworthy sources of the work accomplished by the particular individual whose name is allowed to have a place therein. The present volume gives much useful information, but it lacks almost entirely a sense of proportion. As a consequence,

unless the reader comes to it with foreknowledge, he will frequently be deceived and think that a particular Catholic is an important man whereas he may have no claim to importance at all. The application of a standard requires severity; it oftentimes brings as its reward enmity from those who are small enough to nourish enmity; it will be bitterly criticized by others who also have their standard of judgment, but it is an essential requirement for a thoroughly capable *Who's Who*, and we trust that Miss Curtis will not hesitate to use the pencil and the knife, too, in the preparation of a second edition.

BIBLE SYMBOLS. Designed and Arranged to Familiarize the Child with the Great Events of Bible History and to Stimulate Interest in Holy Writ. By Rev. Thomas C. Gaffney. Drawings by Max Bihn. Chicago and Boston: The John A. Hertel Company. \$2.

Practical helps to make study easier and more attractive for our children are always to be commended. When the helps are to aid the child to obtain a knowledge of the Bible, they are to be most highly commended. We have found *Bible Symbols* a book that, old and sophisticated as we are, was delightful and that so captured our attention that we lost thought of the flight of time. Both the author and the illustrator, one by the pen, the other by the brush, or, more accurately, the pen also, have prepared the text and stories of the Bible, illustrated them with designs familiar to every child, and presented them in a way that is clever, fascinating and, we believe, extremely useful. The child will be introduced by a few words to the Bible narrative, the narrative will then be taken up by a picture that stands for the next word or words; by naming the pictures the child becomes familiar with the whole narrative. It is the incentive to solve the puzzle, so to speak, that fascinates, and we do not hesitate to say that the compilers have made Bible study delightful and easy for children. We recommend the book to parents, to teachers, and to schools.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY, PRAGMATISM. By A. V. C. P. Huicinga. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. 60 cents.

In sending forth this criticism of Pragmatism, the author expresses the devout hope that many may "by faith learn

Jesus as the truth, and so learn to 'consecrate themselves to the truth as it is in Jesus!' We regret that this essay is not better calculated to further the realization of that hope. Pragmatism is a somewhat vague philosophy to start with, and the author's exposition of it lacks clearness and force. The reader will find a much more satisfactory discussion of the subject in *Theories of Knowledge*, by Leslie J. Walker.

PURE FOODS: THEIR ADULTERATION, NUTRITIVE VALUE AND COST. By John C. Olsen, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.

Dr. Olsen's little book on pure foods, which has recently appeared, is an excellent example of popularized science. It treats of a subject that is of importance to all and imparts a great deal of technical information, so that it can readily be grasped by the ordinary reader, and at the same time afford him a few hours of very interesting reading. The book tells us not only in general but also in particular, what food is, how it is made or obtained, just what its nutritive value is, and how it is commonly adulterated. Directions for thirty-seven experiments are given at the end of various chapters. Most of these are so simple that they place even the ordinary housewife in a position to detect many impurities that might be in the various food stuffs that she buys. At all events, the book would serve admirably for a text book in a course on domestic science. Here and there even references to the literature are given, but these are altogether too scarce, and the reader is left frequently without any means of following up the evidence or seeking further information when it seems desirable. Such opportunities the author could have increased without adding materially to the labor of the publisher.

DE QUALITATIBUS SENSIBILIBUS ET IN SPECIE DE COLORIBUS ET SONIS. By Hubert Gründer, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.

The title of this book might lead one to expect a general treatise on sensations from a scholastic point of view. The purport of the author is not, however, so extensive, though of none the less importance. The problem is one of Epistemology rather than Psychology. It is the long discussed question: Where are we to locate colors and sounds? Are they

in objects outside the mind or do they exist truly and properly as colors and sounds only in the mind itself? If we say that they exist in the mind alone, are we not involved in some kind of Idealism? There is nothing original in the author's answer to these questions. It is already to be found in current text books of scholastic philosophy. He maintains the position that colors and sounds reside as such only in the mind of the observer, but that they exist *fundamentally* in objects outside the mind. This position, however, is maintained with such cogency and so many considerations are brought up from modern scientific research that the opposing scholastic view, *vis.*, that sensible qualities reside formally in the object seems to be forever ruled out of court. Not the least point of value in the book is the copious citation of references from original sources. There is, however, no classified bibliography, which would have added materially to the scientific value of the work.

A CHEVALIER OF OLD FRANCE. By John Harrington Cox.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

It is the so-called Dark Ages that can give the joy of warm sunshine to us wearied by the electric glare. Honor, purity, and simple piety, the ideals of chivalry, are not only nobler, but pleasanter and more human than our universal money-getting craze. In education those ideals may easily be made a force, especially through the medium of literature. King Arthur was after all a greater man than Andrew Carnegie, nor does a class of children hesitate which to choose for a reading lesson. The literature of chivalry makes a quick appeal to boys and girls; it gives a safe outlet to the romantic, and an impetus to the idealistic in their natures. To many a poetry-loving boy the good blade of Sir Galahad is more real than his own father's gold-headed cane. This is by way of introducing a newly published volume by John Harrington Cox, A.M., Professor of English Philology in the West Virginia University. The second in the author's "Knighthood" series, this book is the *Chanson de Roland*, translated and adapted from Old French texts for the use of children between the ages of eleven and fourteen. It is the tale of the valor of the friends, Roland and Oliver, of the treason of Guenelon, and of the reprisals and conquests of Charlemagne—a tale of

excitement, nobility, and reality. The author is to be congratulated; his work is along right lines, and should be widely appreciated, both in and out of the school-room.

FRANCISCO FERRER: CRIMINAL CONSPIRATOR, by John A. Ryan, D.D. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 15 cents.) A remarkably restrained tone pervades this brochure, which is a critical examination of articles by William Archer, in *McClure's Magazine*. So far as one can judge impartially, Dr. Ryan answers effectually the many peculiar assertions of the Englishman. It is not to Spanish law that Dr. Ryan has recourse; he makes his points from a consideration of procedures in English and American courts of justice, and in military tribunals of America. This is the readier way to bring home to Americans the exaggerations and falsehoods circulated by the secular and anti-Catholic press throughout this country.

CERTITUDE: A STUDY IN PHILOSOPHY, by Rev. Aloysius Rotter, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.) Within the compass of some ninety pages Father Rotter demonstrates what is meant by certitude. He makes three main divisions in his work; the first containing fundamental and necessary notions in general, the second setting forth the requisites for certitude, and the third its properties. With such admirable clearness and simplicity of language does he prove his various theses that the object of his book—"to secure a greater esteem and love for the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas"—cannot help being attained. One point is particularly commendable, and that is the entire absence of those long quotations from the writings of friends and opponents, which so often have no other result than the bewilderment of the reader. Admirably written, then, and well printed, this little treatise is to be warmly commended to all who seek information on a difficult subject.

PLEA FOR A CATHOLIC PROFESSIONAL LITERATURE, by Owen L. Lewis. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 5 cents.) This little pamphlet makes a practical and eloquent appeal for a more productive scholarship among American Catholics to counteract the "one common fallacy, the principle of Subjectivism" which tinctures so largely the mass of non-

Catholic "Professional Literature." The author uses the word professional in a broad sense to cover all subjects outside the field of art and belle-lettres. His words will find an echo in the soul of every right-thinking man.

VAIN REPETITIONS, by Cardinal Newman. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 10 cents). The author's name is more than sufficient recommendation for this little extract from *The Rambler* on the manner of vocal prayer.

CHOICE OF A STATE OF LIFE, by St. Alphonsus Maria de'Liguori, edited by the Rev. J. Magnier, C.S.S.R. (St. Louis: B. Herder. 15 cents). Father Magnier has gathered together in three little pamphlets St. Alphonsus' words on "Vocation to the Religious Life, Meditations for Religious, and Vocation to the Priesthood." These may be had in separate volumes or bound together.

IT is almost an instinct to look with suspicion upon any volume that openly confesses itself a collection of Western stories. One dreads the usual revolvers, oaths and sombrero-topped "kids." But, to these indispensable stage properties are added sanity, cleverness and humor in a new book called *Emerson's Wife, and Other Western Stories*, by Florence Finch Kelly. The author writes well and entertainingly. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25).

THE WAR MAKER, by Horace Smith. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.) Of recent years there have been a couple of successful attempts to palm off on the public, works of fiction as autobiographical or biographical. To the person who does not know contemporary American history *The War Maker* will appear a weak attempt at adding to the successful number. The exploits of Captain George Boynton are more like the wild phantasms of imagination than the adventures of a modern rover. They are most unconvincing, and appear highly improbable. From New York the Captain drifted everywhere, and like the detectives of the lurid tales he always slipped through danger unscathed, scattering as he went money as thickly as the leaves fall in autumn. The book is not remarkable for its freedom from rough, uncouth English, and as a piece of literature it must take a low place.

JUVENILES: The season's list of books for young readers is an unusually large one. The publishers have made elaborate preparations to meet the demands of the holiday trade, and it is a pleasure to note that the great majority of these books have both intrinsic worth and good mechanical make-up to recommend them. It will not be difficult to find a suitable book for the boy and girl since the best interests of young readers have evidently been kept in mind by those who are responsible for the launching forth of the latest juveniles.

Mother Carey's Chickens, by Kate Douglas Wiggin has already won for its gifted author added laurels. Mother Carey herself is the influence that moulds most happily the characters of her four children. The loss of their father, a naval officer, is the circumstance which changes the usual ordering of things in the comparatively affluent household, and gives the Careys an opportunity to show of what stuff they are made. How they adapt themselves to a modest country home, to frugal living, and to the new life around them, is all set forth in the author's inimitable way. We are glad to know Miss Nancy and to admit her into our circle of juvenile book friends, but, in so doing, we do not forget our allegiance to that equally lovable child, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. (New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$1.50).

Marcia of the Little House is a story by Emily Calvin Blake. There are so many little Marcias in the world, so many eldest daughters who have to play the part of little mothers where the family is large and money not too plentiful, that we are sure the little heroine of this story will have a whole host of friends before her first season in public is at an end. The chapter entitled: "Cutting Tessie's Hair," which tells how Marcia resolved to save twenty-five cents to the family pocketbook makes delightful reading, and where is the reader young or old who will not laugh to tears at Marcia's triumph over the detestable duty of darning the family stockings? Marcia's affection for her father, her success in winning recognition for him when the proper time comes, gives to the story an interest that will win many hearts. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.20).

To the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia are the children of to-day indebted for the beautiful holiday editions

of the juvenile classics which they are publishing. Two of the latest of these have just come to us—*Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales* and *The Chronicles of Fairy Land* by Fergus Hume. No praise can be too extravagant for the illustrations in color in both books by Maria L. Kirk. They are exquisitely and tastefully done, and give an attractive setting to the fairylore loved by children of many generations. The child who finds either of these books near his Christmas stocking (they are too serviceable a size to fit inside) will be fortunate indeed.

Boarding-school stories are ever as dear to youthful hearts as dill pickles—and just about as beneficial. The latest to hand is *Tabitha at Ivy Hall*, by Ruth Alberta Brown (the Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. \$1.25). This time the young heroine has two troubles; her name, Tabitha Catt, and her unnaturally unnatural father. These she contrives to spread over three hundred pages of print.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN ART, is the title of a picture published by William F. Butler (Milwaukee, Wis.). This picture comprises a group of forty-nine incidents in the life of the Blessed Mother as painted by the great masters. These reproductions have been arranged chronologically, and under each is given the name of the painter, and the city in which the original is located. The picture is tastefully and attractively presented, and recommends itself for both home and school. (24x30 is the size of the illustration, and its cost is \$2.)

PANAMA AND THE CANAL TO-DAY, by Forbes Lindsay. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$3). We are all eagerly looking forward to the completion of the Panama Canal. Meanwhile, since even we hurrying Americans must wait, the present volume will give us a very competent notion of how far the worker has progressed and of what an immense, almost superhuman task the building and completion of this canal means. The book includes a history of the various unsuccessful attempts in the past, is rich in illustration and better still, includes a number of helpful maps.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 Sept.): France is witnessing serious strikes and riots carried on as protests against the high price of food.—“The German Centre Party,” is an account of the history and work of the great German Catholic political party.—A report from a sleeping-sickness camp in Africa, states that out of four hundred cases treated 67 per cent have been sent away as cured.—The new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* finds a plea in its defense among the “Literary Notes” of “W. H. K.”—A recent article reprinted from *The Jewish World*, has the following to say about the Popes as protectors of the Jews: “It would be unjust, as well as unhistorical, not to acknowledge the efforts of many of the Popes and other high ecclesiastical dignitaries to accord them the protection of the Church.”

(23 Sept.): “Tu es Petrus and the Critics.” A recent critic of the Papal claims, in discussing the famous Petrine text (Matt. xvi. 18–19), sees in it no support for the Papacy, and states that “the (Catholic) position has been long abandoned by scholars.” He is confronted, however, with the testimony of no less than ten “advanced critics,” all “utterly opposed” to the Papacy, who admit “that, if authentic, the Catholic position is sound,” and that Matt. xvi. 18–19, “does make for the Roman Primacy strongly.”

(30 Sept.): A huge meeting of Ulstermen was lately held in Belfast. It declared Ulster’s determination to remain within the Union and under no circumstances to “accept Home Rule or acknowledge a government which was not responsible to the Imperial Parliament.”—“The Pensées of Pascal” (an Impression), by the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.—“Rescue Work and Girl-Mothers,” a paper read at the meeting of the Ladies of Charity at the Newcastle Congress by Mrs. V. M. Crawford.

The National Review (Oct.): “Episodes of the Month” dis-

cusses at great length the defeat of the Reciprocity Movement in the recent Canadian election. *The National* is jubilant over the returns.—That the Tory Party is the one vehicle for liberty and for real progress is the opinion expressed by Lord Willoughby de Brooke in his article, "The Tory Tradition."—"The Crisis in Consols," by W. R. Lawson, takes exception to England's policy of allowing its credit, its public funds, and the savings of its people to be made the plaything of party politics.—"In Japanese Byways," E. Bruce Mitford gives a refreshing picture of life and customs in the interior of Japan.—Pelham Edgar contributes a study of "Voltaire and His Age." "Never was a mind so brilliant, so utterly destitute of the religious sense as was the mind of Voltaire."—"The Problem of South Africa," by "Voortrekker," shows that South Africa is poor in its men and women, and suggests as a remedy, that the tides of emigration be directed in the right lines, that white men and women be put on the land, and a fruitful living made possible for them.

The Crucible (Sept.): "A Notable Book," by the Editor, is a review of a recently published volume, *The Education of Catholic Girls*, by Janet Erskine Stuart.—Startling facts showing the advance in England of an anti-Christian propaganda, are given by Irene Hernaman, in her paper, "The Socialist Sunday School."—Elizabeth Walmsley, gives evidence that little provision is made at the various Canadian ports for the reception, temporary housing and employment of Catholic emigrant women, in whose interests the author has made a study of existing organizations.—Margaret Fletcher describes the recent Eucharistic Congress at Madrid as "a national wave of devotion and triumph, engulfing and absorbing the tiny foreign tributaries."—In "The Place of the Catholic College Girl in the Educational World," Delia Ford says, "that the Catholic college girl is a new type of the *mulier fortis* we are all looking for."

The Dublin Review (Oct.): "A Unionist and a Liberal View of 'the Passing of the Parliament Bill'"—the one compares Asquith to Mirabeau and fears a like end; the

other looks upon it as a splendid vindication of the will of the people.—Albert A. Cock contributes thirty pages on Francis Thompson. Besides Wordsworth's intuitive grasp of Nature's spiritual significance, the ecstasy of Shelley, and Tennyson's melodies, Thompson possessed "all the virility of Browning without his obstinate involutions of thought and *lacunae* of argument." —"Some Modern Martyrs of the French Revolution," by W. S. Lilly.—Charlotte Balfour points out that Fiona Macleod entirely missed the Christian note in the Celtic Legends.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (Oct.): The Rev. T. Slater, S.J., in his treatise on "Eugenics and Moral Theology" analyzes this recently-born science on heredity and clearly shows that the ends it seeks to accomplish cannot be attained except at the sacrifice of moral principles. The means thus far suggested to obtain the desired end of improving the standard of human kind seriously interferes with the marriage rights guaranteed to all except those who voluntarily relinquish them and are contrary to the dictates of Catholic Moral Theology. —In discussing "The Sentences of Anselm of Loan and Their Place in the Codification of Theology during the Twelfth Century," the Rev. J. Ghellneck, S.J., says that while Anselm's work cannot claim a place among the front rank of twelfth century theologians, his influence on the scholars of that day surely entitles him to a prominence above the ordinary.

Expository Times (Oct): In his article on "The Present Theological Situation," the Rev. J. M. Shaw makes an appeal for a restatement of theology along the lines of comparative religion and of religious psychology.—The Rev. W. F. Cobb, D.D., in "The Gift of Healing in the Church," assures us that this same power, which was common in Apostolic times and was revived by the Saints of the Middle Ages, flourishes even to-day, wherever the soil is congenial—that is, wherever there is faith.

The Month (Oct.): "The Laity and the Unconsecrated Chalice," is the title of an article by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, which deals with a custom which, though obsolete, is

still to be found in even the latest editions of the *Missale Romanum*. The custom referred to is that of offering to the communicant a vessel containing wine and water as a purification. The Rev. C. C. Martindale under the caption "Inter-Racial Problems," discusses some of the important questions which were considered at The First Universal Race Congress whose purpose was to encourage a fuller understanding and a heartier co-operation between the peoples of the West and East, so-called white and colored peoples.—In the article "The Encyclopedia Britannica and the History of the Church," the Rev. A. Keogh shows that the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* when viewed from a Catholic standpoint, is unscholarly and sectarian in its treatment of religious subjects, and also that only a comparatively small number of articles purely Catholic, were written by Catholics.

Le Correspondant (25 Sept.): Mgr. De Guébriant in his article entitled: "The Chinese Question," dispels the illusions hitherto entertained about China's method of government, natural resources and commercial enterprises by a statement of the actual conditions. He also gives a description of the work of Catholic missionaries and what the Church hopes to accomplish in the future.—"A Danger for Our Finances," by A. Liebaut, discusses the three degrees of apprenticeship embodied in M. Villemin's Law passed in 1900. A. Liébaut argues for a milder interpretation of the law; a salary for apprentices and high schools and colleges for technical training.—"The Centenary of the University of Christiania," by L. Delavaud relates the history of Norway's University since its inception in 1811, describing the work accomplished since this time and the illustrious scholars who have taught there.—Jean Lemoine presents his second and last installment of "A New Historian of the Fronde," presenting another view of the French Civil War taken from the private papers and letters of Chevalier de Sévigné.—"Impressions of Jersey," by Ernest Tissot, describes the scenery and customs of the island, and the house occupied by Victor Hugo during his four years' exile from France.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Sept.): "The Religious Life of Clerics." This paper is a call to the secular priesthood for a stricter conformity to their vocation, and suggests that they adopt a rule of life for themselves, after the pattern of the religious clergy.—A. Lesetre contributes an article on "Preaching." The preacher should use the word of Scripture. St. Paul said his speech was not the persuasive words of human wisdom and Leo XIII. that Scripture gives to the preacher's eloquence a "victorious power."

(1 Oct.): "Catholic Conceptions of the Dogmas of the Redemption" by J. Rivi  re. The article as the title indicates is chiefly historical. References to the doctrine from early times are first reviewed, then are quoted the definitions of the Councils of Trent and of the Vatican. The second part of the article is a consideration of the idea of the Redemption in the Old and New Testaments and in Tradition.—"The Peril of Mediocrity" is a paper of exhortation to priests to rise above what is mediocre.

Revue Thomiste (Sept.-Oct.): The leading article is by P  re Perret, O.P., on "The Magnificat." The author discusses the question as to whether this passage in St. Luke is really a canticle of the Blessed Virgin; he then gives an interpretation of the text.—R. P. Audin, S.C.J., writes on "The Method of Instruction in Scholastic Philosophy."—The account of "The Thomistic Movement in the Eighteenth Century," is continued by P  re Coulon, O.P. The value of the contribution of the "Biblioth  que Casanate" to the revival of "Thomistic Theology" is the subject matter of the paper.—There is a reply to Bonysson by P  re M  lizan, O.P., on "The Hypothesis of Spontaneous Generation."

  tudes (Sept. 5): Sainte-Marie Perrin emphasizes the importance of symbolism in medi  val religious architecture and illustrates this from the exterior of Notre Dame de Fourvi  re.—In an extract from his forthcoming *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, Alexander Brou pictures the sad state of Portuguese Asia in 1542. Greed ruled the Europeans. The clergy were few and the newly bap-

tized, having had little instruction, were Christians only in name.—Pierre Rousselot praises the recent philosophical treatise on St. Thomas Aquinas, by A. D. Serpillanges.—J. de la Servièrre describes a trip through the newly evangelized Chinese province of Kiang-nan.—Adhémar d'Alès attacks the views of Hugo Koch on "St. Cyprian and the Roman Primacy." According to Koch, Our Lord began by confiding apostolic powers to St. Peter alone, and this numerical unity is an image and type of the moral unity which he designed. Later on, equal powers were given to each of the other Apostles. Anton Seitz has published a criticism of Koch's interpretation.

(20 Sept.): M. Aulard has written a book on Napoleon and public instruction; it deals largely with the establishment and organization of the imperial university and with the relation of the minister Fontanes to ecclesiastical schools. Paul Dudon holds the general conclusions to be unsupported by the evidence.—Jean Hachin shows that the Champagne riots were caused by failure of the crop, the adulteration of the wine by the merchants, and the legal attempt to limit geographically, the champagne district. He favors the organization of the growers.

La Revue du Monde (1-15 Oct.): Continuing the exposition of the "School Question in the Canadian Northwest," M. Savaète presents letters, newspaper notices, dispatches, etc., to show the influence of the appointment and presence of the Apostolic Delegate in Canada from the point of view of the Minority Party and its suspicion of the bad faith of the government in its use of and intercourse with Mgr. Merry del Val.—Commander Silvestre gives details of the "Attack" and "After the Attack" of the "English Fireships in the Roadstead of the Island of Aix in 1809."—M. Sicard's second conference on "God and Man," treats of the soul as the "Paradise of delight" of the Divine Gardener.—A further treachery of Bismarck in the affairs of Alsace-Lorraine in 1903, as shown by M. de St. Vallier, Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Government, forms the sixth chapter of M. Bonnal de Ganges' article on

"The Alsace-Lorraine of Bismarck."—A. Barbier presents some new fables in verse after de la Fontaine. —P. At treats of the "Physiology of Catholic Liberals" from an anonymous article in the *Correspondant* on "The Pope and Liberty." His analysis accuses the unknown writer of a false interpretation of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII., and draws attention to the fact that Rights may be tolerated by the Church without being acknowledged as Positive, and applied to countries where religious unity does not exist without becoming suitable for those that retain unity of faith.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Sept.): H. Lesetre contributes an article, entitled: "Has the Redemption Been a Failure?" which is concerned with the question of the salvation of those before and after the time of our Lord, who had no adequate knowledge of revelation so far as appearances go.—F. Martin treats of "The Gospel Parables in Painting."—J. Rivière reviews a number of late monographs, among them "The Mystery of the Redemption," by Edouard Hugon, O.P.; "The Priesthood and Sacrifice of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by J. Grimal, S.M.; also a number of late works on the sacerdotal vocation. —E. Vacandard writes of "Pope Damasus and the Veneration of the Saints."—"The Liberty of Teaching," by Mgr. Mignot, comments on the anomaly of a state professing liberty and equality while denying to parents the fundamental right to a control of their own children's education.—R. Doumic writes of "The Brutal Theatre," which, he complains, often "depoetizes" and dehumanizes love, to leave subsisting in its place only a bestial instinct.—S. Duchesne gives a discourse on "Progress and Tradition."

(15 Sept.): Leon Desers gives an account of the work of "The Seventh Diocesan Congress of Paris." Following are the subjects which occupied it: "Works of Religion and Piety," "The Sick Poor of Paris," "Grouping of Catholic Action."—E. Vacandard presents a "Chronicle of Ecclesiastical History." Some of the works he notices are: "Religious Intolerance and Politics," by A. Bouché-Leclercq; three works on the question of Pope Liberius, by Fedelê Savio; "The Inquisi-

tion, the Times, the Causes, the Facts," by Maurice Landrieux.

(1 Oct.): J. Bousquet begins a historical sketch of the "Various Schisms of the Orient," in which he presents the relations of the Eastern Churches to the Bishop of Rome, of the Byzantine Emperors and Patriarchs, in regard to ruling the Church.—G. Planque, writing of "The Religious Movement in English speaking Countries," takes up especially the "non-conformists" and treats of their religious and social works, their missions, revivals, etc.—Ch. Urbain contributes an article, entitled "History and Erudition," in which he treats briefly a number of topics regarding literary personages.—Mgr. Lobbedey writes of "The Professional Associations in Relation to the State." He considers the theory of their respective rights, the causes of the conflicts which divide them, and the remedies to heal or at least diminish the evil.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Sept.): A. Leger continues his study on the "Doctrine of Wesley."—P. Vulliaud writes of "The Esoteric Doctrine of the Jews, apropos of the publication of Sepher-ha-Zohar" (*The Book of Splendor*). The study of this book is important, among other reasons, because of its messianic bearing, its use in explaining certain obscurities in the texts of the New Testament, and its aid in biblical exegesis.

Chronique Sociale de France (Aug-Sept.): In "Dependence and Liberty," Abbé Tiberghien maintains that "man is free but at the same time dependent, and all his glory consists in freely accepting his dependence." He points out that despite the present age's worship of the words "liberty and independence," some of its strongest movements insist upon solidarity and social interdependence.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach: Under the title "The French Novel of the Present," J. Overmans, S.J., describes the result of André Billy, a French editor, proposing the question: "In what direction will the novel develop?" He notes a remarkable lack of all moral and religious influences in the answers.—Cl. Blume, S.J., thinks it well established that the *Te Deum* existed, at least in

embryo, before St. Ambrose. A second article is to follow.—A. Koch, S.J., traces the history of "Adult schools" from the sixteenth century.

La Scuola Cattolica (August): The first article discusses the reforms instituted by the Holy Father in Italian seminaries and deals extensively with the objections that have been raised against various of the provisions.—"The Educational Mission of the Mother" (Sac. Dott. Cherubino Villa) is an eloquent defence of the rights and duties of the mother in the bringing up of her offspring.—The series on the "Messianic plan" is continued by Adolfo Cellini.—"The School of Lamenais," by Guiseppe Piovano begins a study of Lamenais and the influence that he exerted on his contemporaries.—Canon Marchini discusses the doctrine of the Church on Scriptural inerrancy and defends his work *contra modernistas* against objections raised by his critics, and takes his stand firmly on the *Providentissimus Deus* of Leo XIII.

La Civiltà Cattolica (16 Sept.): The leading article deals with the extraordinary manifestations of interest and sympathy, even in the most unexpected quarters, called forth by the recent sickness of the Holy Father.—"The oldest account of the Deluge" reviews Hilprecht's work on the Nippir temple library and Kendal Harris' "Odes and Psalms of Solomon." Hilprecht's Babylonian fragments, closely agreeing with Genesis are referred to a period 2400–2100 B.C. or about the time of Abraham.—Father Swan's *Life of St. Francis Borgia* containing some new matter is reviewed at length, as is also Nicoles Franco's critique of the work of Archimandrite Zigarimos on Church Unity.—The full text of the decision of the Court of Appeal confirming the condemnation of the apostate Verdi is given; among other things it specifically and without qualification recognizes the "professional secret" in the seal of confession.

España y America (Sept.): The leading article is a vindication of the life of Yovellanos who died in 1811. Father B. Martinez admires greatly Jaspar Melchor de Yovellanos, the able politician, the universal genius, the noble man,

the great lover of his country who governed Spain until the dawn of 1789, and terms him the wisest of the Bourbons. Forsaken in his old age he died broken-hearted over the evil fortune of his country.—Rodriguez continues his study of the Spaniards in search of gold, and treats in this second article of the particular expedition of Herman Perez de Quesada—an expedition that brought nothing to its leader but bitterness and disappointment, and which forced him to learn the sad lesson, taught, it is said, by Charles V., "Fortune favors youth only."—P. N. de Medio gives a very interesting article on the question of energy. He aims to show that the opposition made to the philosophic axiom, "nothing is lost" is well grounded; and that the second part of that axiom, "nothing is created" is not exactly true. "Allegory in Literature" by P. M. Velez. Allegory is a beautiful manifestation, natural and legitimate, of the human mind in literature, particularly in the Biblical and European literature of the Middle Ages. Three points divide this study; the genesis of allegory in literature, its manifestation in universal literature, its pre-eminence and particular importance in Biblical and European literature in the Middle Ages, especially in the Italian and Spanish literature of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.—M. P. Y. Rodriguez continues his able study of the quadruple version of Genesis from the unedited work of Pedro Ciruelo.

Recent Events.

France.

In the face of a somewhat disheartening series of misfortunes, which may be the indication of even deeper-seated evils, the French people have maintained an unperturbed firmness, and have set themselves to work to find suitable remedies. The high price of food, which in common with the rest of the world, has been felt by the French, was the cause of a new kind of resistance on the part of the working-classes. Hitherto, this resistance has taken the form of strikes by the laborers, men as a rule, for an increase of wages. In this case it was the housewives who, at the beginning, took the leading part, and they took action not for higher wages but for lower prices. They offered what they thought was reasonable, and if that was not accepted they adopted what is now called direct action, that is to say, they proceeded to destroy the articles which they could not purchase. Things went so far in many parts of France that troops had to be called out for the suppression of the disturbances. Of these disturbances the notorious General Confederation of Labor took advantage to regain its recently waning influence.

The government did not limit its efforts to the suppression by force of these riotous proceedings. It appointed a Commission to make inquiries into the causes of the increase of prices, and to suggest remedies. This Commission reported within a few days and made certain recommendations for the alleviation of the evils, and tending to the reduction of prices, leaving, however, the Tariff unaltered. The most far-reaching proposal of all will form a part of the next year's Budget. A measure is to be brought in for the establishment of municipal butchers' and bakers' shops, which it is hoped will set a standard of prices for the trades. It is also intended to combat the increase of rents by establishing in the large towns municipal lodgings, for which a low rental will be charged. These proposals did not at once bring about peace. Riots continued to take place in all parts of France. In a suburb of Paris barricades were erected. In some places the municipal authorities fixed by public ordinance the rate at which provisions should be sold, in others they opened stores of

their own. Gradually the disturbances came to an end, more or less complete, the government having presented a firm front to the agitators, and having secured the arrest and imprisonment of a large number of the rioters. When taken in connection with the postal and railway strikes of last year, the Champagne riots of last spring, and the numerous acts of *Sabotage* which have been taking place for a long time, it is clear that there is in existence a widespread and deeply-seated feeling of discontent among large bodies of the people and that this cannot but be a cause of anxiety as to what the near future may bring forth.

In a department of the public service, the theft of Leonardo de Vinci's "Mona Lisa" has revealed the fact that there has existed for a long time widespread demoralization—a demoralization which reflects no credit on the civic virtue of the Third Republic emancipated though it boasts that it is from all clerical influences. In fact, the culpable carelessness of the officials which rendered such a theft possible is directly due to the present political system, for the National Museums and Art Galleries have come to be the dumping-ground of the satellites of ministers and of members of the Assembly and Senate. Several of the conservators of the Louvre were appointed merely because they were faithful followers of some politician or other, possessing absolutely no qualification for the offices to which they were appointed, and making no effort to fulfill the duties thereof. A justification offered by the Postal employees for their strike some time ago, was that meritorious services were not rewarded by promotion and increase of pay, the choice offices being filled by the appointees of members of the Assembly or other politicians.

To the restoration of the Navy to the position which it formerly occupied, and which it had lost through similar maladministration and neglect on the part of some of his predecessors as Minister of Marine, and of the naval officials, M. Delcassé has been devoting long-continued and earnest effort. At the review which took place at Toulon early in September, it was thought by France and by the world, that he had demonstrated the success of these efforts. A really imposing spectacle was presented of 90 war vessels, none of which were "lame ducks." Seldom or never has there been manifested so great enthusiasm as when the President of the Re-

public reviewed this mighty fleet. In the speeches made on the occasion it was declared that the Navy had now attained a high standard of preparedness. The command of the sea was recognized to be necessary for the efficient defence of the coasts of France. The Navy must, therefore, be as ready as the Army. The review was looked upon as marking its regeneration, restoration from the rank from which it had fallen as the result of the pernicious policy of demagogues and other political wreckers.

A few weeks afterwards, however, these anticipations were doomed to disappointment. Discontent arose among the laborers in the dockyards, and grave apprehensions were felt that they would manifest their feelings by preventing the launch of the last two warships which France has built. Great efforts prevented so untimely a demonstration, and the launch passed off quietly. A few days after the review at Toulon by the premature explosion of a shell on one of the cruisers, nine officers and men were killed and seven wounded. The crowning disaster took place five days later when the *Liberté* was blown up and completely wrecked with the loss of many lives. Grave injury was also done to another battleship and three others suffered in a less degree. It is said, in fact, that never in the time of peace has any navy suffered such terrible loss of life and damage. This catastrophe is a grave disaster to the French Navy, for although the *Liberté* was not one of the very largest of its vessels, its destruction breaks up the homogeneity of the second Squadron to which it belonged and is considered so important as not to be incapable in certain contingencies of affecting the balance of naval power in Europe. Estimates for the immediate construction of a vessel to take its place are to be presented to Parliament immediately after it opens. Conjecture of course is rife as to the cause of the disaster. On high authority it is asserted that it was due to the spontaneous combustion of a certain powder, the same kind as that to which the loss of the *Jéna* four years ago was said to be due. The question arises who is responsible for the supply of a powder already proved so dangerous. Suggestions are made that the explosion may have been due to the action of some among the discontented whether with the state of the Navy or that of the country at large, and although this may be thought almost incredible it cannot be said to be

utterly impossible, in view of the fact that there are not a few among the French *prolétariat* who advocate a general strike in the event of France being involved in war. The official inquiry will, of course, be held to discover, if it is possible, the real cause.

The last news is to the effect that France, Germany and Morocco. France and Germany have arrived at an agreement, but as the same thing has been said some half a dozen times, it may be prudent not to put too much confidence in its truth. If, however, it should be true, by the agreement Germany recognizes the right of France to assume a Protectorate over Morocco under certain conditions, the details of which are not disclosed, which France accepts and Germany allows.

The other Powers concerned, the signatories of the Act of Algeiras, have also to give their consent to the new arrangement. Little difficulty, however, is expected in obtaining this consent, except perchance, in the case of Spain. Spain has unquestionable rights which France is bound to recognize, but whether an agreement can be reached as to their precise nature is not yet quite certain, especially as Spain seems to believe, if the utterances of the Premier represent the feeling of the people that her claims stand in danger of being ignored by both Germany and France, and to be determined to go so far as to make war in defence of them. The other part of the proposed agreement between France and Germany has not yet been reached, nor is it quite certain that it will be. As a compensation for her recognition of the uncontrolled supremacy of France in Morocco, Germany demands an increase of her own territory at the expense of France. A large part of the French Congo is asked for. Considerable reluctance is being shown in France to make this cession of territory, and of course should it be refused, the whole agreement will fall through. Even in that case war need not be anticipated. Not that France is afraid of a war. She looks upon her army as equal to any in Europe, both in quantity and quality, and while not eager for the fray is ready for it. But there is every reason to expect a peaceful solution.

As to the rights and wrongs of the question which led to the discussions that have taken place it is not easy to form

an opinion. The French Expedition to Fez is declared by Germany to have been a breach of the Algeciras Act, and consequently, to have nullified the agreement made by Germany with France in 1909. On the other hand, France will not admit that this expedition constituted a breach of the Act, but allows that it was an extension. However, France had no love for the Act. It had been forced upon her through the efforts of Germany, and when the latter showed herself willing, for a consideration, to set it aside, she took the opportunity of securing that freedom of action of which it had deprived her. If the outcome of all should be that the power of the Sultan is destroyed and his cruel tyranny put an end to, the world will have reason to rejoice that upon yet one more of its dark places some degree of light has arisen.

Germany. Germany has been less perturbed than any other of the great Powers and some of the smaller

ones. The conversations with France about Morocco have, of course, held the first place in the mind of the public. The Navy League has thought it necessary to break the silence which it had imposed upon itself on account of these conversations. It has made a vigorous appeal for a rapid fulfillment of its demand for filling up "the serious gaps in Germany's naval armaments." For this purpose the programme of construction should be altered and several more large cruisers than it contemplates should be built. It calls upon the government to bring in a Budget Bill satisfying these requirements.

The Social Democratic Congress has been held at Jena, and made an earnest protest against a man-murdering war between civilized peoples. It characterizes the promoters of German mining claims abroad as pirates, and calls upon the German workingman to employ every means to prevent a world-wide war. Whatever may be said against German Socialists in other respects, they deserve praise for the resistance they offer to offensive wars. And that this resistance is looked upon with favor by large numbers of Germans, seems to be shown by the fact that the Social Democrats have wrested a seat from the Centre Party which had been held by the latter from the beginning of the Empire.

Austria-Hungary. The Lord Mayor of London has been paying a State visit to Vienna and was received by the Emperor

Francis Joseph and his people with the utmost cordiality. This visit may tend to remove the coolness which in some degree has continued to exist between the two countries ever since the opposition offered by Great Britain to the annexation of the Provinces.

For a long time the peaceful quiet of Vienna has remained unbroken. There have been from time to time large demonstrations of popular feeling as when the Socialists made their great demonstration some years ago. But Austria as well as the rest of the world, is suffering from the high prices of food. The Social Democrats made this the occasion of riotous proceedings which were more violent and sanguinary than were those in France. The government was held to be responsible for not having taken any action to remedy the evils of which complaint had long been made. The troops had to be called out, and they did not spare the rioters; nor did the latter refrain from doing all possible injury in order to make, as they called it, "a demonstration of despair."

The riots were not confined to the capital; in many other places there were scenes of disorder. There is no doubt that the cost of living has risen in Austria to an almost intolerable height, nor has the Austrian government been so willing to take steps to remedy the evil as has the French. Indeed, it is hard to see what it can do, for the country owing to the military measures of two years ago has had to bear additional taxation and cannot afford to reduce the protective duties which are one main cause of the high prices.

The riots also made it clear that there exists in Austria a party ready for a revolution. "Down with government," "Hurrah for the revolution" were among the shouts raised by the crowds. "Down with the soldiers; we do not need an army, we want bread" was a popular cry, not without some justification under the circumstances. The feeling is general that the government has failed to take into sufficient account the pressing needs of the city population. The Prussian Ministry has been willing to learn from the misfortune of their neighbors, and has introduced an emergency tariff on the Prussian railways, whereby the transport of vari-

ous articles is reduced by fifty per cent. A scheme has also been considered enabling Poor Law authorities to distribute certain articles of food at or below cost price. Austria has since followed the example of Prussia in reducing by one-half the railway tariff on certain articles of food.

Considerable discussion has taken place with reference to a change that has taken place in the war department common to Austria and Hungary. The former Minister has resigned, and his resignation, rumor says, is due to a disagreement with the Heir-Apparent to the Throne, although the late Minister denies that any unconstitutional influences have been at work. The chief importance of the resignation is the possibility that it may lead to differences with Hungary, as he was the author of a Bill which is now under discussion in the Hungarian Parliament. The relations between Hungary and Austria are still exceptionally good. No more has yet been heard of the Universal Suffrage Bill so long promised.

Russia.

The death of M. Stolypin is from every point of view a great calamity, but there is reason to hope that it will not prove so overwhelming as some have thought, nor involve the destruction of constitutional government or a return to the ancient absolutism. It may, indeed, be the case that he had finished his work; for the quarrel with the *Duma*, which his conduct in the matter of the Bill for the Polish Zemstva had precipitated, may have finally destroyed his influence with the Legislature. It will be remembered that in his anxiety to pass this Bill into law after it had been rejected by the Senate, M. Stolypin prorogued the *Duma* for three days, creating thereby an artificial vacation, and in the interval effected his purpose by availing himself of the provision in the Constitution which enables the Tsar to make temporary laws in extraordinary circumstances without the concurrence of the *Duma*. This arbitrary and tricky way of proceeding, alienated so many of his supporters, that he incurred the censure of the *Duma*, and it had, in consequence, become very doubtful whether he would have been able, had he survived, to regain its confidence, or to pass the temporary into a permanent Law. His successor as Prime Minister, it is satisfactory to be able to say, has been a coadjutor of M.

Stolypin for many years, and there is reason to think that there will be no reversion to autocracy. In this case the glory of having been one of the foundation stones of orderly government for this mighty Empire will belong to M. Stolypin. He took his stand midway between absolutism and anarchy. The first *Duma* was dissolved by him, because it wished all in a day to attain complete control, not only of the making of the laws, but also of the administration. It wished to make the Cabinet responsible to Parliament in the same way as it is in Great Britain, going one step farther than Germany has yet gone, and for the matter of that, farther than the United States has gone. The second *Duma* M. Stolypin dissolved, because not a few of its members had entered into a conspiracy to seduce the Army from its allegiance, and the *Duma* was unwilling to allow these members to be prosecuted. With the third and still existing *Duma* M. Stolypin has been able to work for four years or thereabouts, and to go a long way towards accomplishing what he himself described as the superhuman task of bridging over the chasm between autocracy and constitutional government. Although it may be premature to be sure that success has been finally attained, it may at least be said that there are good grounds for hope, and that whatever has been accomplished is due, in a large measure, to M. Stolypin, since he, when sorely tempted by the conduct of First and Second *Dumas* to relinquish the task and to revert to absolutism, gave his support to the Tsar, in the endeavor to establish the Constitution on a firm basis. To M. Stolypin also is due that measure of agrarian reform which has gone far to satisfy the demands of the peasantry that they should be made the owners of the land—a measure which has cut the ground under the feet of revolutionary anarchists by giving contentment to the most numerous part of the population. On the other hand, he is accused of excessive severity in the measures which he took for the repression of the revolution. But it must be remembered that things had gone so far in Russia that the country seemed on the brink of dissolution, and of a reversion to barbaric anarchy. Moreover, why it should be so we do not know, but it seems to be undeniable that a large number of the Russian officials seem to have lost all sense of right and wrong. The police, who are supposed to maintain order, have among their number

agents of the revolution. The man who assassinated M. Stolypin was a member of the secret police force and of an anarchic society at the same time. So that it is not fair to criticize from our point of view the measures that may be deemed necessary to remedy so bad a state of things. A more justifiable criticism of M. Stolypin would be his treatment of the subject nationalities. To him is due the law of last year, which has in principle deprived Finland of its chartered rights. Measures detrimental to the economic well-being of the Polish peasantry were supported by him, and, in fact, were the cause of his quarrel with the *Duma*. He has also treated with harshness the Catholic Clergy of Poland. But it must be remembered that as it has been said about art, so in the development of a nation's life "all good design has always been and always will be founded upon the centuries of good that have gone before. Original work must come as a natural growth in continuation of what has gone before, never by way of antithesis." M. Stolypin has been compared to an English Tory. Tories may be out of place in the England of to-day, but they had a good share in making England what it is, and in preparing the way for the existent Radicals. In fact, they did a work which present-day Radicals could never have accomplished. And so it may well be the case that M. Stolypin's work has been the necessary preparation for the permanent establishment of a much more popular form of government for Russia.

The new Premier, M. Kokovtsoff, has been for many years one of the most prominent members of the government. As Minister of Finance he has wielded sway over the greatest department of the State. He has been brought especially into the closest touch with the commerce of the country and the industries of the people, with their needs and wants, and he is not, therefore, likely to be in favor of warlike measures, especially as he had an intimate experience of the cost of the war with Japan, having had to reorganize the finances after that war. So successful has he been in this, that although, when he entered upon the task in 1906, there was a deficit of eighty million dollars, in the present year, without the aid of loans there is a free balance in the Treasury of two hundred and fifty millions. The development of Russia's natural resources and of her commerce is in his opinion the most im-

portant interest of the Empire. As regards the Constitution, on its introduction he was not a supporter of it; but he has since repeatedly declared that it would be folly to diminish or to withdraw, what has once been promised or given; and he is, therefore, opposed to any great change of policy. Of the Triple *Entente* he has always been a stanch adherent. Hopes, may, therefore, be entertained that the death of M. Stolypin will not lead to reaction. In fact, the Tsar himself has proved a stanch supporter of the Constitution, and has regained popularity. A few years ago he lived a life worse than that of a prisoner, for while a prisoner is safe, the Tsar was in constant danger of assassination. Now he is acclaimed by vast crowds of his people whenever he appears in public.

One good thing, at least, seems likely to result from the recent crime. The Secret Police Force, a body of men which is both demoralized and demoralizing, has proved itself inefficient—a thing which is worse in the eyes of its employers. A Bill for the reorganization of the Police Force of Russia, as a whole, is to be introduced into the next Session of the *Duma*, and among its proposals is the complete suppression of the Secret Police called the *okhrana*. The police are to be put upon quite a different footing, and it is to be hoped that the Empire may be freed from the hateful rule of spies and informers.

The Law of last year, which established the principle of interference with the hitherto existing privileges of Finland, is being carried into practical effect. Two *Communes* which belong to a province of the Grand Duchy are to be detached and incorporated into the Empire, and the Pilots of the Finnish harbors will have soon to receive their licenses from the Imperial, rather than the local, authorities. Hence there is the prospect of conflict between the two.

The good relations between Russia and Great Britain have been put to a test by the appointment in Persia of a British officer as head of a police force for the collection of Persian taxes. To this appointment Russia strongly objected, inasmuch as, in her view, it was an interference in a sphere which she claimed as under her own exclusive influence. The situation was saved, however, by the British government supporting Russia's opposition to the appointment. The Persian authorities, however, persisted in their determination and made every effort

to remove the objections of Russia. Even though no success should attend these efforts, it has been made plain that the *entente* with Great Britain is still intact. Great progress is being made in the construction of a new Navy to replace the losses during the war with Japan. With this country the last causes of friction have been removed, an agreement having been made by which all the outstanding claims of either party having been mutually settled. Russia's position of influence with the Balkan States has been strengthened by the marriage of a member of the Russian Imperial Family with a daughter of the King of Servia, and by the support which it gave to Montenegro during the recent uprising of the Albanians. In fact, when compared with most of the other European States and the troubles of various kinds by which they are being distracted, Russia is for the present to all outward appearance in an enviable position.

Italy and Turkey.

The outbreak of war between Italy and Turkey has taken the world by surprise, and has been, so far as it is in the power of Italy to affect its progress, a great setback to the efforts which have of late been made to settle differences by peaceful means. No one questions the fact that for many years Italy has had serious grievances against the Turks and Tripoli. The banking, industrial and agricultural enterprises, the scientific missions, and the commercial and shipping undertakings of the Italians have been systematically the object of the most obstinate opposition on the part of the Turkish authorities. Crimes have been committed against the Italians, and the culprits have not been punished. The accession of the Young Turks to power has brought no improvement. Moreover, Italy like Germany desires an outlet for her citizens, and wishes them to remain under her flag. The Turks, too, whether Old or Young, deserve as their whole history has proved and the recent campaign in Albania has exemplified, complete and immediate expulsion from Europe and the destruction of all dominion over Christian races. But all this affords no justification for the arbitrary proceedings of Italy in declaring war at the time and in the way she has done. The Press of Germany, Italy's ally, strongly condemned Italy's action and declared her demand of reparation unjust

and out of all proportion to the wrong sustained. Even England, which has always been Italy's friend, has been outspoken in condemnation of what is looked upon as a patent breach of International Law. In truth, as the time and circumstances prove, the Italian government, seeing that France was on the point of securing the position in Morocco which she had long sought, thought the moment opportune for seizing Tripoli as her compensation for the increase of France's power. It is said that a secret Treaty was made in 1901 between France and Italy by which France renounced any claim she might have in favor of Italy. The Italians expecting that opposition would be offered to any immediate action on their part, determined to forestall it and to take immediate steps thereby provoking complication not only in the Eastern Mediterranean and in the Balkans, but also making it probable that the whole of Europe may ultimately become involved. Nay, even throughout the North of Africa, where Islam is a strong and growing power the effects may be felt in the colonies of all the Powers. All the Powers will use every endeavor to localize the struggle, and have so far succeeded. But ultimate success is very doubtful. On the whole it is impossible to sympathize with either side—in wrong doing of various kinds they are equally balanced.

Turkey.

Recent events have thrown the occurrences of only a short time ago so much into the background, that it may seem out-of-date to make even a reference to them. But, to a certain extent, the war which has just broken out with Italy finds a part of its explanation in these antecedent occurrences, and this, as well as desire to give in these pages a more or less complete record of events, justifies a brief allusion to the settlement of the Albanian question which took place in the first half of August. This settlement was made without the actual intervention of any of the Powers, and even without the open threat of such intervention or the formal guarantees demanded by the Albanians. It was, however, undoubtedly due to the fear entertained by the Turks that intervention might take place, in the event of their carrying things so far as to declare war against Montenegro. The terms granted to the Malissori involved the first

check so far received in that Turcification of the various nationalities which has formed a part of the policy of the Young Turks.

These terms include the granting of a general amnesty to all who took part in the revolt; the permission to carry arms by all, except in the towns and bazaars; the use of the Albanian language in elementary schools; the construction of roads; the rebuilding of burned and damaged houses; the granting of money for the support of those who had suffered loss during the insurrection; the remission of taxes for two years, and the various other claims made by the Albanians. On the whole, the Turks have suffered a substantial defeat, for they were forced to grant practically all the demands of the rebels. But they suffered a still greater moral defeat, for the inhuman cruelty of the methods taken by them in their attempt to suppress the revolt destroyed their *prestige* throughout the world and alienated from them the sympathy which had been felt for their efforts to renovate the Empire. In this manner, too, the way was prepared for the unwarranted assault upon their rights in Tripoli which is now being made by Italy. It seems, too, to have been fairly well proved that in the aims and objects placed before themselves by the Young Turks and in the ways of carrying them into effect which they adopted, powerful support, if not instigation and initiative, was given by the Jews dwelling in Turkey.

One remarkable result of the conflict between the Turks and Albanians has been the friendship which has been formed between Albanians and Montenegrins after they have been for centuries the bitterest of enemies. For a long time there had been growing up in Turkey a strong opposition to the domination of the Committee of Union and Progress to whose efforts the emancipation of the country from the rule of Abdul Hamid was due. The natural gratitude which was felt to those who had delivered them from degrading thralldom prevailed for a time over every other consideration; but at length the arbitrary proceedings of the Committee, its cruelties in Bulgaria and in the suppression of the Albanian revolt, together with the irresponsible secrecy of its proceedings, had brought matters to such a pass that a supreme effort to secure deliverance from the new oppressors was on the point of being made, when the war with Italy broke out. One of the

first results of this war was the fall of the Cabinet through which the Committee had governed. What will be the ultimate result upon the internal management of affairs remains to be seen. It can hardly fail to be salutary, for the Turks had mistaken the sympathy expressed for their efforts to obtain a measure of self-government as an endorsement of their attempt at self-aggrandizement. To almost every country, especially those that were comparatively weak, they had in consequence succeeded in rendering themselves more or less obnoxious.

Spain.

The unrest of the working classes which has shown itself in almost all of the chief countries of Europe, has been manifested in a startling manner in Spain. Throughout the whole of the Peninsula in Madrid, at Bilbao, Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, Saragossa, Coruña and Ferrol, the general strike, so much talked of in France, was proclaimed, accompanied by so many manifestations of violence that *more Hispanico* martial law was at once proclaimed, and even the Constitutional guarantees were suspended. The cause of these extreme measures was the discovery so the government alleged, that the labor leaders had entered into a conspiracy with Spanish and foreign Anarchists to bring about a revolution and to establish the Commune. In fact the Commune was proclaimed in two or three places. The means of effecting this change of government was to be the proclamation of a general strike with violent measures which aimed at paralyzing national life by stopping the public services. It is remarkable that the first step which the revolutionists tried to take was the suppression of all newspapers. The movement, it is said, was supported by the Socialists, and also by some of the Republicans of the Extreme Left. But it has not yet been fully ascertained to what extent the various parties are responsible; it seems, however, to be established that there is a close alliance between the Labor Unions and various revolutionary bodies. The prompt and drastic measures taken by the government brought speedy failure to the elaborately laid plans of the conspirators and, at least for the time being, peace and order are restored. The high price of living which has been the cause of the labor unrest in France and Austria

was not without its influence upon the movement in Spain but it was not so prominently or exclusively the cause of the Spanish troubles.

Portugal.

The first anniversary of the Republic was celebrated at a time when, if Royalist news can be believed, the days of the new government are numbered. On the other hand, telegrams from Lisbon, while admitting the existence of Royalist conspiracies and attempts at uprising and of inroads from Spain, affirmed the complete failure of the efforts of the enemies of established authority, with the determination on the part of that authority to punish with severity the attempts to rebel. Many arrests have been made, and the prisoners thrown into horrible dungeons beneath the sea, made of old for the opponents of royalty. The latter statement, however, has been denied by the Republican Government—the prisoners have been put into cells, not into dungeons. It is better, in the midst of so many contradictions, not to place for some time great confidence in either the one side or the other. The President who has been elected, has chosen a Ministry made up of what is called the Moderate-Republican Party, which has for its opponents the Socialist-Radical Party. Whether there will prove to be any real difference of principle between these two divisions of the Republicans is not yet quite certain. In the old days, both of the apparently opposed parties were united in the one common principle, if such it can be called, of seeking for themselves the spoils of office, and doing nothing more for the good of the State. In the Republic the line of division, professedly, is that the Moderates believe in the maintenance of law and order as the first essential business of government, and of securing it by a policy of conciliation and compromise, while the Socialist-Radicals are bent on securing the adoption of the Democratic programme drawn up by the Provisional Revolutionary Government, and especially the execution of the law as already promulgated for the Separation of Church and State. Therefore, between the two parties, there seems to be a clear issue, especially as the Ministry has announced its intention of revising the Separation Law in several particulars. The authorization of the Catholic clergy marrying, with pensions for their widows and children,

is to be withdrawn. Clerical dress in the streets is to be allowed, and several other of the worst provisions of the Decree are to be suppressed. These proposed changes in the Law will have to be presented to Parliament for its approval in November, when it reassembles, if the Republic is then in existence. Of its own authority, the Ministry has revoked certain decrees of the Provisional Government, among them one for increasing the salaries of numerous officials. A deficit of more than five million dollars is not compatible with the increase of expenditure sanctioned by the Provisional Government.

Persia.

The attempt to establish constitutional government in Persia has of late been put to a number of severe tests. With nations, as with individuals it is hard after having grown accustomed to do evil, to learn to do well. In consequence of the maladministration of the former Shah, respect for authority has been completely undermined. Moreover, in order to raise money certain restrictions have been placed upon the free management by the Persian authorities of their own revenue. Hence, throughout the country anarchy exists, and when money is wanted for the purpose of suppressing this anarchy, the free application of the revenue is hampered by these engagements. The Treasurer-General supplied by this country to take charge of the revenue, has been driven almost to desperation in his efforts for the reform of the financial administration, and has been on the point of resigning on account of the resistance of interested Powers. He has found, however, the necessary encouragement and support from the Persian government and it may be that his attempt will ultimately prove successful. The ex-Shah's effort to regain the throne has been defeated, but the troubles of which he was the cause, are not yet at an end, for another claimant has put in an appearance. The days are still dark for Persia, and the question whether she will emerge from chaos still awaits an answer.

With Our Readers

THE work of the secularization of our schools and the disasters which it means to our national life are arousing more and more the interest of all thinkers throughout the country. Not long since THE CATHOLIC WORLD brought to the notice of its readers, the fact that throughout the non-Catholic body there was an increasing sense of the necessity of religious instruction in the education of the young; and that public proclamation of such necessity was becoming more and more common. In the measures which the states have taken because of their desire to avoid all sectarian strife, to keep every vestige of religious instruction out of the schools, they have all unwittingly perhaps, opened the door to agnosticism and materialism; to a generation that will not know the truth of God and the way of Christ.

* * *

THE spirit of weak compromising, of a deadening peace, is in this case begetting a curse greater than any of its apparent blessings. Policy, not principle, prevailed at the sowing, and the harvest is chaos, not order and progress. Religious education is a problem that the state must face. It can no more escape it than it can escape the fixed laws of nature. The sooner the people of this country face it honestly, the better for the nation. Signs there are, as we have said, that many who hitherto have been blind, are now awake to the danger that we are nursing in our social body. The volume reviewed in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, entitled: *Education as Growth*, by Professor Jones, is an instance to the point,

* * *

THE article by Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, in the *Outlook* of October 21, and entitled: "The Religious Ideal in Education," is evidence of a similar kind. It is true that Dr. Eliot offends nobody; he makes religion simply a love of truth, beauty and goodness—even the agnostic will claim this—without any definite content. Yet, it does show, that Dr. Eliot is alive to the emptiness and insufficiency of modern education, and would do something to give the youth of the country a sense of spiritual values. He would have the state itself undertake this work. He describes it as a great governmental function in the Republic, thus to teach the young the religious ideals of truth, beauty and goodness. Not of any solid content in itself, the paper is valuable as a sign post. It voices a cry, though faintly, of what the Church has stood for always, and is standing for to-day, consis-

tently, and logically, and in a manner worthy of man's obedience. She can and does tell him what is truth and what is beauty and what is goodness. And without a definite teacher it is idle to talk of these things to men, because in themselves they may have as many meanings as there are grains of sand upon the shore.

* * *

IN this movement for the promotion of religious education, we are pleased to notice the establishment of an organization entitled: "Society for the Protection of Church Schools." The object of the Society is:

To impress upon the minds of the people the moral danger that threatens the nation from the Godless school, and the employment of public opinion as a motive force in the direction of providing a system of distribution of public funds for educational work which shall be just; and so, do away with un-American discrimination against churches and religious institutions, to encourage large benevolences upon the part of men of wealth to institutions of learning wherein the moral training is given with the religious inspiration behind it, as an offset to the practical subsidization of our colleges and universities in the interest of an affirmative agnosticism.

* * *

THE President of the Society is the Honorable Bird S. Color, of New York; the editor of the pamphlet which announces the formation of the Society is Mr. John A. Heffernan of 365 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. The society makes a public appeal for members. There is absolutely no religious qualification. The Society promises to publish philosophical and historical studies upon the subject of religion in education; and every lover of the welfare of America hope that its efforts will meet with success.

—◆—

THE movement for the curtailment of Sunday labor in the post offices of the United States, has resulted in reducing the Sunday working force in Greater New York alone by fifteen hundred men. The business men of the country are recognizing the right of employees of the postal service to have one day's rest in seven, and have acquiesced without complaint in the views of the post office department. Steps are now being taken to secure permanent results by means of legislation.

—◆—

THOSE who had the privilege of knowing the late Monsignor White, of Brooklyn, will welcome the publication of a brochure just issued by the International Catholic Truth Society (407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn). The pens of those who knew Dr. White as priest and friend, of those outside the Church who were influenced by his great work in behalf of the poor and the workingman, and

who labored with him in the interests of social reform, pay tribute in this brochure to the memory of a well-beloved priest and a faithful servant of the Lord. The price of the booklet is 15 cents; with photogravure portrait, 25 cents.

ADMIRABLE work is being done by the Knights of Columbus in the distribution of apologetic Catholic literature. **THE CATHOLIC WORLD** called the attention of its readers to the excellences of Dr. James J. Walsh's volume *The Popes and Science* when it was first published. The Knights of Columbus have devoted a sum of money for a special edition of this work. The volume is well printed; bound in cloth and sells for the unusually low price of thirty cents. (New York: Fordham University Press). Such work ought surely receive the hearty support of Catholic societies and of the Catholic public in general. The book is particularly well fitted to answer effectively the too common objection that the Church has been, and is, opposed to science. The most pressing need of the Church to-day is that her children should be conversant with worthy Catholic literature, and we congratulate the Knights of Columbus on the part they are taking in this missionary labor.

IT is a great pleasure for us to note that the first edition of Dr. Dwight's book, *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist*, reviewed in this number of **THE CATHOLIC WORLD**, was exhausted almost the very day of publication. The second large edition, which the publishers (Longmans, Green) have just issued, gives promise of equal success.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to the *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*, by Allen S. Will, A.M., published by the John Murphy Company, Baltimore. Our readers are already acquainted with Mr. Will, through his article on "Some Characteristics of Cardinal Gibbons," which appeared in the October **CATHOLIC WORLD**. His volume needs no further recommendation to our readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Old Home. By Dr. Chatelain. Translated from the French by Susan Gavan Duffy. 75 cents. *The Home of Evangeline.* By A. L. Pringle. 90 cents. *Dominican Mission Book and Manual of General Devotions.* By a Dominican Father. 75 cents. *The Soldier of Christ.* By Mother Loyola. \$1.50. *Brevior Synopsis Theologiae Moralis et Pastoralis.* By A. Tanqueray et E. M. Quévastre. \$1.50. *Right and Might.* By Sophie Maude. \$1.10. *Catholic Ideals in Social Life.* By Father Cuthbert. \$1.10. *Stuore.* By Michael Earls, S.J. \$1. *Through the Break in the Web.* By Stevens Dane. 45 cents. *The Life of Union With Our Lord.* By Abbé F. Maucourant. 60 cents.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

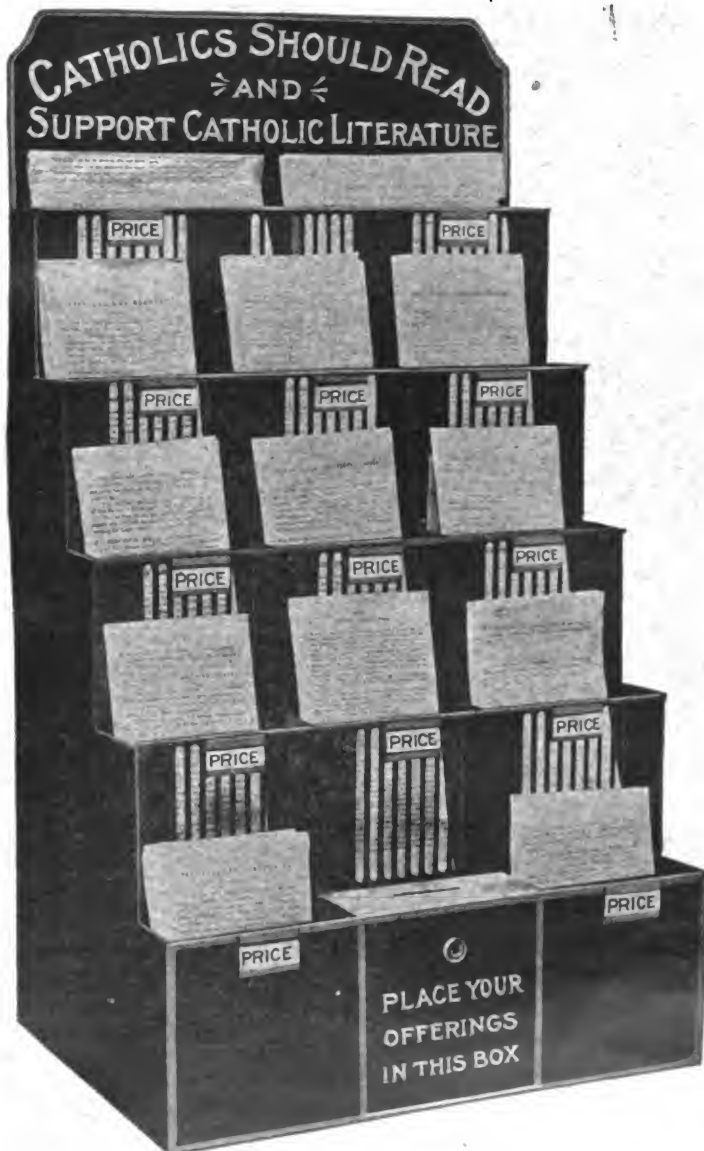
Their Heart's Desire. By Frances Foster Perry. \$1. *A Search for the Apex of America.* By Annie S. Peck. \$3.50. *Life in the Moslem East.* By Pierre Ponafidine. \$4.

GINN & Co., New York:

Commercial Geography. By Albert Perry Brigham. \$1.30. *The Hindu-Arabic Numerals.* By David Eugene Smith and Louis Charles Karpinski. \$1.25.

- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Industrial Causes of Congestion of Population in New York City. By Edward Ewing Pratt, Ph.D. \$2.
- THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
The Auto Boy's Camp. By James A. Braden. \$1. *Tabitha, at Ivy Hall.* By Ruth Alberta Brown. Illustrated by Alfred Russell. \$1.25.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Kant's Critique of Aesthetic Judgment. Translated by James Creed Meredith. \$3.40.
The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English. Adapted by H. W. and F. G. Fowler. \$1.
- WINDSOR PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
Croscup's Synchronic Chart of United States History. \$1.50.
- AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:
White Patch. By Angelo Patri. 40 cents.
- MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
Social France in the Seventeenth Century. By Cécile Hugon. \$3. *Honey-Sweet.* By Edna Turpin. \$1.25.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Franz Liszt. By James Huneker. \$2.
- P. J. KENEDY, New York:
Frequent Communion for Busy Men. By Julius Lintels, S.J. 5 cents.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Cambridge Historical Readers. Introductory. Primary. Edited by G. F. Bosworth, F.R.G.S. 40 cents. *The Cambridge Historical Readers.* Intermediate. Junior. Senior. Edited by G. F. Bosworth, F.R.G.S. 60 cents. *Pioneer Irish of Onondaga.* (1776-1847.) By Theresa Bannan, M.A. \$2.
- HARPER BROTHERS, New York:
The Mansion. By Henry Van Dyke. 50 cents.
- SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, New York:
Manuale Stenographiae Latinae. Secundum Systema Pitman. Auctore Gulielmo Tatlock, S.J. 85 cents.
- SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techney, Ill.:
St. Michael's Almanac. (1912,) 25 cents.
- EDWIN V. O'HARA, Portland, Oregon:
Pioneer Catholic History of Oregon. By Edwin V. O'Hara.
- JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Baltimore:
Life of Cardinal Gibbons. By Allen S. Will, A.M., Litt., D. \$2.
- M. A. DONOHUE & Co., Chicago:
An Appeal for Unity in Faith. By Rev. John Phelan, \$1.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
A Chevalier of Old France. By John Harrington Cox, A.M. \$1.25. *The Danger Zone of Europe.* By H. Charles Woods. \$3.50. *Scientific Mental Healing.* By H. Ad-dington Bruce. \$1.50. *The Individualisation of Punishment.* By Raymond Saleilles. \$4.50.
- SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
The Incurrible Dukane. By George C. Shedd. \$1.25. *The Loser Pays.* By Mary Openshaw. \$1.25. *The Marriage Portion.* By H. A. Mitchell Keays. \$1.35. *The Log of the Easy Way.* By John L. Mathews. \$1.50.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Communion Prayers of the Saints. Compiled by Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.S.S.R. 60 cents.
- THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Pittsburg:
How Catholics Get Married. 5 cents.
- THE HOMESTEAD MUSIC COMPANY, Devon, Pa.:
The Songs of Bethlehem. With violin obligato. Music by C. E. Le Massena; words by Charles Irvin Junkin. 40 cents.
- AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
Simple Talks for First Communion. By Miriam Agatha. *Life of Rev. Mother Javouhey.* Pamphlets one penny each.
- PIERRE TÊQUI, Paris:
Le Guide de La Jeunesse. Par M. L'Abbé de Laménais. 1 fr. *Considérations Sur l'Éternité.* Par Mgr. Bélet. 2 fr. *Le Chemin De La Vérité.* Par M. le Comte De Champagny. 2 fr. *Le Bouddhisme Primitif.* Par Alfred Roussel. 4 fr.
- P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Les Étapes du Rationalisme dans Ses Attaques Contre L'Évangile set la Vie de Jésus Christ. Par L'Abbé L.-Cl. Fillion.
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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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DECEMBER, 1911.

No. 561.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCHES.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.



IF we look out of ourselves upon the arena of Christendom—including under the term Christendom all religious bodies whatsoever that claim the Christian name—we shall not fail to see that half, or more than half of it forms a vast religious society—the members of which are of all races and nations, and though, subject on this account, to many and various forms of civil government, are none the less in matters religious visibly united as in a kingdom “at unity with itself” by reason of their allegiance to one and the same ecclesiastical authority and government. Unity in universality is at once the distinguishing characteristic of this religious society and its title to the Catholic name. Its members are called Catholics because they are “members one of another” in a visible polity which transcends nationality and is everywhere, independently of national frontiers, governed from an extra-national centre. And if the prefix “Roman” be added, this is but to denote the seat or centre of government, since this visible body is not without a visible head.

Outside and over against, and excluded by, this Catholic Church are, to speak generally, the national Churches of the

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East, all of them "erastianised" whether under the Czar or the Sultan; and, passing over the various sects of the East and the "old Catholic" separatists and others, few and dwindling in numbers, in the West, who have retained Episcopal ordination, we come to the Anglican Established, the Scotch Episcopal, and the Protestant Episcopal American Churches, sections of whose members claim for these Churches a valid Apostolical succession. And, in addition to all these are the various Protestant sects, too numerous to name. The Eastern National Churches, some sixteen in number, though independent each of the rest, profess the same faith, use, in different languages, the same liturgy, and, excepting the schism between the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the Church of Bulgaria, are in communion with one another. Some high-church members of the Anglican communion, that is to say, of the English Established, Scotch Episcopal, and Anglo-American Churches, profess the like faith and greatly desire communion with the "orthodox" East. But between no two of these Churches, Eastern and Anglican, is any common administrative authority to be found. Each is independent of the rest in relation to that which alone could constitute them one ecclesiastical body politic, one Ecclesia or Church. The sections of Anglicans just now referred to do, indeed, claim that their communion is of one and the same visible Church, not only with the Eastern communion, but likewise with the communion of Rome; but—waiving the question of Anglican Orders—"who," in the words of Newman, "will in seriousness maintain that relationship, or that sameness of structure, makes two bodies one. . . . England and the United States are from one stock; can they, therefore, be called one State? England and Ireland are peopled by different races; yet are they not one kingdom still?" And so clearly is this understood by Protestants generally, that they disclaim all idea of a one visible Church as a Divine institution, and maintain that the Church of Christ is an invisible body made up of the elect, known only to God, and gathered out of all Christian bodies whatsoever; visible Churches, in their estimation, being but of human formation for convenience sake, and, therefore, quite lawfully subject to division and subdivision. Their highest ideal is "union in diversity," and they interpret the term "Catholic," of which they now make free use, as signifying brotherly agreement to differ, and

a large-minded disposition to account all Christian bodies as belonging to the Christian brotherhood, save and except, perhaps, the Catholic Church. Meanwhile, not union, but division in diversity is but too obviously what may be called a note of Christendom outside the Catholic fold. Another equally obvious note is that, while devoid of unity in all other respects, it is united always in hostility to the Catholic Church.

Our outlook, then, has shown us Christendom divided into two hostile camps—the one forming a visible kingdom “at unity with itself,” spread over the world and gathering all races of men into its fold by virtue of a power which obviously transcends nature and is independent of national frontiers; the other made up of a number of national and local Churches and innumerable sects, powerless to effect any approach to a union that would suggest an idea of a visible Church of all nations. And it may be added, that while a large proportion of Protestantism sees no necessity in belonging to any religious body in particular, the religion of perhaps, a still larger proportion, and certainly of an ever-increasing one, is little more than an occasional sentiment with no definite belief in God or Christ.

Now, whatever be our opinion in regard to the condition of Christendom, it should, at least, be obvious that Christianity is in any case to be regarded as a *fact* in the world's history. It has, and ever has had, an objective existence. The Christian religion cannot be reduced to a purely religious sentiment of a purely personal concern. It is more, much more than this, and much more extensive. It is a religion co-extensive with mankind. We cannot cultivate Christianity as individuals apart and independently. Private judgment is unequal to any such task. Morals imply an origin and an end, an authority and sanction, a code of law and rules of obedience; in a word, a religion not of our own making, but made for us in common with all mankind, and, therefore, observe, necessarily *one and universal*.

When thus brought back to its true elements, to its essential nature, religion appears no longer a purely personal concern, but a powerful and fruitful principle of association. Is it considered in the light of a system of belief, a system of dogmas? Truth is not the heritage of any individual, it is

absolute and universal ; mankind ought to seek and profess it in common. Is it considered with reference to the precepts that are associated with its doctrines? A law which is obligatory on a single individual, is so on all ; it ought to be promulgated, and it is our duty to endeavor to bring all mankind under its dominion. It is the same with respect to the promises that religion makes, in the name of its creeds and precepts ; they ought to be diffused ; all men should be incited to partake of their benefits. A religious society, therefore, naturally results from the essential elements of religion, and is such a necessary consequence of it that the term which expresses the most energetic social sentiment, the most intense desire to propagate ideas and extend society, is the word *proselytism*, a term which is especially applied to religious belief, and in fact consecrated to it.*

The writer of these words proceeds to insist, also, that a religious society, like any other society, needs some form of government :

No society can endure a week, nay more, no society can endure a single hour, without a government. The moment, indeed, a society is formed, by the very fact of its formation, it calls forth a government—a government which shall proclaim the common truth which is the bond of the society, and promulgate and maintain the precepts that this truth ought to produce. The necessity of a superior power, of a form of government, is involved in the fact of the existence of a religious, as it is in that of any other society.

And since Truth, being *divine*, is absolute and universal, it follows that the religious society in which it is enshrined is likewise of divine, not human, institution, and, therefore, infallible in its preservation and teaching of the truth ; and not only universal, but indivisible also. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against My Church," declared its Divine Founder, that time He delivered to St. Peter "the keys of the kingdom."

To belong to a religious body confessedly of human institution, and dependent on time and place for its existence, is

* Guizot, *Europ. Civil*, Lect. V., Beckwith's Transl., quoted Newman's *Development*, p. 50-1.

to treat truth as so much matter of private judgment and human opinion. To belong to a Church, whether local or national, which claims to be a part of the one visible Church Catholic, but is not so in fact, because not under her jurisdiction and, therefore, not of her kingdom, is to assert that the promise of Christ has failed and that His Church has become "a kingdom divided," the vast proportion of it, though preternaturally uniting vast multitudes out of every nation under heaven, being governed by a false form of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the remainder for the most part led captive and nationalized under civil rulers; the true form of Catholic jurisdiction being meanwhile, as for centuries past, so seemingly for centuries yet to come, in abeyance—that is to say non-existent!

Such notions certainly do not receive support from the Scripture record: "In the days of those kingdoms (of the earth that shall arise) the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and His kingdom shall not be delivered to another people, and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand for ever." "Thou art worthy, O Lord . . . because Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God in Thy Blood out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation and hast made us to our God a kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." The Church of Christ is to "reign on the earth" and "shall stand for ever." But "if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand." Therefore, the Catholic Church has not, and never will, become "a kingdom divided."

If, then, the visibility of the Church is a doctrine of revelation; if the Church is a kingdom "at unity with itself," rather than a family continually dividing into independent branches; if, in accordance with the promise "ask of Me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession," there is such a Church spread over the *orbis terrarum*—it should not be difficult to choose our camp; it should not be difficult to decide that the larger half of Christendom, which presents a united front and gathers of all nations into its ranks, approximates more nearly to what has been promised

concerning Christ's reign on the earth than would any imaginable union or combination of the divided forces of the camp over against it.

A choice must be made if we would be Christians. We cannot cultivate Christianity as individuals sole and apart. The Christian religion is a union of doctrines, precepts, promises, divinely bestowed for all mankind. The Gospel, or good news of salvation, is "a substantive message from above, guarded and preserved in a visible polity" co-extensive with a world in which warfare has been the normal condition of everything ever since the time of man's fall. We are called to combat. The Church with her unity in universality of government, independent of the world in the domain of religion, is on one side; the world, and the religions which the world tolerates, patronizes, establishes, as being dependent, or harmless, or useful for its purposes and the advancement of its civilization, are on the other. The Catholic Church has ever been dissociated from all other Churches and religions as being "not of the world" because, amongst other reasons, tenacious of her independence and self-government in the domain of religion.

The Catholics [says the world's press], wherever they are numerous and powerful in a Protestant nation, *compel* (*sic*) as it were by a law of their being, that nation to treat them with stern repression and control. . . . Catholicism, if it be true to itself, and its mission, *cannot* (*sic*) . . . wherever and whenever the opportunity is afforded it, abstain from claiming, working for, and grasping that supremacy and paramount influence and control, which it conscientiously believes to be its inalienable and universal due. . . . By the force of circumstances, by the inexorable logic of its claims, it must be the intestine foe or the disturbing element of every state in which it does not bear sway; and . . . it must now stand out in the estimate of all Protestants, Patriots and Thinkers (philosophers and historians, as Tacitus?) as the *hostis humani generis* (*sic.*), etc. *

Such, likewise, was the world's estimate of the Divine Founder of the Church Himself, whom it accused of "per-

* *The Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1873, quoted in Newman's *Development*, p. 247. n.

verting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, and saying that He was Christ the King;" such, too, its estimate of the Apostle of the Gentiles, whom it designated "a pestilent man, raising seditions throughout the world;" and such that of the heathen statesmen who named the first Christians "enemies of the human race," and accused them of "corrupting the maxims of government, making a mock at law, dissolving the empire."

It was in vain that our Lord explained, "My Kingdom is not of this world." The rulers of the kingdoms of this world have ever been jealous of His Church, because they have ever recognized in her a kingdom, which, while not of this world, is superior to the kingdoms of the world, more extensive, more permanent, and maintains against them an unconquerable jurisdiction in the sphere of religion, nowhere suffering the civil power to intrude into her Lord's domain. And, meanwhile, religious bodies that have broken away from the unity of the Church, together with all other bodies calling themselves Christian, however much they differ with one another are at one amongst themselves, and with the world, in regarding the Catholic Church as the common enemy, more especially because she convicts them of schism and error, excludes them in consequence, and maintains against them her divinely appointed authority and Catholic organization. And, meanwhile, that she "is not of this world" in a higher sense than the world, and the churches and other religious bodies outside her fold wot of, or are willing to admit, has from age to age, and in one country after another, been abundantly proved by the world's failures in its endeavors against her; since these failures "prove to us, with a cogency as great as that of a physical demonstration, that she comes not of earth, that she holds not of earth, that she is no servant of man, else He who made could have destroyed her."

Thus, the condition of Christ's Church on earth is a perpetual warfare, and her "empire is an incessant conquest"; and He warns us: "he that is not with Me, is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth." We cannot be with Him, we are against Him, while we affect to cultivate Christianity apart from His Church. We cannot belong to His Church, we remain outside her kingdom, we are in the

camp over against her, however much we may profess and practice of her doctrines and precepts, if we fall short of submission to her authority and jurisdiction. For the Catholic Church has a jurisdiction coextensive with her world-wide kingdom, everywhere one and the same and everywhere in active operation; and to submit ourselves to her government is as necessary to our salvation as to believe her doctrines and practice her precepts. It is, moreover, obvious to everyone that of catholic jurisdiction, there is none outside the communion of which the Pope is the head. "With him alone and round about him are found the claims, the prerogatives and duties which we identify with the kingdom set up by Christ." Submission to the Vicar of Christ is, therefore, at once the test of catholicity and the condition of our siding with and not against our Lord, of gathering with Him and not scattering.

"There must be also heresies," says the Apostle, "that they also who are approved may be made manifest among you." A revelation is both the occasion of doubt and the test of faith; a command is both the occasion of transgression and the test of obedience. We live in a fallen, rebellious world; therefore, it should not surprise us to find misbelief and rebellion prevalent in all ages of its history on as large a scale as faith and submission to authority. But while faith and obedience are ever one, misbelief will always be manifold; and while the former is ever on one side and the latter on the other, the latter by its manifold divisions does but emphasize the truth of the former's position, being at one only in regarding it as the common foe.

It may be concluded, then, that a preliminary note (so to speak) of the Catholic Church, is that she is on one side and all other religious bodies, together with the world, are on the other. This ever has been, ever will be, one of her notes, in accordance with the warning of her Divine Founder: "If the world hate you, know ye, that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore, the world hateth you." "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household."

On the whole, then, we have reason to say, that if there be a form of Christianity at this day distinguished for its careful organization, and its consequent power ; if it is spread over the world ; if it is conspicuous for zealous maintenance of its own creed ; if it is intolerant towards what it considers error ; if it is engaged in ceaseless war with all other bodies called Christian ; if it, and it alone, is called " Catholic " by the world, nay, by those very bodies, and if it makes much of the title ; if it names them heretics, and warns them of coming woe, and calls on them one by one, to come over to itself, overlooking every other tie ; and if they, on the other hand, call it seducer, harlot, apostate, Antichrist, devil ; if, however much they differ one with another, they consider it their common enemy ; if they strive to unite together against it, and cannot ; if they are but local ; if they continually subdivide, and it remains one ; if they fall one after another, and make way for new sects, and it remains the same ; such a religious communion is not unlike historical Christianity, as it comes before us at the Nicene Era.*

And, indeed, as Newman also showed most clearly as it comes to us in each preceding and succeeding era of the Church's history.

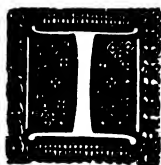
It is proposed in subsequent articles to consider the four great notes of the Church.

* Newman's *Development*, p. 272.

THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE IN FRANCE.

A GROUP OF YOUNG CATHOLICS.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.



IT is frequently repeated, and oftentimes readily believed, by foreigners that religious life is almost extinct in France. Happily, this is not true. On the contrary, there is now perceptible among us a veritable renaissance of the Faith. No better proof of this is required than the magnificent Congress of the Catholic Association of Young Frenchmen that met in Paris a few weeks since, in which five thousand young men representing five thousand groups throughout the length and breadth of France, were united in this far-extending and, we hope, stable Society. And it must not be thought that the membership of these *Young Catholics* is a mere formality, merely the giving of names and the payment of dues. There could be no more serious error. They are practical, zealous Catholics, who strive earnestly to bring their lives into complete accord with these convictions.

The readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* will, no doubt, be interested in learning of the organization of these groups of *Young Catholics* who are destined, we are certain, to play an active and important part in the development, growth and influence of Catholicism in France.

To insure complete understanding of the inner working of these groups, we have chosen, as an illustration, an average type now working actively in the rural district of Bourgogne in the east of France. It unites in a single organization the groups of eight neighboring parishes. This association is called "The Sowers of the Valley of l'Ouche." We shall examine its foundation, its organization and its results up-to-date. The l'Ouche is a little river that flows in leisurely course through the department of the Côte d'Or, passing slowly through the city of Dijon and on between two ranges of gently sloping hills until it flings itself into the Saône. It is a most

charming valley, dotted here and there with large villages, such as Bugney, Ste-Marie, Fleurey, etc. What, then, is the origin of this Society? It is to be found primarily in the instinctive desire felt by those who have the same ideas and mutual aspirations, to draw nearer to one another and to unite their efforts in a common cause. This natural impulse, however, is not sufficient in itself. There must be some one who comprehends, who will recognize it, help it to express itself, and enable it to accomplish the greatest good of which it is capable.

At the heart of every flourishing work one will find the initiative of a man of action as well as of devotion. This is true of the "Young Catholics of l'Ouche." The curé of one of the parishes in this region, conceived the idea of uniting all these activities in one powerful group. To assist him in this enterprise, he discovered among his parishioners an indefatigable auxiliary who, in turn, gathered about himself a dozen others all zealous Catholics. This was the nucleus around which many other energies gradually ranged themselves. The example set up by these beginners was rapidly imitated in every one of the eight parishes of the Valley, and after some months of vigorous effort a group was successfully established in each individual parish. These eight groups, while preserving their autonomy, united themselves one to another in an association under the title of: "The Sowers of the Valley of l'Ouche."

For the well-being and stability of every society, there must be a central authority, but in order that it may not become tyrannical, such authority must be limited by law. *The Sowers* having formed themselves into an association, proceeded to frame the laws under which the Society should live and act. Their rule gives an accurate idea of the complete organization of these groups of the Valley of l'Ouche. And we present it here just as it was definitely adopted on the 13th of December, 1908:

1. This group of *Young Catholics* has organized itself under the name of the "Sowers of the Valley of l'Ouche."

2. It includes all members living in parishes of the Valley of l'Ouche.

3. The members of this organization shall have for chaplain one of the curés of the Valley; they will elect by a ma

jority vote a president, vice-president, a secretary-treasurer and an assistant secretary.

4. A central committee shall be appointed by the officers of the organization, among whom is the chaplain, as well as by the curés of the parishes of the Valley and the file-leaders (*chefs de file*).

5. Every parochial group shall be represented by a file-leader, an assistant to the file-leader and a treasurer.

6 *Duties of the officers*: The President shall have charge of the general organization of the Society. He shall preside at its meetings and superintend the activities of the organization. The chaplain shall occupy himself with the *morale* of the Society and the good conduct of its members. The secretary-treasurer shall send announcements of the meetings to the file-leaders. He shall take care of the finances, and issue the bulletin of the Society, *The Echo of the Valley*; and shall render an account of his work to the Central Committee. No expenditure exceeding the sum of ten francs shall be undertaken without the explicit approval of the Central Committee. The file-leaders, when informed by the secretary of a meeting, shall at once send notice of such meeting to every member of their division. Failure to comply with this rule shall entail a fine of 25 centimes. The members of the Society will spare no effort to set a good example to their fellow-citizens, by irreproachable conduct and the practice of their religious duties.

7. *Funds*: The central fund shall be provided for, (a), by a weekly collection of five sous, payable by each member of the Society who is over fifteen years of age, and of two sous payable by all members under fifteen. (b). By receipts from dramatic and other entertainments. (c). By a contribution of one franc from the honorary members of every parochial group. (d). By gifts from the society in general. The treasuries or the parochial groups shall be fed by collections from their honorary members and by special gifts.

8. *The Patron*: The patron of the Society shall be St. Bernard and his feast shall be observed regularly every year.

9. *Meetings*: The meetings of the federation shall be held monthly and shall take place in each village in turn. Every parish group shall hold its own meeting on the other Sundays.

10. *Admission of members*: It is required that any young

man presented as a candidate for membership, shall be recommended by two of his companions approved by the chaplain, and voted upon favorably by a majority of the members before he can be definitely accepted as a *Sower*.

11. *Dismissal*: Disorderly conduct, drunkenness, non-payment of dues for three months, absence from meetings for three months without excuse, shall constitute causes for the dismissal of a member. Any member who has incurred three censures for any one of these causes shall be dismissed from the Society.

12. *Death*: Upon the death of a member a Mass shall be offered in his parish church, and the stipend shall be provided by his comrades.

13. *Pilgrimage to Lourdes*: The representative to be sent each year on the pilgrimage to Our Lady of Lourdes shall be chosen by lot.

14. *Badge*: At the meetings each *Sower* shall be required to wear the cross which is the badge of the Society.

15. *Military Service*: A sum of twenty francs shall be accorded to every member of a group when he goes on military duty.

It is useless to explain or comment upon the various details of these statutes. They are clear and precise. But in themselves they are a dead letter; they are of value, only, according to the manner in which they are applied. It is, therefore, worth while to notice how great and how flexible is the authority of the Society. Let us note also, that every parochial group has its own rule and its own independent existence. The meetings of all the parochial groups form an inter-parochial society, composed of elements differing widely according to the mental qualifications of the different parishes.

The actual life of these groups of *Young Catholics* is manifested principally, by the meetings which are of two kinds but all of which are held on Sunday.

There is, on the one hand, the monthly meetings, which are accompanied by some ceremony and which are attended by the members of all the parochial groups. *The Sowers* go in turn to each one of these eight parishes. They assist in a body at Mass and Vespers; they take part in a frugal but pleasant banquet; they pass through the village streets, their flag floating over them as they march. In the course of the

day they listen to a conference at which it is permitted for any one to ask any questions that he wishes. The day is frequently ended with a dramatic entertainment, admission to which is free to the entire village.

I have before me in *The Echo of the Valley*, an account of these weekly meetings and I may say positively, that these manifestations of the faith and zeal of these "Sowers of the Valley of l'Ouche" have never failed in enthusiasm, whatever may have been the circumstances or the time.

In addition to the monthly meetings which bring the *Sowers* together, now in one parish, now in another, there are the meetings every Sunday in each parish. These may be held in the residence of the curé or in a hall. They have not the gaiety and ceremony of the monthly meetings but are of a more intimate nature. They contribute more efficiently to the development of the influence of the pastor over his young charges, and increase their confidence in him. The programme of these meetings, also, is varied and suited to the occasion—reading circles, conferences, gymnastic classes, reading alone with comments, recitations, music, or perhaps, a play if it should be a feast day.

The *Sowers* have cultivated theatrical representations in their best sense. Their theatre is sometimes a barn, sometimes a room in a factory, sometimes a big room in an inn. They make their own scenes, copy out their parts and in order to learn them, come to rehearsals after working hours and frequently give evidence of untiring interest. Sometimes they organize a "theatrical circuit" with a repertoire of two or three plays and with these they go from village to village performing before the admiring inhabitants. The *Sowers* are not ignorant of the power of the drama. Their dramatic efforts are rarely without a moral and, during their "circuits," especially, they present and develop an apologetic thesis. The play entitled: *General de Sonis at Loigny*, was an eloquent appeal to cultivate love of religion and of country; *For the Others* showed that regard for the secret of the confessional might lead to martyrdom; *The Expulsion of l'Abbé Jerome* scored energetically the proceedings of free masonry. These strong, moral lessons are taught in comedies that strike the note of gaiety, and they exercise a very real influence upon a rural public. But the object of the *Society of the Sowers*

is not simply innocent amusement but also the fostering of intellectual and moral development. This development is promoted by the study circles which extend through the eight parishes of the Valley. Often on Sunday evening the curé will hold a conference for the young men or read from some interesting book; he invites discussion from them on religious or social questions, explains the difficulties that are presented, and, in a word, implants in these young minds principles by which they may judge and speak wisely of current events, of institutions and men. A large number of subjects are thus treated in the course of a year, especially during colder weather when all outdoor work in the fields is suspended. Among the questions studied and debated at these meetings are: "The Church; The Benefactor of Society;" "The Dangers of Alcoholism;" "The Inquisition;" "The Index of Prohibited Books and Its Usefulness," etc., etc.

From these beginnings the Society has directed its activity toward economics; a conference upon "syndicates" turned all thoughts in the direction of a professional farming association. A vast beneficiary society has been formed, which by means of a slender collection insures to its members the payment of a daily indemnity in case of illness; spiritual retreats are held and, in certain cases, a dowry is provided for the wedding day.

Among the institutions organized by this Society, now barely three years old, we must not forget an employment office which secures positions for trained servants. This has already done excellent work. We must also mention the establishment of a mutual fire-insurance scheme, and also the establishment of a circulating library. In the foundation and direction of these different institutions the *Young Catholics* make their social apprenticeship, as in the study circles they become accustomed to speaking, expressing their ideas and acquiring precise knowledge. Also, they are formed, little by little, into men who do not shrink from responsibility, and who, when occasion offers, will state and defend their convictions. In short, the association of *Sowers* exercises the very happiest religious influence on its members. In their reunions they learn to know, to love and to esteem piety, and in this way complete their Christian education; more than this, these meetings strengthen the habit of regular attendance at the offices of the Church.

Therefore, from the point of view of a Catholic the *Society of Sowers* constitutes a moral force. Its creation has, in consequence, resulted in the formation of a homogeneous group, full of life, conscious of its duties. It effectively destroys the weakness of human respect, and just as truly engenders Christian conviction and social activity. A young man who was formerly a weak and timid Catholic when he stood alone, now becomes positive; zealous; and even an apostle through the medium of such federation. The example and power of union have killed the cowardice of the individual. The practice of religion is thus made easy, and as a first result the *Sowers* are made strong Christians and earnest Catholics.

And to make a good Christian is, at the same time, to make a good citizen. *The Society of the Sowers* is an excellent school of civic and social education. One sees them learn to comprehend the tie that exists between the conscience and public life, for conscience, as it is well or ill-directed, makes of us good or bad citizens. The social teaching given to the *Sowers* prepares them to be not lazy, greedy drones in the hive of the city, but bees diligent and ardent for the public good.

Groups of *Young Catholics*, such as the "Sowers of the Valley of l'Ouche," are useful defenders of the cause of the Church and of their country. We are happy to say, in closing, that France now possesses several millions of them.

A SONG IN THE STREET.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



HERE was Adolph and there was Berta and there was little Peterkin. Adolph was a composer of what Berta thought the most wonderful things; but he had not yet found a music-publisher to believe in him. He sometimes played accompaniments, but seldom at the great halls, more often at small concerts in the suburbs or in country-places.

A year ago Adolph had thought himself on the high road to success, for a beautiful and popular Australian singer had found him out and he had played some of her accompaniments at the big halls. Of course, playing accompaniments even for beautiful and popular singers is a long way off from getting your own compositions published and accepted, which was the summit of Adolph's desire, still more of Berta's for him. If Adolph could but have made enough money for himself and Berta and Peterkin to live in a country cottage not far from London, so that Berta need not earn money by playing the fiddle in public except when she liked to do it, he would have been satisfied to let the music-publishers go, and make the music for his own delight and Berta's and little Peterkin's trusting to the future for the immortality that was bound to come. Perhaps, Peterkin would bring it some day, for although he was not more than five, the little lad could produce the most ravishing sounds from his mother's fiddle, and could not be kept from the music, although Adolph said: "No, no, we will not have thee a prodigy, Peterkin. Thou shalt be a happy, heedless child like other children. And then, who knows, but that some day thou mayst be a musician."

Well, the Australian singer had gone back on a tour to her own country. She had all but decided to take Adolph with her as her accompanist, and he and Berta were bracing themselves up for the parting, when Adolph fell ill and she had to go without him. Adolph had been ill on and off ever since; better in the summer, bad again when the fogs came

and the winter cold. He was always talking cheerfully of turning a corner; but the corner remained unturned, and the winter that Peterkin was five years old, the burden of keeping the home together lay entirely on Berta's shoulders. I ought to have mentioned earlier, that Berta was a violinist and played at the smaller concerts and at at-homes and functions of various kinds, besides giving lessons in young ladies' schools and to a few private pupils.

That Berta must go out to earn the money was such a grief to Adolph, that it helped, perhaps, to keep him from getting strong. He was a big, dark-haired and dark-eyed Southern German, pious and simple, with a mild, dreamy, expression and a voice at once deep and soft. Ridiculous, that a big fellow like him must keep by the fireside in winter, while a little woman, like Berta, should have to go out and earn for the home. Adolph said over and over to himself as he lay a-bed, that it was the will of the good God; but with all his resignation he fretted. The great grief had been when the stork had brought Peterkin a little sister who had not lived; and Berta had been very ill, and the doctor had suggested that she had worked too hard and long. Adolph adored children; and it had been very hard for Berta to coax him out of his despondency after that, although he said to himself over and over again that it was the will of God, he felt as though he had been cruel to the little woman he loved best and the little woman who had not lived.

That winter came in unusually early. November had been a month of fogs and frosts and storms, a month of many shipwrecks, and December went on much the same way. The doctor had positively forbidden Adolph to be out of doors, unless it might be for a walk in the sun when a sunny and still day came, which didn't happen once in a blue moon.

"Couldn't you get him away to the South?" the doctor asked. "Hasn't he friends to go to? Anything that would tide him over these few bad months. Given a chance, he would throw off the cough. Isn't there anyone?"

Berta shook her head. She said many prayers at the little altar of our Lady of Prague in their sitting-room. Unless she helped, there was no one. They hadn't the money to make Adolph strong again, perhaps, to save his precious life, for the doctor had been irritable of late about the persistence

of Adolph's cough, and Berta knew that the doctor's irritability meant anxiety. Dear heavens, unless she helped what were they to do?

The doctor had seen Adolph one bitter morning in December, and had again broached the subject of his going away, and had gone off grumbling that there ought to be an endowment for geniuses, and that the old system of patronage had had much to recommend it.

"If Madama were but back! If the dear Lady yonder would but hasten her return!" Adolph said, smiling at Berta, and looking from her to the statue. "Madama would help us. She said that she would sing in my scena herself, and take Hermann by the throat and shake him into publishing it. There would not be much difficulty about publishing it, if Madama were to sing it. It is in the hands of the good God."

"Oh, Adolph!" said Berta, and leaned her face on his shoulder and wept a few bitter, hard tears, as the tears of real trouble are apt to be; and then she ran away from him to light our Lady's blue lamp which had just gone out.

"Never mind, my little one," Adolph said, tenderly comforting her. "Bear a little while longer with this great, hulking lump of laziness that is thy husband. Soon the little, old cough will depart. *She* will take care of us. Madama will return. The scena will be published. This day I feel a tremendous energy. I have it in me to finish the "Song of the Angels in the Stable at Bethlehem." Thou shalt hear it when thou art come back. Peterkin will be quiet as a mouse. Afterwards, for reward he shall play to us his own compositions. Wilt thou, wonder-child? Then go, go, my heart! Thou hast rumbled all thy pretty hair, and spoilt thine eyes with thy tears."

Berta had gone to her afternoon engagement. When she started a light snow had begun to fall. She was playing at a big house in the west end, and it was a rather tiresome journey from the little street of red houses as near the edge of London as they dared to go; only that the edge never remained the same for long. Always, always other little streets of red houses were springing up and taking another strip of their fields and leaving them further and further away from the edge.

The hostess at the great house was a sweet-faced, middle-

aged lady, who found time to speak to Berta and praise her playing and ask her very kindly if she had had her tea and been properly looked after. Berta was an accomplished violinist but no genius; and she was very glad of the couple of guineas which she received for an engagement like this. Lady Herapath had put an envelope very gently into her hand, and Berta could feel the coins lying inside it. She kept it in her muff as she went home, and she was so busy considering how to spend it, that she hardly noticed the discomfort of the street where the snow was melting to slush as it fell, and the whirling flakes had a way of striking one full-tilt in the eyes, or dropping icily down the back of one's neck.

Despite the bad weather, the streets were very full of people, all jostling each other. She went round by the shops to make a few purchases on her way home. This was her last engagement before Christmas, and the money must be husbanded; but she bought the supplies for a little meal, some sausages which could be quickly and easily cooked, a loaf of black, German bread, a little pat of butter, some fruit, and a tiny bunch of violets for our Lady of Prague. At the end she hesitated a second or two, and finally, bought Peterkin a toy. They wanted to keep him from the music as much as they could, to make him like other children. He was too much given to sitting with his little hands clasped about his knees, seeing visions and dreaming dreams when he was kept from the music. Never was so little troublesome a child as Peterkin. Of course it was good, with a sick father, else both Adolph and Berta would have wished him noisier.

When she got in rather wet and cold, but heart-warm, as she always was, coming home to Adolph and Peterkin, she found the fire low and Peterkin sitting on the hearthrug, listening with a rapt absorption to his father's music.

"I have got it, Berta," Adolph said, turning round and looking at her with the strange sightlessness in his eyes that always meant he was far away with the music. "Here it is, my woman, the song the angels sang with the stars. Our Lady of Prague has given it to me. I have put it down to the very last note. Listen and you shall see them going up and down the ladder to heaven, the shining ones, and singing against the stars."

Then, all of a sudden, he discovered that she was wet and

weary, and that she had come in with an armful of packages. She was hungry, too, for she had not waited for the tea at Delamere Crescent, being too eager to hurry home to Adolph and Peterkin. So, full of contrition, he left the piano and the precious sheet of music on which he had jotted down "Our Lady's Song of the Angels," just as she had given it to him while the ecstasy was upon him, and knelt to mend the fire, and sweep the hearth and take off Berta's wet shoes and help to prepare the evening meal.

While Berta got out of her wet skirts in the little bedroom, he kept calling out to her his apologies because he had not the meal ready, and she answered him gaily, although the little cough with which his speech was punctuated, seemed to strike at her heart. But when she appeared she was smiling, and she had put on the old blue dress which Adolph loved, because she had worn it the first day he ever saw her, and she had a blue ribbon wound in and out her pale hair. Adolph and Peterkin both thought she looked beautiful in the blue dress, not knowing anything about changes of fashion or such things.

Then they sat down to the evening meal together, and because the Christmas atmosphere was all about them, they talked of Christmas as it would be at home, and how they would keep the door open no matter how it snowed or blew on Christmas Eve, lest, perhaps, some poor Travelers refused long ago by the inns at Bethlehem, might desire to come in; and how places would be set out at the board and a white bed made in preparation for those august Visitors if they should chance to come. For to Adolph and Berta the age of miracles was not done any more than it was to the child. And while they talked our Lady of Prague, with the violets at her feet, seemed by the flickering of her blue lamp, to listen and smile.

"We shall set the door open on Christmas Eve before the stroke of midnight," said Adolph. "If it was in our own country, we should hear the dear joy-bells, and we should go to the Midnight Mass. But thou wilt be asleep, little Peterkin. Only keep thy heart open, little son, for the Child of Bethlehem and His Mother to come in."

After the meal was over, and the things they had used washed and put away, Adolph and Berta made up a fire and sat by it talking. Adolph was too joyously excited to

think of sleeping, and every minute he would get up and run to his piano and play a bit of the "Angels' Song," with his eyes shining and his hair all rumpled up about his face. Coming back, he would talk of the time when his work would be praised, and honor and money would come in, and they could go back to Bavaria whenever it pleased them, and escape the sad, English winter. Berta smiled to hear him as he planned out all the glorious doings as though they were already at their door; now and again he would have to stop to cough the little, old cough, and her eyes would fill with tears.

Sometimes he would get up, for he was very restless, and go to the window and look out. The snow had left off, but the suburban road was white and the little trees in front had each its burden of snow; the snow was heaped upon the window-sill, and even the black railings outside had become frosted silver. The moon came out overhead and swam in a clear sky of steely blue, and the wind began to blow from the North.

"It would be great weather for the sledge, my heart," said Adolph. "Do you remember—?"

Once start Adolph on reminiscences of the old days, and one never knew when he would be done. He chattered along, laughing now and again, or coughing; and Berta sat watching him with a clouded happiness on her face. How dear he was, Adolph! Only the good God knew how dear. And the little, old cough was gaining on him; and there was no money in this city of rich people to give him a chance for his life. If Madama would hear! If only Madama would come back. She, too, was a loving child of her who stood smiling over them from her little shrine. Berta did not know how to beg. There might be founts of charity ready to flow, but she did not know how to tap them. She and Adolph were always somewhat frightened of strangers in this great London town where they had been too poor to make friends. They felt this little house like a boat, a dear ark of refuge upon desolate and stormy seas.

Now and again the boys came down the streets singing the Christmas Carols, with a careless irreverence that only thought of the pence to be gathered. Adolph was divided between a desire to clap his hands over his ears to keep out the profanation of the holy hymns and the desire, born out

of the Christmas charity, to fling a penny to be scrambled for by the boys who would stop midway of the carol to grab for a copper. Now and again he had a third mood, in which he would trounce the little scoundrels if he could, but that generally ended in a laugh. After all, they did not know, the little rascals. It was a heretical country, although it had many Christian virtues. The little rascals knew no better.

It was a relief when it grew late and the carol singers departed. The little road was very quiet by eleven o'clock. They still sat by the extravagant fire which Adolph had insisted on building much too high, unwilling to leave its comfortable glow, and the frost was growing more intense as the night went on.

Suddenly, just as the distant church-clock pealed the quarter, a new voice rose up in the little road between the suburban houses. It was singing the *Adeste Fidelis*.

Adolph sprang to his feet. This was another thing from the carol singers. It was a beautiful voice, clear and soaring. Never had the wonderful Christmas song been sung more beautifully.

"He is an artist, that one!" said Adolph, coming back to earth as the singer finished. "What does he do in Rosemary Road? It is a voice for oratorio."

Before Berta could stop him he was out in the hall and had flung open the door. The singer was standing just in front of the gate. There was a cheerful light from the red curtain out on the snow. All the other mean houses in Rosemary Road showed black house fronts.

"My friend," said Adolph, rushing out in the snow, forgetting all about the little, old cough. "What a voice! It is the song the angels sang, sung by an angel. Come in, my friend, and be fed and comforted from the cruel night. Thou hast rapt us up even to heaven."

The singer looked to Berta like nothing so much as a black bear standing there on the whiteness of the snow. Adolph, with an arm about his shoulders, was drawing him into the house. He came not unwillingly. The house-door was closed behind them, and he revealed himself in the light of the little hall lamp as muffled up to the ears in a fur coat, which had made Berta think of him as a black bear.

He pulled off his fur coat and a great many wrappings

besides, and followed Adolph and Berta into the warm, little room. Berta was scolding Adolph for having run out into the snow, and Adolph was not heeding. The stranger's eyes were taking in the little room, with the shrine of our Lady of Prague, the piano, all its contents, as though they pleased him. Adolph was pouring out praises of the singing, and bidding Berta hurry up with food and refreshment for the heavenly singer. He was bubbling over with joy and excitement.

"I am both cold and hungry," said the stranger. He was obviously an Italian by his look and speech. "My friend, what a climate! What a winter! What do we in it, we artists!"

Wonderful that he should have known Adolph for an artist, and yet, perhaps, it was not so wonderful.

"He is so careless!" lamented Berta, bustling about. "He would go out in the snow despite his little, old cough."

"Ah, what a voice!" sighed Adolph again. He had found a pair of well-worn slippers for the stranger by this time, and he had gone down quite naturally on his knees, as no Englishman could have done it, to take off the snow-sodden boots. "What a voice! My friend, what misfortune must have come to thee that thou hast been brought to sing in the streets!"

"No such great misfortune either," said the stranger, "since it brings me to such hospitality. No, no, my friend, I protest. I can wait on myself. I owe my apologies to Madame."

"Oh, but Berta will not mind,"—again he coughed his little, old cough. "See you, we are all artists together, thou and I and Berta; and Peterkin, but Peterkin is a-bed. Shall we not share alike? Perhaps some day thou wilt do it to us. Who knows? Is it not a time when all doors should be open because of a hospitality which Bethlehem denied?"

Berta, clattering about in her little kitchen, smiled. To her it was obvious enough that the singer did not sing in the streets out of need. That fur coat now; Berta put the price handsomely at twenty pounds, not knowing that she might have multiplied it by ten. He was doing it for a wager doubtless; she had heard of such things. But his voice was tired and he looked cold and pinched. To be singing in the snowy streets, for whatever reason he did it, was a cruel thing to do on a winter night and he a child of Italy. She had lit up her little oil stove, and was cooking the remainder of the san-

sages and some eggs. She was grinding coffee too; the fragrance of it stole out through the open door between the kitchen and sitting-room, and was grateful to the stranger's senses, while he sat gazing across at our Lady of Prague in her shadowy corner.

He ate like a starving man and Adolph watched him with eyes of dreamy pleasure, attending to his wants assiduously. After supper they sat and smoked. Berta made up the fire again. Midnight had already sounded, but the stranger seemed in no hurry to be gone. They were talking of music now. The stranger had taken Berta's fiddle from its case and examined it and praised it. His eyes had wandered on to the open piano, had fallen on the sheet dotted all over with Adolph's strange hieroglyphics.

"You were composing?" he said.

"The Song of the Angels at Bethlehem," Adolph replied. "It is but just completed. No time yet to make a fair copy."

"You are pleased with it?"

"To-day I am well-pleased. Who knows? To-morrow. . . . Yet, she, over there, gave it to me. I am sure to-night." Adolph shrugged his shoulders. "I have been up among the stars to-night. To-morrow I may have tumbled to earth, very bruised and shaken. I may think I was mistaken, that she did not give. Thou knowest?"

"Oh yes, know; it is the artist's way. Will you play it for me, 'The Song of Our Lady?'"

"Why yes, in gratitude for the *Adeste*, I could not refuse. To-night I am sure it is hers, as the *Adeste* was given by the angels."

He played the "Song of the Angels" again. Berta thought it the most heavenly thing she had ever heard. The stranger sat with one of Adolph's pipes between his fingers listening. He was quiet till the end. Then he passed his hands over his eyes as though he came out of sleep.

"It is wonderful, this Song of Our Lady," he said. "My friend it is great music. You are a genius. If she has given it, you have received it. I, too, am a composer when I do not sing, and I take off my hat to you."

"Ah!" There were great beads of perspiration on Adolph's brow, but his eyes were shining. He came over and clasped the other man's hand. "We are both artists then. The praise

of an artist is sweet. Some day, my friend, you shall sing a song of mine. You will make the world accept it. Oh but, though you sing in the streets to-day you shall sing at the opera to-morrow. My friend, I do not ask *why* you should sing in the streets. It is for yourself. But, they shall hear you. The doors I could not knock at for myself shall open to you. You shall not sing in the streets. That precious voice to grow roughened and spoiled by the hard life and the bitter cold. No, ten thousand times no. They shall hear you, my friend. The world shall hear you."

His face glowed with the delight of the discoverer. Berta heard him, smiling. What a great, darling goose he was, her Adolph, not to see that the man need not sing in the streets, that he wore the dress of a gentleman. But Adolph's thoughts were always only half or less than half on earth. A child could deceive him. His eyes were always in the world of his music, in the world of the Unseen.

The stranger would hear more. Adolph played on and on. The stranger sang through one or two songs, filling Adolph with ecstasies of delight. At the end of one he suddenly laid his hand on Adolph's shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "that cough, I do not like it. You will have to go away out of England, to sunny skies and balmy air and come back without it."

Adolph shrugged his shoulders, with a sidelong look at Berta.

"It is for the rich to go away," he said. "The poor cannot afford it. It is not the will of God. It is near Christmas now. Soon the spring will be here. I shall lose the cough, if she will ask it of her Son. If I could but be heard! If a little success would come! There has been so long in which we have hoped. I could not tell it to thee if thou, too, had not found the world a hard place. I could not have lived only for my Berta. My friend, the greatest blessing a man can have on earth is a good wife. She has toiled for me, and the little one, while I sit at home and make the music no one listens to. If I could I would take her and Peterkin—you have not yet seen the rogue—he will be the great musician one day if the world refuses to the end to listen to me—I would take her and Peterkin where we could bask in the sun. What it would be, the sun, after this darkness! But the winter cold is for me the will of God.

Again he coughed, and the stranger was aware that Berta's eyes filled with tears.

"I am going now," he said. "It is time you should be in bed. I will tell you something before I go. I think Madame has guessed it. I do not need to sing in the streets. I sing for a vow. Ten years ago to-day, the Feast of Our Lady's Expectation, I was picked out of the streets. Ever since I have sung through the streets on that day, wandering where my footsteps lead me. What I receive I give to the poor. I do not always receive much. I choose the little and humble streets for the greater part. My desire is to give joy, to uplift hearts by my singing. Oh, I could tell you stories. I may some day, but not to-night. I am very glad that I wandered to Rosemary Road to-night. Here I have found faith and love and genius, precious things, my friends. The world does not always know its most precious things."

He turned to go, but Adolph laid detaining hands on him.

"No, no," he said. "There will be fog; the night is so calm and it is freezing. Why, you might walk into the canal; and among the half-built houses here in the fields, dangerous men often skulk in corners. Stay where you are to-night. We will do our best for you. You shall go as early as you will in the morning."

Berta made up a bed on a chair-bedstead for the visitor, in the corner, where our Lady of Prague smiled down on him in her strange, heavenly way, making everything as comfortable as she could. Adolph was quite excited over the new friend. It was well on in the small hours before they got to bed; and Adolph and Berta slept more sweetly for the kind act they had done in giving a fellow-creature a shelter from the bitter night, for, as Berta said, it was a long way to any hotel or inn, and something might have happened to the owner of the beautiful voice. Why, for all they knew, he might have wandered about being tired and hungry, and fallen exhausted at last, and been frozen before morning. One reads such terrible things in the newspapers of poor folk being frozen to death, alas!

There was a cold, white light over everything, and the frost flowers were muffling the panes when they were awakened in the morning by Peterkin, who had lain patiently for a long time playing with his new toy, till at last his patience had given out.

Their first thought was of their guest. Adolph got up and put on his dressing-gown, coughing as the cold air got into his lungs and went to see after a hot bath for the visitor. There was one thing in the little house, that one could have hot water by day or night.

Lo, and behold, the room was empty! The bed-clothes had been neatly folded up on the bedstead. There were signs in the bath room that some one had washed there. But the visitor had flown.

"But for the bedstead in the parlor, little one," said Adolph, "I should have thought it a dream. It was strange that he should have gone without a word."

"Perhaps he was an angel," said Berta. "Not that he looked like one with all that dark hair. Do angels wear fur coats?"

"He sang like one," said Adolph. "I wonder if we shall ever hear him again!"

It was not till Berta was getting the fire to burn, and the room in order for the breakfast, that she discovered a folded note evidently written on a page torn from a note-book lying at our Lady's feet.

"My friend," it ran, "I am not an ingrate. I go away, but I return about four o'clock of the afternoon. Be ready to come with me. I will take as much care of thee as thy Berta has done.

Thy friend,

EDUARDO SAROGNI."

Adolph gasped holding the note to Berta.

"It cannot, it cannot be, the Sarogni," he said, "that glorious prince of song. And yet, and yet, did we ever hear anything like the *Adeste*, Berta? Oh, it must be. Did we not read, before he came, that some one had picked him up starving in the streets of Paris?"

"I think," said Berta unsteadily, "that the Christ Child and our dear Lady of Prague have taken pity on us. He said, you remember what he said of thy music, my dear."

Then they embraced each other and Peterkin; and being simple and grateful souls they knelt down to return thanks, their faces irradiated with the light of the morning sun that came redly through the pane.

About half-past three in the afternoon, a magnificent motor-car dashed up to the little house, to the bewilderment

of the neighbors and doubtless to the annoyance of the chauffeur who had never driven over worse roads than this half-constructed one strewn with the debris of building. However, no one took any notice of him sitting grimly before the wheel. Out stepped Sarogni. Why, how had they mistaken him? His face was well-known to them from the newspapers and the pictures in the shops; but they had not heard him, since he had only sung in London this winter, and the little, old cough had kept Adolph at home.

He came into the house carrying a fine fur coat upon his arm. He saluted Adolph with a great smack on the back which brought the little, old cough out of its lair. He kissed Berta's hands, and he lifted Peterkin above his head, to that serious child's delight. And he laid a rose at the feet of our Lady of Prague.

"Well, are you ready?" he asked, "all three."

Berta gasped.

"Where are you taking us to?" she said.

"Why to the well at the world's end where they cure coughs," he answered. "Do I look a fairy godfather or do I not? Come, I shall give you a half-hour in which to get ready. We must be at Dover to-night."

It all seemed mad to Berta's mind, but the papers had been full of Sarogni lately and of his goodness to the poor. So she went obediently and huddled her few belongings together, and also Peterkin's, and put out the fire and prepared to lock up the house, and all without asking a question. She could trust our Lady to take care of everything.

"Your wife is a woman in a thousand, Maestro," Sarogni said, turning to Adolph, who, in a dream, was filling a portmanteau with musical manuscripts. "She shall shop in Paris. I am your banker and hers for the time being. You will repay it all, be assured. First, Eduardo Sarogni; next, thou, my friend. The eighteenth of December, it is the Feast of Our Lady's Expectation, shall be written in letters of gold in the annals of music, as in the annals of heaven."

Berta, not knowing yet what was happening, what was to happen, saw Sarogni help Adolph into the fur coat. In a dream she locked up the little house and handed the key to a friendly, neighboring woman who would light an occasional fire to keep the piano from damp, and who was to use up the

provisions left there for herself and her family. At the very last she ran back and took our Lady from her shrine. Fortunately, the figure was of marble and not too large. In a dream she found herself standing on the frozen pavement, the statue on one arm, holding Peterkin by the hand. Adolph was already inside the motor, and Sarogni had taken her violin-case and placed it inside with Adolph. And the chauffeur was putting up their poor, little trunk and their small bags and packets on top of the motor where there were already a good many trunks and packing-cases of various sizes.

A few minutes more, and she was inside the warm, luxurious motor and Adolph was holding her hand to make her feel that this was solid reality and not the wildest of dreams.

"It is the Riviera for Christmas," said Sarogni; "and afterwards, if the little, old cough will not go, it shall be Algiers."

And there they were flying away past the lights of London and out into the quiet country and past other lights till Dover was reached, and there was the great, splendid hotel, and the manager bowing before Sarogni and never betraying his surprise at seeing him in the company of such shabbily-dressed people.

It was for Sarogni's sake, and trusting in his prophecies about Adolph's future, that Berta consented at Paris to provide herself and Peterkin with an outfit which should make them less conspicuous. And then they were flying away in the motor, better than any *train de luxe*, ever further and further south till the white palaces and the blue waters of the Mediterranean rose up wonderfully on the horizon.

Berta and Adolph and Peterkin, plucking roses and violets on Christmas Day and praising the good God humbly and our Lady of Prague for the wonderful thing that had happened to them, scarcely yet dared look their happiness in the face lest it should vanish from them. But it was no dream. They basked in the great sun and the glorious air, and the little, old cough hid her head and was forgotten; and Sarogni came and went between London and the Riviera, watching over Adolph as though he were a dear, much-loved brother, treating him always with the most tender reverence. And presently others came, operatic impresarios, and musicians of various kinds, and many famous people, and behaved towards Adolph

as though he was one of the wonders of the world. Nor did Adolph seem a bit spoiled by the praise. When anything delighted him, such as reverence from some one he revered, he would look round for little Berta, standing shyly in the background and draw her to his side; and afterwards they would carry their thanks to our Lady of Prague whose shrine was set among wonderful flowers, above which she stood and smiled as she had smiled for the bunch of violets in London.

Of course, Adolph's fortune was made, and he was going back to London in June to hear his opera at Covent Garden with Sarogni as the principal male singer. But he would always be the humble and simple creature he had been in the days of his adversity, always filled with a resolve, in which his wife shared, that this prosperity sent him by the good God and our Lady of Prague, should be for the good of others as well as of himself. As for Peterkin, he was the only one not surprised by the strange happenings. Peterkin had not been such a lover of dreams and visions as to be surprised that one should come true. This actual happening from heaven was better than all the visions and quite to be expected.

CHRIST'S CHOICE.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J.

Thy breast is very bleak and bare,
A narrow place and poor;—
How should thy Lord find lodgment there?
Its coldness how endure?

But ah! Christ loveth very dear
The poor and bitter part!—
He hastes to fill with angel-cheer
The stable of thy heart!

A STUDY OF BROWNING'S SAUL.

BY EMILY HICKEY.



HERE is no poem of Browning's in which he appears to come so near the Kingdom, to lay his hand as it were, on the great verities of Christianity, to take hold of the garment, not merely touching the hem, as this poem of "Saul."

Non-Catholic poet though he is, let us be thankful that here, as elsewhere though less fully, he has drawn at the well of Life Eternal, and given to his fellows a most precious draught.

The poem of "Saul" is a many-noted one. We can hear the resonant joy of life, with all its functions and all its bonds; we can hear the beat of high spiritual emotion, of a love that knows the depth of reverent admiration, and of pity no less reverent and deep; and we have the clear ring of the faith that speaks of restoration, the voice of the faith that sees how God's redemption must come out of man's necessity. The music, beautiful throughout, rises, as the subject rises to the great revelation of Incarnate God, into what can be given no name lower than that of sublimity.

David is the speaker, the teller of the tale. He is alone in the early morning; the dawn and the night are still struggling on the mountain's breast, and the earth is drenched with dew; Kidron is retrieving the loss brought by the fierce sunshine of yesterday.

That yesterday has been to David a day of days; a day wherein the greatest and sweetest knowledge of all his life has come to him; a day crowned by the vision of Christ, the King of love.

David is taken as the shepherd lad, the lad who has led a life quiet and simple, and undisturbed except by perils approaching his flocks. His anointing as a king is not brought forward, nor yet his great strength and fitness for war. He is shown to us lifted by a tremendous experience in which grace has responded to grace, into the perfection of his spiritual manhood.

An evil spirit troubled (or terrified) Saul. Browning appears to take the state induced by this troubling, or terrifying, as a kind of cataleptic trance. *And the servants of Saul said to him : . . . Let our Lord give orders, and thy servants who are before thee will seek out a man skilful in playing on the harp that when the evil spirit from the Lord is upon thee, he may play with his hand, and thou mayest bear it more easily.*

One of the servants has seen the man, who, he thinks, is the one to help the king, the gifted son of Isai (or Jesse) the Bethlehemite. So David is sent for, and comes, and takes his harp, playing with his hand before the king, whensoever the evil spirit is upon Saul. *And the king was refreshed, and was better, and the evil spirit departed from him. And Saul loved David exceedingly.*

We see how the pain and anxiety of the king's friends and attendants are indicated in those two words of Abner's, Saul's uncle. "*At last thou art come.*" How well we know what is the meaning of that "at last," we who have waited long for the coming of help to our stricken beloved, when every moment has seemed an hour, and the hours have borne in them the anguish of days and more.

How well Browning has realized the Scriptural presentation of Saul, in those splendid early days of his career. How Saul, as we see him through our poet's eyes, is one still great in his fall, still the Saul we remember in glory. The great-statured man is here, the greatness of his stature corresponding to, and symbolizing, the greatness of his destiny, the greatness of his gifts. We can see him as he sits with his knees like great oak-roots encircling the beloved harpist, pushing his large fingers through the young man's hair. We feel how all the accessories are indications of that superb strength—the "lordly male-sapphires," the "rubies courageous at heart." When we see him first, he hangs on the great cross-support of his tent, the cross that has been for so many centuries the symbol of anguish and woe. It seems at first as if the combat were over, and the victory lay with death. But there is a stronger than death, even love.

The power of music is here; the power of that ineffable gift which, it has been said, can express nothing unholy, nothing unclean. But even music is to fail before the great spiritual strain that precedes the revelation of God, when harp

and song have done their office, and are put aside—nothing but plain speech then, the universal gift for the expression of the deepest truths.

The power of prayer was David's; that power whose mystery is mocked at, or smiled at, or gently and not by intention, irreverently, put aside; that power commanded us to use, to "move the Hand that moves the world"; that power which can make of the silent outpourings of the heart's petition a work greater than the unaided struggle and striving and doing of souls by whom it is untried and ignored. David has prayed before he entered the tent into which he is to bring the great light of God's good news; he goes on praying: his "soul" is "God's servant," his "word" then is "God's word." The power of faith is here, and the power of faith leads up to the revelation of the power of love.

He tunes his harp, first taking off the lilies that had shielded the strings from the beating and breaking of the fierce sunshine. The first tune is the tune of the folding. One by one the sheep come to the pen door, in their whiteness and their wholeness. It was well to begin with this music of quietness and peace. It passes into the music of attraction, the tune that draws off the brooding quails from their mates, so powerful is the magic of its call; and then comes the tune that makes the crickets bold for their fight; and then "what has weight to set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand-house." All these tunes show the sympathy and power of understanding the animals which might naturally come to the gentle mind in the outdoor life.

"God made all the creatures, and gave them our love and our fear.

To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here."

The music passes on, and up too, from the tunes that the animals love, to the tunes that belong to the life of man among men. First is "The help-tune of the reapers, their wine-song, when hand grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand and grow one in the sense of this world's life."

It is well to note the grandeur of the conception of the life of corporate labor; the greatness of the work of the

gathering in of the produce of the land that has been tilled and bidden to bring forth. The song of death comes next, the praise of one gone from among his fellows, "with his few faults shut up like dead flowerets;" and then the song of marriage, when the young maidens lead the one of themselves vaunted, "as the beauty, the pride of our dwelling." Then comes the great march of the men who are working in unity to buttress the arch that naught can break. And last comes the music of worship, which is the crown set upon all life and all life's showings forth, "the chorus intoned when the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned."

The song of the reapers, the praise-song of the dead, the great march of those that labor harmoniously in high perfection of work; all these, incidents of every-day life, touching man's bond with his fellows, beautiful and delectable as they are, yet have had no power to move the frozen spirit of the king. It is when the music telling of the bond between man and God which completes and sanctifies the bond between man and man, has sounded forth, that the first response is made: "here in the darkness Saul groaned."

"And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened apart;

And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered; and sparkles
'gan dart

From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once with a start,
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies courageous at heart.
So the head; but the body still moved not, still hung there
erect."

A groan has broken the silence, and the tent is shaken by the awful shudder that marks the coming of the king back from the deathly trance. We notice the strength of the shudder, the shudder of the man of might. It is the strong, the strongest who have the sharpest fight. It is only the shudder of the wave of life in that grand frame; there is not yet motion, the evidence of life.

And now David sings of the delight of life:

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,

And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

Here surely is the right and lawful delight in the life that God has given; something absolutely different from the pagan absorption in the things of sense. And, as we go on, we have just what divides the healthy love of life and of bodily joy from the pagan over-care for sensuous beauty and pleasure, in the reminder of the ties that bind life to life, involving, as the recognition of ties must always involve, the potentiality of sacrifice and suffering.

"Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword thou didst guard

When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious reward?

Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung

The low song of the nearly-departed, and hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, 'Let one more attest
I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime, and all was for best'?

Then they sung thro' their tears in strong triumph, nor much, but the rest.

And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the working whence grew

Such result as, from seething grape-bundles, the spirit strained true."

The tie of the family, the strong bond of kinship, the bond, sometimes yet stronger, of friendship; the tie to the country,

thy country whose right it is to demand that a man give up his life for her sake, all these are here.

"And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of wonder and hope,
Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the eye's scope,—
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch, a people is thine;
And all gifts which the world offers singly, on one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage
(like the throe
That, a-work in the rock, helps its labor and lets the gold go)
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

Here the poem ended, as it appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, (No. VII. *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*), in 1845.* How long it was before its final form was assumed we cannot, of course, exactly say, but it seems fair to suppose that the date of its publication coincides rather closely with the date of its production, which was ten years later than the appearance of the first part. It came out in the completed form in the volume called *Men and Women*: it is now among the *Dramatic Lyrics*. Is there any other instance of a sequel so glorious; of a second part, belonging to a decade later of life and art, having all the splendor of setting and rhythm and strength and beauty of the first, yet rising into something greater and higher by far, and rising with all the serenity of natural development? I have elsewhere touched on the fact that the period of Browning's life during which his marriage gave him close association with a poet who was certainly a Christian, a poet in whom he believed with all his heart, synchronizes with the period of his direct affirmation of the truth of Christianity; and I cannot but think that the spirit of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was at any rate part of that which

* The early version has:

Even rage like the throe
That opes the rock, helps its glad labor and lets the gold go—
And ambition that sees a sun lead it—oh, all of these, all
Combine to unite in one creature—Saul.

made Robert Browning see, as, later on, as it appears, he ceased to see.

In the two splendid apostrophes to the glory of the king, God-chosen, God-gifted, the second one ending "Then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou art," we see the way in which Browning has absorbed the Scriptural narrative. He has not only seized the thought of the bodily greatness and beauty of Saul, beyond the greatness and beauty of his fellows, for "there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he"—but he has also caught the spirit of grateful love and reverence in which the Israelites looked upon him as the leader who had wrought their deliverance from the Ammonites. After their great victory under his captaincy, the people in their enthusiasm of grateful loyalty had clamored for death to be meted out to those who had opposed Saul's coming to the kingdom; but Saul had shown the mercy that was still further to endear him to them. His valor, glory and generosity are prominently dwelt on in the lamentation made, after the battle of Gilboa, over Saul and over Jonathan his son. "The shield of Saul is the shield of the valiant"; his sword has never returned empty from the fight; his swiftness was more than the swiftness of the eagle, his strength stronger than the strength of the lion. How are the valiant fallen in battle! He has clothed the daughters of Israel with scarlet in delights, and given ornaments of gold for their attire!

"And lo! with that leap of my spirit—heart, hand, harp and voice,

Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each bidding rejoice
Saul's fame in the light it was made for—as when, dare I say,
The Lord's army, in rapture of service, strains through its
array,

And upsoareth the cherubim—chariot—"

It is a great simile, daringly used, that of the Lord's army straining through its array, till the cherubim-chariot of Jehovah soars up; and the pitch and special fittingness of such a simile lies in the words "in rapture of service." It is just that rapture, that supreme delight which implies and involves perfect selflessness, the being—caught—up, lifted away, from self and lower things, that is David's too; that rapture of service, the same in kind, not in degree, as the service of the cherubim.

" . . . What next should I urge
To sustain him where song had restored him?"

The release has come, but still all remains to traverse between hope and despair:

"Death was past, life not come: so he waited. Awhile his
right hand
Held the brow, helped the eyes left too vacant forthwith to
remand
To their place what new objects should enter: 't was Saul
as before."

The cup has been filled with the wine of this life, all the
fruitage of the fair vine of earth; but the man cannot drink it.
His eye is dim, his lip is pallid:

" . . . beyond on what fields,
Glean a vintage more potent and perfect to brighten the eye
And bring blood to the lip, and commend them the cup
they put by?"

It is one of the things most terrible to lose the power of caring. This may come from illness, from physical exhaustion, from mental fatigue, or after the stress of a great anguish. But, however it be, to lose the power of caring is one of the worst things that can befall, and the worst of all when it comes from spiritual indolence, the failure of the exercise of the faculty of loving!

"He saith: 'It is good'; still he drinks not: he lets me praise
life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part."

Do we not know this, some of us? Can we not remember times when the sky was blue enough above our heads, and the sun was warm and bright, and the grass green and fine, and yet all was cold and dark and lifeless? It was, indeed, a time in which we could well have said: "I see them all so excellently fair, I see, not feel how beautiful they are."

There is verily a vintage more potent, a vintage all-perfect, but the wine must be the crushing of the grapes of God.

Then David draws on the "fancies" that had come to him long ago, begins to draw on the inwardness of that life. As at first he has drawn on the outside of it with the music that belongs to it, the life that has lovingly taken in the life of the creatures whom God made, and to whom He has given

" . . . our love and our fear,

To give sign, we and they are His children, one family here."

The life of his soul had been fed as, lying in his hollow, with the sheep feeding around him, he had seen the slow wheeling of the solitary eagle, slow as though in sleep. To him, lying there, his world seemed a very small world, just "a strip" twixt the hill and the sky. A greater world than his own, as he thought, would lie beneath the ken of that eagle. To himself, as it seemed, the world would always be a small world, to himself whose days, as he thought without any ambition that it should be otherwise, were ordained to be passed with his flocks. Yet, how infinitely greater a world was even already his, and how far greater was it yet to be, for this kingly soldier and seer and singer for all time.

He uses his life as we, too, may do, our common everyday life and what it holds. As he had lain in that hollow, the shaping spirit of imagination was his and he had dreamt the life he was never, so he thought, to mix with, and in his mind's eye had seen how men in that great world used their energies; that great world, not his, yet one day to be his in all the worth of its splendor and fullness. He had thought of their

"schemes of life, its best rules and right uses, the courage that gains,

And the prudence that keeps what men strive for."

No longer the comeliness of life in all its functions, in all its grades. Something higher yet is to come.

" . . . And now, these old trains

Of vague thought came again; I grew surer; so, once more the string

Of my harp made response to my spirit."

Not now will he offer again the rejected comfort of the thought of life, the mere mortal life held in common by man and by

brute, wonderful and magnificent though it be. Now the thought must go to the fruit of this life, and all that it shall yield in the juice that is the cure of sorrow, the wine that maketh glad the heart of man; in the sacrifice of stem and branch, in the poor plight even of the tree itself, for the sake of the palm-wine that shall staunch "every wound of man's spirit in winter." As by its wine the dead palm tree shall live in all the glory of giving, so by the spirit shall Saul live, long after the life of the flesh has ceased.

 ". . . Each deed thou hast done,
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until e'en as the sun
Looking down on the earth, though clouds spoil him, though
 tempests efface,
Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere
 trace
The results of his past summer prime,—so, each ray of thy
 will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor, till they too give
 forth
A like cheer to their sons, who in turn, fill the South and the
 North
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of."

His life over, he shall live by these deeds, his fame going forth, carved in cedar and graven in gold, and written on the "smooth paper-reeds" wherewith even now "the rivers a-wave."

"So the pen gives unborn generations their due and their part
In thy being! then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou
 art."

Here the shepherd-seer pauses in his story, and bursts into that grand invocation to the God in Whose strength he had begun, carried on, and completed the high quest laid upon him—the adventure, as the poet makes him call it, in reference, I suppose, conscious or unconscious, to the high quests of chivalry!

 ". . . O Thou who didst grant me that day,
And before it not seldom hast granted Thy help to essay,

Carry on and complete an adventure, my shield and my sword
In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy word was
my word,—

Still be with me, who then at the summit of human endeavor
And scaling the highest, man's thought could, gazed hopeless
as ever

On the new stretch of heaven above me—till, mighty to save,
Just one lift of Thy hand cleared that distance—God's throne
from man's grave!

Let me tell out my tale to its ending—my voice to my heart
Which can scarce dare believe in what marvels last night I
took part,

As this morning I gather the fragments, alone with my sheep,
And still fear lest the terrible glory vanish like sleep!
For I wake in the gray dewy covert, while Hebron upheaves
The dawn struggling with night on his shoulder, and Kidron
retrieves

Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine."

The king resumes

"his old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand re-
plumed

His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the
swathes

Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat that his countenance
bathes,

He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as
of yore,

And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set
before."

He has returned to the decencies of life; its beauty will
come by-and-by.

"He is Saul, ye remember in glory, ere error had bent

The broad brow from the daily communion; and still, though
much spent

Be the life and the bearing that front you, the same, God
did choose,

To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite
lose."

"Saul's glory and fame." The thought of these cannot satisfy.

It is not enough to live in fame, nor to live in memory, nor to live in influence. Every man has the sacred right to live as an individual, that sacred right given by his creation and sealed by his redemption. He must have what God meant him to have, with all his power to use it for magnificent uses, or—to waste and desecrate.

David has touched on the praise he has forseen for the man who sits patient there; and the harp falls forward, now its work is done. Has any comfort come? Has the best he could do brought any solace?

“ . . . Then first I was 'ware
That he sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees
Which were thrust out on each side around me, like oak-
roots which please
To encircle a lamb while it slumbers. I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not,
but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow: thro'
my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head,
with kind power—
All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized
mine—
And, oh, all my heart how it loved him! but where was the
sign?
I yearned—' Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,
I would add to that life of the past, both the future and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence,
As this moment, had love but the warrant, love's heart to
dispense.' ”

Some of us have known “the agony of conscious impotence”; the impossibility of delivering a beloved friend from the sucking-in of the masterless might of waters; or of bringing any deliverance to him. And more of us, perhaps, have known what it meant to watch how coldness and apathy seized upon a soul; to watch the dropping of old piety or the flinging of it scornfully away: to see the apparent triumph of the power of ill, and to be unable to help except by the use of

the weapons never to be plucked away, the force of faith and of hope and of love, and the strength of holy prayer. We know, as David has learned, where the supreme help lies, and we understand the submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete, "and climb to the feet of God by each new obeisance of the spirit," by "that stoop of the soul which, in bending, upraises it too."

He has learned this. The passion of rescue grips him and holds him; all that he, in his mighty yearning, would do for him that he loves, all that, in spite of that agony of desire, he cannot do, could be done by the Power, the Wisdom at which his knowledge shrivels confounded; the Infinite Care, to which his forethought is purblind and blank; the Perfection that everywhere fronts him, "in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod." And yet he can think that there is just one way in which man, the lover, may rise to the height that is the highest. In the light of the glorious knowledge that has since been given him, he can laugh as he thinks of this; can laugh in the calm of the soul that sees and knows. The one gift of love is his; in this one, he may be the greatest. Knowledge, forethought, every faculty of his, he now knows to be nothing, as compared to the infinite wisdom, the infinite care, the soul everywhere of superb perfection. But love, is not love the one perfect gift from man to man? O limited vision! O faith in the least things, and distrust in the greatest of all!

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? Here,
the parts shift?

Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, Who yet
alone can?

Would it ever have entered my mind the bare will, much
less power,

To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvelous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such a
soul,

Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the
whole?

And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on, and give one
more, the best?

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the
height

This perfection—succeed with life's dayspring, death's minute
of night?

Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself
set

Clear and safe in new light and new life—"

"Saul, the ruin, the failure, he seems now." How is he
to be set in new light and new life? To some of us, at least,
this will seem the fullest possible expression of what they have
known. For some among us have descended into the deepest
depths of the darkest dark, when our agony for the spirit
in prison seemed all in vain; our anguish for that spirit bound
and fettered in impurity, in selfishness, in all that has meant
a horrible waste and desecration of God-given power and glory,
all that has made us tremble to think that in that lowest deep
there may yet be a deeper deep. "Saul, the ruin, the failure,
he seems now."

"Oh, speak through me now!" God will hear the appeal;
from the seen, the soul of the lover will pass to the unseen;
from the human, and through the human, to the divine.

"See the King—I would help him but cannot, the wishes fall
through.

Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to
enrich,

To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing
which,

I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me
now!

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so
wilt Thou!

So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost
crown—

And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down

One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath.
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with
death!

As Thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand
the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that
I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love, and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this
hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the
Christ stand!"

Now David sees. Now is it given to him to understand something of the mystery of the tremendous love that drove the Son from the bosom of the Father, expelled Him from His heaven, forced Him to the womb, to the manger, to the carpenter's bench, to the life unsheltered, to humiliation, suffering, agony, and death; the love that had to be revealed in sacrifice, than which there is no greater way.

See the Christ stand! See Him stand in His infinite love, the love that comprehends all knowledge, all justice, all mercy; His Face like the face of the sons of men; His human Hands stretched out, jeweled with the ineffaceable marks of the glorious Wounds; stretched out to keep open the opened gates of life.

And as the earth spins on, there is, perhaps, not one moment at which there is not somewhere ascending the smoke of the Sacrifice that His love has empowered His servants of the Altar to make until He comes again, whereby we are bidden to see the Christ, the very Christ of God; in the mystery of the Passion lifted up, the Conqueror conquered by death for a little space; in the mystery of the Resurrection triumphing over the victor ephemeral; and in the mystery of the Ascension passing upwards to the central abode of light and love that is called the Bosom of the Father.

Here the salvation, the redemption, the restoration. *Deus,*

qui humanae substantiae dignitatem mirabiliter condidisti, et mirabilius reformasti.

Then comes the great Epilogue, wherein Browning seems almost to pass the barrier, impalpable as it sometimes is, which divides the seer from the mystic:

"I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware:
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly
there,

As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed
with her crews;

And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and
shot

Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge: but I fainted
not,

For the Hand still impelled me at once, and supported,
suppressed

All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest."

Yes, he hardly knows how his way home was found. The stupendous revelation has opened his eyes, as the eyes of those are opened who have come to know something of the depth and height and breadth of the love that passes knowledge. He knows now of the witnesses, the cohorts around him, angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware. With the revelation of God Christ there has been given to him to know of presences and powers which till then he had no knowledge of; and he catches a glimpse of the fierce struggle going on—for hell is loosed with her crews. He feels the stars beat with emotion; he knows that the fire shot from them is the strong pain of pent knowledge—for the message must one day be given, but, till then, the pain is strong and great. Yet he, to whom the knowledge of the key to the deep mysteries has been given, the key of love, faints not, impelled and supported by the hand of God.

To us in our weakness, how often there comes, after a time

of high exaltation, a time of depression and of being laid low. It is not so here. David keeps watch, unsleeping, and, as we feel, uncaring to sleep, till the dawn, when the trouble has withered from earth, the trouble of the shaking and upheaval of a great revelation. It died out in the day's tender birth;

"in the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-thrills;

In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still

Though averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff and chill

That rose heavily, as I approached them, made stupid with awe"

"E'en the serpent that slid away silent—he felt that new law."

"The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;

The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine-bowers:

And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,

With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—'E'en so, it is so!'"

"It is so." "It is so." Not "so be it." This is better than *Amen*: for possession is better than desire; and attainment is better than aspiration.

TEXT-BOOKS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

BY FRANCIS O'NEILL, O.P.

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age,
The man approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace and joy :
And not with curses on his art who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

—Cowper: *Tirocinium*.



SINCE the days of Pestalozzi, the educational field has been a scene of contending forces. Reform has been the rallying cry, newly-forged weapons the instruments of the charge. If now and again the battle paused for an hour, it was but to chrystalize the wildly shaken ideas of the combatants or germinate new ones. However short the armistice, the next engagements were able to boast of new methods of attack formulated by a corps of university specialists who had made the psychology of child-thought a subject of careful and painstaking analysis. The rising generation was just about to be blighted, their youthful enthusiasm destroyed and their intellectual powers warped, when suddenly, all was saved by the introduction of plastic manipulations in red clay.

The good news was heralded by the educational press and sent broadcast over the country. The satisfaction of School Superintendents, who were on the lookout for something to relieve the monotony of rational study, was measureless, as was the wonderment that came to the rural school pupils when the post-pluvial sport of their early years was presented to them under the guise of a *senso physico* mental developer. This was the "play principle" in pedagogy, and so intricate did it become after some years of normal school experimentation that it was finally deemed advisable to send out scientifically equipped teachers for summer school work. These were a chosen few who longed to disseminate up-to-date methods at state expense. They came into each county to find the entire teaching force of the locality gathered together under

the leadership of the county superintendent, and ready, even anxious, to follow the city professors through the mystic mazes of cerebral evolution. Much stress was laid upon the untrammelled spirit of freedom which was shown to be the special prerogative of the American child coming to him as a precious heritage of the Pilgrim Fathers. The child-mind was to soar into undreamed heights upon the wings of free choice and individual initiative.

That he might do so unimpeded by mistaken attempts at direction, his teachers were exhorted to view the mysterious workings of the child mind as revealed in the modern psychological laboratory. Volumes of pedagogical wisdom, fresh from the press and loaded down with high-sounding testimonials from learned chairs, were introduced as indispensable. The native tact and personal magnetism of Amy Kelly were discounted. Each particular Dodd was to be evolved henceforth upon accurate specifications. Instruments of inanity masquerading under the specious title of *Outlines of Mind Development*, were distributed freely or perhaps held by the professor to be dealt out judiciously with much befogging explanation. No wonder that the "three r's" were lost sight of when September placed the little ones at the mercy of the newly-equipped faddists. No wonder that we are now face to face with socialistic plans of medical inspection which, if adopted may force another *Xenophon* to execrate the habits of the modern *Mossynoeci*.

Literature has been unkind to the schoolmaster. It has pressed out what little sympathy might otherwise linger in the bitter-sweet memories of school days. After the years of school experience have mellowed and the scenes then enacted have been brought under a more accurate perspective, one cannot help but find in the wide halls of recollection, suitable characters to unite with those which literature has made notorious.

Miss Barbara Pinkerton, fond as she was of an elaborate display which was not always an honest indication of the equipment of her establishment, and weak in her adulation of powerful patrons, is not so very far in advance of some modern educators; Mr. Squeers, himself, might have many imitators even now, were the sentiment against corporal punishment less pronounced, and as for Dr. Blimber, a thousand such as he

still smile "auspiciously at their authors," discovering to the wondering Pauls of this generation the complex formulas of some new-found science, or adjusting upon them some psychological harness, with a view to exploiting the surpassing excellence of the fit in magazine articles and upon the lecture platform.

Humanitarianism is the masque which gives unlimited scope to modern pedagogical theories. Good citizenship, a spirit of civic righteousness and the moral uplift agitation are at present the themes which occupy the attention of many a university professor to the total exclusion of the fundamental principles from which all these should flow. No one who has not been forced to listen to the personal observations of a sociologist concerning the every day happenings of an every day life, can know what an inexhaustible treasury of talk is hidden away from the uninitiated in the social atmosphere of a man who refuses to wear a regulation neck-tie.

If those who busy themselves in attempts to awaken what they call the "social conscience of the masses" would but pause a moment, they might realize that there is nothing good in to-day's programme for the "uplift of humanity" which is not drawn directly from the teachings of our Lord. But it seems that the desire to continue Othello's occupation is uppermost in the minds of our educators. The result is, that a brand-new philosophy of life must emanate with periodic regularity from the fertile brains of the university professor, if he is to hold his position in our "up-to-date" institutions. The pity is that not a few Catholics are won over by the phosphoric display of this original spontaneity and their sons come back to the fireside with a head full of theories which are destined to be exploded to-morrow, and with hearts turned away from the tabernacle where dwells the Divine Guest of Infinite Love.

There are signs, just now, that a reaction is setting in. Old time methods of mental discipline have been put aside so long, that to rehabilitate them must seem almost like the discovery of something new in the educational archives. If such a hoax is successful, the coming books will insist upon mental gymnastics calculated to fashion strong men and noble women.

It is significant that such good things come through books. Philobiblos, the ancient author of *The Old Librarian's Alman-*

ack, admonishes us to select wisely: "You shall chuse your Books with Care and Circumspection. When you have determin'd that it is Prudent to purchase a certain Work do so cautiously and make a Shrewd Bargain with the Vendor. It will then be your Duty to Peruse the Volume, even if (as doubtless will be the Fact) you have scan'd it before Buying." In these critical times would it not be well to follow such sage advice? For, of all the memories which come back to us so vividly as we pass along the years that lie open before us, what ones are so luminous as those associated with our old school books! We can still repeat a page or two of the well thumb'd speller; the elm tree which was described as magnificent stands forth prominently and all the bits of poetry have become never failing wells of joy and meditation. Is this not proof that text-books make a lasting impression, and is it not imperative that they be chosen with thoughtful discrimination?

Fortunately, the Catholic teacher is not at sea in respect to those things which make a book worthy. The difficulty has been, and to a great extent is, that there are few books that measure up to the Catholic standard of what a book should be. Catholic teachers have been walking for many years the hall of Eblis with fine specimens of the book-makers' art in their hands, but with despair gnawing at their hearts. The gift-bearing Greeks besieged us and placed in the hands of our children instruments of physical and moral destruction.

We were weak then, to-day we are strong, and we have begun to purge out the old leaven. That we have delayed so long, is, perhaps, due to the fact that our higher institutions of learning are blessed with professors who are abundantly capable of pointing out the glaring errors met with in the various texts. It may be true that such teachers rather enjoy finding the reptile in the grass, since its killing serves to focus attention and stimulate interest.

Great harm can come where conditions are less satisfactory. The intellectual pabulum containing some scattered grains of historical arsenic too often escapes the Marsh test. Need we be surprised that the result is deadly, that Catholic students hug the shores in cowardly fear of storms. Instead of cruising full sail upon the high seas knowing that the bark is Peter's, false history and mistaken interpretations of life

hold them snugly in port. What will give the students of our Catholic schools a proper possession of the facts better than a complete system of instruction embodied in well-arranged text-books?

The need is a pressing one. The Catholic school stands for principles which have been repudiated by public propagandists. It has never sought the blandishments of popular approval. Up-to-dateness has not meant patterning after public school methods. The Catholic spirit has remained aloof and even in the early days when poverty compelled us to make use of the public text-book, it was with the tacit understanding that such a practice was but tolerated. From time to time books better suited to the Catholic students have been issued. The good which they have accomplished is incalculable. They have opened the way so well that there is reason to hope that a concerted movement may soon take place which will give every grade a complete set of Catholic school books.

These need not be extraordinary in matter or form. Their attractiveness should lie in manifest worth not in special features. Fashions change monthly that the old may be discarded, that the new may be superseded by objects of a more alluring hue. We have come to expect that every new book should have a new idea nestling within its cover, a new atmosphere, perhaps, or some pedagogical nostrum which will excite the mind of the class laggard until he becomes the most brilliant member of his university, and subsequently, the nightmare of succeeding generations. Such books have no place in the normal class room. If a student is mentally dull why stop the progress of the class by trying on all a variety of pedagogical misfits? The danger is, that the boy may suddenly find his bearings and walk off with the honors leaving you to hug the delusion that the last combination of hitching straps was the cause of the start.

A history of English literature which will avoid the glaring defects of those already on the market must be written in the near future, if our schools are to have a creditable guide. It should be a book of facts so arranged that students might follow the development of the several species of literature without interruption. Any attempt to press fine phraseology into these is manifestly a mistake. Needless repetition of phrases is nothing short of criminal. A recently published book on

English literature begins no less than fifty-five paragraphs with the words: "He was born." More rarely the author indulges in "first saw the light." This takes space—a costly waste in a book of some four hundred pages.

There should be no thought in the mind of a text-book author about the public wearing a path to his humble dwelling in the woods. Such an expectation tempts a writer into the wearisome fields of platitudinous generalizations and renders his work unsafe for first studies. Industry, accuracy and a calm power for critical analysis are the main characteristics. Instead of these, text-book commercialism has placed a premium upon hot-house qualities which wither in an hour. Every writer flatters himself that he has succeeded not Louis XIV but Charlemagne. The productions are in perfect keeping. This one embodies the results of the latest Posnett in comparative literature, showing the determined environments, the aspirational elements and the tribal contributions which have given to the world the *Divine Comedy*, Shakespearean drama and Walt Whitman! Evolution, it seems, is not always a forward movement. Another comes from the pen of a philologist who has inhaled "atmosphere" in foreign universities. He is numbered among those who are so busy studying the twigs that they neglect the ripened fruit;

". . . Who chase

A panting syllable through time and space;
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark."

A third reaches the height of the undesirable and places before the student model selections from our best authors. Think of it! A class of fifty, the majority of whom have difficulty in relating the bare facts of a boat-ride, are asked to see the vision which the dying eyes of Garfield beheld, to watch with Columbus until heaven blessed him with the sight of the unknown land, to follow Everett as he reveals the stupendous clock-work of the skies.

Selections such as these are simply discouraging to a young student. His memory is stored with the passages that represent the highest reaches of oratorical grandeur, and when he attempts to write, these at once beckon him above the

clouds. The result is, that after vainly trying to continue the pyrotechnic display, he makes up his mind that he has not the creative gift of the masters and that nothing he can write is worth while. Had such highly intensified selections been reserved for maturer years when they would be read in their context, the gradual working-up process would be understood, the reader would see that such a splendid burst of glory with its resultant shower of stars did not happen without a well-planned and carefully directed rushing-up.

The material out of which a student can best write a story has nothing to do with special selections. Verbally, a boy can give a good account of himself, because then he does not revert to set forms of exposition. The events, if well remembered, follow in logical order and the story unfolds as it stimulated the teller. Every boy has or should have a stock of *genii* who come at his bidding to help out the dry-bones of technical knowledge. Listen to the *Cottage Poet*:

Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings I made an excellent English scholar and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age I was a critic in substantives, verbs and particles. In my infant and boyish days too, I owe much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elk-candles, deathlights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, enchanted towers, giants, dragons and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poesy.

It is a lamentable fact that our histories are unsatisfactory. If books that treat of literature should have an acceptable literary form by force of the old adage, that fat oxen should have a driver of considerable rotundity, books that deal with the happenings of mankind should be distinguished by a close adherence to fact. Writers who are content to accept the statements of others without personal verification are untrustworthy compilers. Efforts to make over the old have resulted in a chrestomathy of purple patches" which serves to exploit a hesitating tendency to appear exceptional. What interest is aroused by a list of questions modeled upon the traditional; "After Washington crossed the Delaware, where did he go?"

The failures thus far hinted at are typical of most books proposed for our Catholic schools. What can be done to remedy these defects and thus reduce the burdens which unsuitable text-books place upon those engaged in teaching? Shall we admit that since novels and penny-dreadfuls are most called for in Carnegie libraries, the taste of the coming generations is not to be raised? Shall reverence never again kiss the ink-horn of the author of *Clarissa*?

In order that a complete system of Catholic texts may be had quickly, something should be done at once to enlist the co-operative strength of the entire teaching force of our schools. While it might prove difficult to select a single individual sufficiently equipped for the work, there are in every educational institution not a few who have given their life study to important phases of certain studies. Such persons are safe guides. Under this plan the departments of literature and those of other subjects would be presented in harmony with their particular dominant note. Naturally, the Religious Orders that have been founded for educational work could furnish exceptionally competent writers. It is not too much to hope that a Co-operative Corps of Text-book Writers will arise before long, since the good of Catholic Education calls loudly for the fruits of their toil.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.



H, yes, it is a favorite Church, most popular and frequented, our St. Ferdinand des Ternes. There are more baptisms and funerals and weddings from there than from any other Church in Paris," said Madame Michaud complacently. She leaned her plump arms on the counter of her tobacco and wine shop, not ceasing to make fly her knitting needles while she watched the proceedings at the church across the way.

"It is quite simply because of an overcrowded parish," explained the little director of the *Pompes Funebres* from next door, who took a very small morning glass deliberately and chiefly for the sake of the laugh and jest which flavored its thinness.

The tobacconist would have contradicted, no doubt, but was obliged to lay aside her needles to supply a customer requiring postage stamps. When she resumed them it was to step out upon the sidewalk where were placed many little marble-topped tables under awnings, at which other customers gossiped and sipped, this summer holiday.

"It is a baptismal occasion," she told these. "The cabinet-maker's fourth, you know, all the others have died. And, to bring better luck—what do you think—they have asked Mademoiselle Jeanne, Mademoiselle Didier, you understand, to be the godmother! It was presumption, perhaps, such a young lady as Mademoiselle, and daughter of an old *sous-officier*. But what would you? His wife is devoted to the lieutenant and the demoiselle, their lodgers.

While these chatted outside on the Paris pavement, under the brilliant July sunshine, across the way, the sacred rite being ended, Mademoiselle Didier, dark-eyed and slender and graceful in her pretty, inexpensive summer toilet, relinquished the little godchild to his mother. "We will share your christening feast later, but now papa must see the troops coming back from Longchamp. Is it not so, papa?"

"But, certainly, my little one," and with military prompti-

tude, he tucked her under his arm. "*Au revoir*, Madame and Monsieur."

"A thousand thanks for your goodness, Mademoiselle and Monsieur."

Down the steps, along the square and through streets, the girl clung fondly to her father. He was hardly as tall as she but very erect and soldierly of bearing; and his white hair and moustache contrasted well with the dark eyes which her own resembled. His simple holiday suit, though threadbare, was well brushed, his cravat tied to a nicety, and his cheap thread gloves duly buttoned.

"Oh; how good, how good you are to have pleased these kind people by coming to the church with me and giving up the review which you have always so much enjoyed."

"My dear, the concierge and his wife have been so attentive to our comfort, it was little to do in return. Besides—" gaily, "if I must, otherwise, have gone alone, I should have missed one of the chief advantages. To have had on my arm, a charming young girl at whom the old comrades must look with admiration; and even, perhaps, with envy, thinking: 'Ah, if we had a daughter like that! Just heaven, what happiness!'"

"Ah, you foolish papa, it is only you who think that of me. Well, at least, you will meet the President and troops returning through the *Bois*."

"Unless they have already disbanded."

They were now hurrying across the Avenue de la Grande Armée, when near the Rue Pergolèse came clattering a detachment of the dragoons of the Seventh, their swords and blue and gold shining fair in the sunlight, and a general officer at their head. The retired lieutenant whirled about and saluted, the officer, iron-gray and middle-aged of aspect, returning the salute with a smile of friendly recognition.

"General Delcasse, it was?" asked the girl.

Yes. He must have left the staff, after review, that he might ride with his former troops. He loves to do it."

"Well, why should that make you sigh, Monsieur le lieutenant! He, also, will be retired before long, and he has no daughter, you told me."

"No, no children, that is true."

"You were much with him in those days?" artfully.

"He came from St. Cyr, a boy officer when I was still private in the fifth, and we were together at Port-à-Monsson. Then he was my captain at Maubeuge where he was badly wounded."

"And," shyly, "where a certain private Didier won corporalship by carrying him into safety under heavy fire from the enemy, and was badly wounded himself."

"Pouf! that was nothing. He was decorated then, and promoted to be Major after Sedan and the siege of Paris in the Second."

"And you got that dear scar across your cheek."

"I served under him later in the Chasseurs d'Afrique until he was transferred to the cuirassier's and then made general of brigade, general commandant, and now division general. Yes, we have marched, and bivouacked and fought on many a field together, and always been friends—if a humble lieutenant, from the ranks, may say so."

Just at this moment, as they passed from the Rue Pergolèse into the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, General Delcasse, having left the troop and resigned his horse to the orderly, came towards them. "You are too late, Monsieur, for all but the tag-end. The President has gone home to early breakfast; and it is *Sauve qui peut* with the others who shall soonest follow his example. Your daughter, it is, I think, Didier? Present me. I have seen you often, Mademoiselle, with your father. You have heard him speak, doubtless, of his old officer and comrade in more than one campaign. But, perhaps, you may not know that but for him I should not be here to-day to ride to the review on the *Fête Nationale*. Ah, he would not boast about that, of his own doings. He should have been promoted sooner that his pension might now be greater." He selected a great bunch of crimson roses from the stock of a perambulating *Marchande des quatre Saisons* who wheeled her cart of flowers nearby. "Do me the favor to accept these, Mademoiselle. Now, I take the omnibus home, my horse being tired. *Au revoir*, Mademoiselle, and you, Didier."

"Ah, that is a man," said the lieutenant, as the General mounted to the roof of a passing vehicle.

"You, too," declared Jeanne, giving his arm an affectionate squeeze, and smiling, coquettishly at the flowers, which,

he fondly declared gave the last touch of perfection to her appearance. "They shall adorn my godson's christening feast."

This was unheard, for he assented absently. "Did you remark," he asked, "the Grand Cross among his orders? That is the most precious of all. They tell me it is now sometimes bestowed on many who have not fairly earned it. But General Delcasse was decorated on the field of honor by the Emperor himself, when they thought him dying of his wounds. Ambéry and Soupon, who fought beside me, they had medals."

"And you, who rescued the general, and nearly died, too—you should have had one," said the girl impetuously, having detected his faint sigh.

"Ah, well, I got my sergeantcy there. One must not look to have everything in life. See you, my little one, or one would be too content, and never be homesick for heaven."

"Don't dare to be homesick for heaven, wicked man, while you have me!"

"That is better, truly, than fifty medals," he assured her. "So let us enjoy the Fête." And resuming his Gallic light-heartedness began to point out to her this or that which was amusing in the holiday crowds thronging past. "See those privates cocking their caps at the nursemaids, quite as I might have done in the days of my youth, and that fellow who stumbles and kicks, as by accident, the old woman's poodle. Hear him! 'A thousand excuses, Madame the cabaret is not to blame; it is the sun.' He must hurry to get out of sound of her scolding."

They were now within the *Bois* where merchants of cocoa, of peppermint lozenges, of oranges, offered their wares and made miraculous escapes under the legs of the trooper's horses, and among the rushing automobiles. Down a long, verdant alley they went, the pair, towards the Lake, where Jeanne espied a bench unoccupied, but: "No, no," the veteran objected, "on a fête we will treat ourselves to chairs. It is but a few sous."

She laughed, shaking her pretty head, for she knew their sous were more easily spent than obtained. "Even the extra pension which goes with the Cross would be a help," she reflected, and then rejected the thought as unworthy the day and her father's child.

While they watched the crowd boating, feeding the water fowl, treating themselves out of paper bags, giving themselves to the festal spirit with childlike and Latin thoroughness, a man, well-dressed and leisurely of gait strolled across the grass near them. He was, indeed, the same whom Madame Michaud's sharp eyes had discerned on the steps of St. Ferdinand's that morning, following the cortège. He paid his sous to the bearded old man in sabots and black calico overalls, who presided over the chairs, then drew his quite close to the lieutenant and asked a light for his cigarette. Then hesitated:

"Ah, pardon, it perhaps offends Mademoiselle?"

"Not at all," her father smiled companionably. "She is accustomed."

"Then monsieur will do me the honor"—tendering a cigar. From this it was easy to slip into general topics. The newcomer had been in the *Bois* since daybreak for the review, taking his little breakfast after in the Chinese Pavilion. "Though not a soldier himself he adored the army and missed no military function."

"I thank you, Monsieur, in the name of the army."

"It was, perhaps, indiscreet to pay so direct a compliment, for I will confess I had already remarked Monsieur's soldierly carriage and knew him for an officer."

"A retired lieutenant, only, promoted from the ranks."

"For conspicuous gallantry, the orders read, Monsieur," Jeanne murmured proudly.

"That goes without saying, Mademoiselle, when one regards your father. Pardon, again, but are we not neighbors? I have seen you often entering St. Ferdinand, and I have a modest bachelor apartment, rue Denis Poisson, and an office at Avenue Malakoff."

"We are in the Rue St. Ferdinand," said Monsieur Didier. The stranger offered his card which was inscribed "Anatole Flossin, avocat."

Jeanne, to avoid his glances of open admiration, buried her face among her roses. She was not sure that she liked this man with his bold eyes which she had encountered more than once upon the street. She liked better to have her father interested in his description of the review, the President's carriage, the staff, the ministers, the glittering horse troops, in fine, all the accompaniments of military manœuvres. And then

the crowd—and again the crowd—at no previous review had it been so great, and the presentation of the standards to many new regiments and the enthusiasm of the tribunes—“Monsieur should have viewed that!”

“A household event prevented, which reminds me, cherished one, it is the hour appointed for breakfast.”

They left the new acquaintance with many civilities. But that night when they went out to see the illuminations and the crowds merrily dancing in the squares they saw Monsieur Flossin again—quite by accident, it seemed. He laughed, indulgently, at the antics of some soldiers who danced with each other.

“They think it a pity to waste good music provided free by a paternal Government, which reminds me that I have here some tickets to the *Opéra Comique*, also free for this one night to first-comers as you know. The boy who sold them to me had stood in line all night to get them. If you would care to use them? No? Well, a free show is apt to be mixed.”

“It is Jeanne who is dainty,” said Monsieur Didier. “When I was a youngster I used to foot it on this night merrily enough outdoors—but a demoiselle—ah, that is another thing, and for her father, too.” But he felt it incumbent on him now to permit a call from the friendly and obliging Monsieur Flossin.

After the cool, bright day of the National Fête, a long and unusually hot summer followed. The papers said that all Paris was *en villégiature* or touring in far places. But Jeanne knew better. The swarming inhabitants of the Avenue des Ternes, for example, were not *en villégiature* or touring.

Among them Jeanne moved on her own little household errands, spiritually far apart, but with a sweet smile or word for each that she knew. “Your demoiselle is looking pale,” observed Madame Michaud, accusingly to Madame Cussard, with the little Ferdinand in one arm, and her marketing basket on the other. “Is it the heat or that you do not make her comfortable?”

“Our rooms are all of them most comfortable,” said Madame Cussard, with spirit. “That thin man in glasses he comes too often and talks too much.”

“Flossin is his name,” said Madame Michaud, and thoughtfully, “he might be a good *parti* for the demoiselle. But no,

he is a man of pretensions, and would not wish to marry even a pretty girl like our demoiselle without dot—I wonder—” she clicked her needles together. But here a customer’s little dog jumped high over a stool and the group called: “Houp-là!” and diverted her attention.

Jeanne, herself, with the fixed continental idea that a dowerless girl must not look to marriage, and at first perplexed by Monsieur Flossin’s visits had come to regard them with gratitude in spite of her former distaste. It is true his glances and compliments were still disagreeable to her; but it was something to leave her father provided with a companion during her frequent absences. He seemed to hear with pleasure the old officer’s stories and shared his cigarette and glass of *Eau Lucide*. To make ends meet, she being *diplômée*, had pupils in languages to whom she went, and so avoided him often.

But suddenly one day he met her at the door returning and said without preface: “Mademoiselle, you have remarked, perhaps, the rosette of an order which I sometimes wear? It is for a trifling service I was able to render a foreign government. And to think that your father with his magnificent record which I have learned a little from himself, much from others, should be without such recognition! He feels it painfully, as you his daughter, have doubtless guessed. He has honored me with his confidence, and I have some little interest and a large acquaintance with those in power. If you will trust me with the matter—it is now September—I think I may promise you the decoration for his Christmas present.”

“Ah!” breathed Jeanne, her soft eyes shining.

“There is, of course—it is a detail—some necessary expenditure. I wish I was rich enough to advance the preliminary cost; but think what it will be to him, and the rightful pride he will have in it! And afterwards there will be full repayment from the life-pension attached.”

They had now ascended, and her father came forward to her, his face aglow. “Has Monsieur told you, my cherished one? After all these years! Ah, Jeanne, Jeanne, I have said little, for I would not grieve you; but it has been a long disappointment, and, now, I can die happy!”

With his hands in hers, his eager appeal of voice and feature, Jeanne, the most prudent of girls could not resist. “It—it is a certainty, Monsieur Flossin?” she hesitated.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Come then to my office, both of you. See and talk with my clients, for many of whom I have reclaimed their just dues in money and honors. Of course, the cross is not *bought*, you understand; but to bring your distinguished services to the notice they have accidentally missed, *mon lieutenant*, costs a trifle,"

"We have our small savings in the bank; but if not enough, I can raise more on my pension papers. It will be fully repaid by the added income later, Jeanne—and the cross!"

So exalted was he at this prospect that the girl had not the heart to object nor the courage to oppose. Little by little their bank account was now withdrawn and given to Flossin, who cheered them with word of most certain success.

The veteran twirled his moustache and whirled his light cane about with a new boyishness. "I should never have *begged* the cross," he said proudly, "but I can wear it when it comes with a good conscience. You will be pleased to walk with the old father, then, my Jeannette?"

"I am pleased to walk with him now," said Jeanne, who was secretly a little troubled. For their tranquility was now gone and they lived in a disquieting atmosphere of alternate hope and fear, according to the lawyer's varying reports. Sometimes they went to Flossin's handsomely furnished office. Sometimes he came to them, and about a week before Christmas he brought them a paper which set forth that the brilliant services of Lieutenant Didier during two wars having been overlooked, were now to be rewarded, etc. And this brevet was signed by some one very high in the Ministry of War. Monsieur Didier trod upon air, and willingly drew out the last of his account at the bank, and an advance upon his pension papers that the final expense might be met.

"The color of the ribbon is red, my Jeanne," he jested, "which well accords with your hair and eyes," and she rejoiced in his happiness.

This was a mild winter, with no snow and even a little sunshine. Through the quarter there went the season's joyous stir and bustle of shopping, and the crowds slipping in and out the ever open church doors for pious commemoration could see the Infant's *crèche* being already built. So busy was Madame Michaud that her needles actually rested while she served those who, even in winter, must sit outdoors.

"A great scandal is discovered, with fraudulent traffic and forgery in all sorts of decorations, and even the academy's palms," announced a newcomer forcibly.

The lieutenant passing by, went his way, smiling happily, in spite of the keen East wind which made him shiver. In the pocket of his threadbare coat, worn without great coat, he had a small trinket just bought for Jeanne, and now he stopped at the confectioner's for a little box of bon-bons. "She will scold—but prettily," he thought, "for our funds are low—for the moment. But the loan on the great coat covers it."

At the door he met her, and they passed up arm in arm. She was quite white, and but for his own shivering he must have felt her tremble. "But what is it?" she asked him. "You are so cold. Come in here, there is a good fire. But, but—you are without your overcoat—in this weather! Oh, careless one!" Then she saw that though cold, he was much flushed, and he confessed to feeling very strangely tired. So, she persuaded him to go to bed, and made him a hot *tisane*, and tucked him in and left him. Then, her bravery deserting her, she ran down to the concierge's room, and finding kind Madame Cussard alone, laid her head upon her shoulder.

"Ah, Madame Cussard, a great misfortune—but we must not tell papa—not yet. That man who came here—whom we employed—he has cheated everybody and run away with their money. There was a great crowd about his office when I came by, and they were terribly angry and shouted dreadful things. Papa has taken cold and may sleep. Will you listen if he needs you?"

Then the poor child ran round in the night to St. Ferdinand's, open for choir practice. On her knees, before the Blessed Sacrament, she could find only a few words to say, and repeated over and over: "Ah, dear Christ Child, in this Thy holy season, help us, oh, help us!" And then in the midst of her prayer, like inspiration, came a sudden thought. With a final adoration, she wiped her eyes, composed herself, and went quickly home.

It was evident next morning that the lieutenant had a touch of influenza, to which he succumbed the more easily, from the severe unconscious strain of the preceding months. He stayed in bed, while Jeanne left him on some excuse of shopping. "To get my Christmas present?" he jested. "It should be handsome this year, with our happy prospects."

She took the underground to the Elysée, but the office she sought was closed. "For the holidays," said the sentry. "General Delcasse? He may be at his hotel—twenty Rue des Hirondelles." Another disappointment might there have awaited her, for the General's automobile was in front of the house and he himself just issuing.

"To speak with me a moment? But—certainly Mademoiselle. What can I do to serve you. Come in." He led the way to his library, where a young secretary was finishing the day's mail. "Be seated."

"Pardon my boldness, Monsieur le Général," Jeanne began at once; "but it is—it is for my father's sake, who is all I have, you know."

"My child, speak quite freely. Your father was my companion-in-arms."

"He has always—I have known it, though, perhaps, no one else guessed—felt hurt and disappointed, that while many of the comrades gained the cross, his was withheld."

The secretary, who was of grave but gentle countenance, arose: "Monsieur le Général, I can finish these letters within."

A flush crimsoned the young girl's face, for she had not perceived him sitting behind the high desk. Their eyes met and his were respectfully expressive. The general nodded assent, and the young man passed out, with a salute to his chief and one still lower to the girlish visitor, whose dark eyes pleading, and graceful form inclined in eager appeal, had given her new charm.

"You were saying ——"

"Monsieur, for months now, a man—dishonest he has proved—has flattered my father with hopes of that honor. Papa is old and not strong; he has been under a long strain. I left him in bed suffering. He knows nothing yet of the fraud and confidently expects the decoration at Christmas, as he has been promised. It will almost kill him, the shock of the truth. If he must know, I thought it might come less harmfully from you, who could soften it with some gracious words of appreciation from his former chief. Or, he says you are so good, perhaps you could advise me as to some way to keep it from him."

"My child," said the general, gravely, "that would be impossible. The quarter will talk of it; the papers will be full of it; for it is a flagrant scandal and we are already on the

track of that gang of rascals. By the way," keenly, "was your particular member of the gang intending to please your father with a sham decoration *pour vos beaux jeux*, it would be comprehensible, or *pour les beaux jeux de votre cassette?*"

Again the crimson rose to Jeanne's soft cheeks. "Monsieur, he has, in truth, emptied the *cassette*, it was so small. But," hurriedly, "that is nothing. I am quite young and strong. I can work for both."

"I see you are a true soldier's daughter. Well, go home. Tell your father you met me, and that on hearing of his illness I sent him his superior's orders to stay in bed for a week. Keep every one from him for that time, and we will see what we can do. Those sharpers may have returned his papers, since they did not need them. Yes! That is well. I will send Monsieur Berthod to you for them, through having been so much together, my personal witness might be enough, *au revoir*, then, Mademoiselle."

Jeanne, her heart lightened in spite of certain loss and still uncertain help took her leave with pretty murmured acknowledgment, and before going home, stopped again at St. Ferdinand's to thank the Christ Child for the General's friendship.

He who had meant to spend the holidays hunting at his country place, stayed now in town, and was quite busily employed. Then, on Christmas Eve, his aim accomplished, he spoke to his secretary: "I am sorry to have kept you working on a holiday, André."

"Monsieur, I was glad to be so worthily employed."

"You have met here the young daughter of Lieutenant Didier."

"Yes, Monsieur le Général."

"More than once since, when I have sent you to their house. How do you find her?"

"Altogether adorable, Monsieur."

"You have never yet thought of marriage, André?"

"Not before this, Monsieur, having my mother to provide for and not having before exactly felt ——"

"Just so. Mademoiselle Didier has, however, no dowry."

"That is a pity," said the young Frenchman, "I have thought, however, Monsieur le Général being so liberal, my salary so good, that perhaps ——"

"Just so," said the general, again, absently.

Jeanne's heart had time during the week to grow somewhat heavy again. Her father's attack of influenza was severe and necessitated expenditure, difficult above all just now. And then the discovery that it was caused by his having pledged his overcoat to buy her some little gifts fretted her. "I did not need it. A soldier should not coddle himself," he protested in answer to her tender reproaches. The young secretary's calls, though strangely fluttering her girlish stateliness of manner, had brought little encouragement.

"The general can break the disappointment to him better than anyone, Mademoiselle," was all he told her. And, that she was to expect a visit from General Delcasse, Christmas morning.

So she went to early Mass on the great festival, and offered Holy Communion for the dear father; then later as he was stronger, assisted him to dress and established him in an easy chair by the bright fire in their tiny sitting-room, where her books and flowering plants made it cosy.

"Ah, how the little chain sets off my Jeanne's pretty looks," he complimented her. But she shook her finger at him. "I should not have needed to do that," he declared stoutly, "but for the expense of the cross." He looked at her with a new anxiety. "Is it not strange that we hear nothing from Flossin this week? He promised for to-day." His eyes were weak and he seemed very pale and fragile, sitting there by the fire.

But while Jeanne hesitated, stifling a sigh, Madame Cusard's voice was heard speaking importantly: "Certainly, Monsieur le Général, awaiting your visit *au troisième*;" and General Delcasse and his-secretary came in.

"Didier, my dear fellow, I am glad to see you better. I have come to bring you, in person, the cross of honor, so long and well-merited, which pleasure the Ministry permits me as you are confined to the house, and because my personal testimony has helped establish claims overlooked all these years through their blindness and my own want of thought. But when I told them how we served together at Monsson, at Maubeuge, at Sedan —"

"Under the walls of Paris, in Africa."

"Just so. They could not resist; and this is your Christmas present." He fastened the decoration on the veteran's coat,

who was mute from emotion. "Mademoiselle shares, I know, your joy. But I venture to offer for herself, and her acceptance, another present." André here took his place beside him. "This gentleman, long in my employ, and known to me from childhood asks the hand of Mademoiselle in marriage. He has been a devoted son and should make a good husband. His means are sufficient; but Mademoiselle is not without dot. I claim the privilege of her godfather—which Didier, I should have been—and take upon myself her suitable dowering, a trifling remembrance, indeed, of her father's service to me. What do you say, Didier?"

"Mon Général, your goodness, your recommendation ——"

"Pardon, Monsieur," said André, whose gaze had been fixed worshipfully on Jeanne's wide, dark eyes and parted lips, "but if Mademoiselle should find me unworthy—the whole quarter speaks of her beauty, her sweetness, her piety."

But Jeanne, with a shy smile, placed in his the hand which he kissed.

"A perfectly suitable marriage," pronounced Madame Michaud, watching the bridal cortège, "and it makes an ideal household. The little silver haired mother who is very silent, forms an excellent audience for the lieutenant. who has no objection to talk. And the young pair, so charming and devoted. The general is in full uniform and talks with Monsieur Didier, who wears his rosette. Ah, there is Mademoiselle—no Madame—in her pretty white, who kisses her hand to us. A thousand felicitations."

When the general's automobile had puffed and snorted away, the bride still hesitated on St. Ferdinand's steps before beginning the usual French *bourgeois* wedding drive.

"Let it be the *Bois*," she decided, for it is not too cold. To-day was made expressly for our wedding, it is so mild for the first of the year, and actually, a little sunshine. The *Bois* certainly."

Whither they drove and descended again near the Lake. While the lieutenant, quite well again, and the proudest of men in the great coat and rosette of the order, gave his arm to the gentle little woman in widow's dress, the bride and groom walked apart, her white gown trailing across the now withered grass, under leafless boughs, through which the sun filtered upon her.

"Not too bleak, my dearest?" asked André.

"Oh, lovely," she sighed. "It was here, you know, we first met that man Flossin."

"But that should not endear the spot!"

"Oh, but yes, my André. Was it not because of him, that after long strain and anxiety, heavy cross and grief, the Christ Child led me to your General in my trouble! And through him has there not come to my father the cross he has so desired; and to me the best, the finest Christmas gift in the whole world!"

"Thanks be to Him, then, for mine, Who makes good to come out of evil." He bent to look at the sweet face smiling up at him; then lifted his hat reverently, as across the wintry stretches came the faint, clear sound of the church bells.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

LAMBS and little children,
Gather two by two,
Little Lamb and lowly Child
Here is laid for you.
Come to Mary's smiling Son,
Worship all, and one by one.

Lights are on His forehead,
Little children, see;
Other stars shall burn there,
Red as stars may be.
Guileless children, for us plead,
Us for whom the Lamb shall bleed.

Little lambs, all in a row, I
Lay your faces down
Till the Lady Mary stoop
And touch you with her gown.
Little children, laugh and nod,
Gamb'ling round the Lamb of God.

WHAT WAS THE REFORMATION?

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

II.



I SAID in the last article of this series, that the capital event, the critical moment in the great struggle of the Reformation, was the defection of Britain.

It is a point that the normal modern anti-Catholic and anti-Christian historian does not and cannot make. Yet it is, perhaps, the most important historical point between the saving of Europe from the barbarians and modern times.

Let me recapitulate the factors of the problem as they would be seen by an impartial observer from some great distance in time, or in space, or in mental attitude. Let me put them as they would appear to one quite indifferent to, and remote from, the antagonists.

To such an observer, the history of Europe would be that of the great Roman Empire with its civilization passing through the transformation I have described: its mind first more and more restless, then more and more tending to a certain form of philosophy, and that form—as *we* believe preordained, as such an observer might think, accidental—the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church becomes the soul, the vital principle, the continuity of Europe. It suffers grievously from the accident, largely geographical, of the Eastern schism. It is of its nature perpetually subject to assault; from within, because it deals with many matters not open to positive proof; from without, because all those who are not of European civilization are naturally its enemies.

The Roman Empire of the West, in which the purity and the unity of this soul are preserved from generation to generation, in its transformation declines as to its substance. It becomes coarsened and less in its material powers. It loses its central organization (which is replaced by a mass of local lordships jumbled into more or less national groups). In build-

ing, in writing, in cooking, in clothing, in drawing, in sculpture, it forgets all but the fundamentals of its arts—but expands so far as its area is concerned. Great belts of barbaric Germany receive the Roman influence—Baptism and the Mass. With the Creed there comes reading and writing, building in brick and stone, bridges and the power of thinking clearly. It is centuries before this slow digestion of the barbarian reaches longitude 10° East and the Scandinavian Peninsula. But a thousand years after our Lord it has reached even these, and there remains between the unbroken tradition of our civilization in the West and the schismatic but Christian civilization of the Greek Church, nothing but a little island of paganism along the South of the Baltic, which island is lessened year after year by the armed efforts and the rational dominance of culture; our Christian and Roman culture proceeds continuously eastward, mastering the uncouth. With the thirteenth century a united Christendom is finally and absolutely formed. It was not destined to endure, for the destiny of the Church is not peace but battle.

After this general picture of a civilization dominating and mastering in its material decline a vastly greater area than it had known in the height of its material excellence—this sort of expansion in the dark—the impartial observer, whom we have supposed, would remark a sort of dawn. That dawn came at the end of the eleventh century. The Norman race, the sudden, and, as it were, miraculously new invigoration of the Papacy, the Crusades, mark a turn in the tide of material decline and that tide works very rapidly towards a new and intense civilization, which we call that of the Middle Ages, and which gives Europe a second and most marvelous life, which is a late reflowering of Rome, but of Rome revived with the virtue and the humor of the Faith.

The second thing that the observer would note in so general a picture, would be the peculiar exception formed within it by the group of large islands lying to the North and West of the Continent. Of these the larger, Britain, had been a true Roman Province, but for more than the lifetime of a man it had on the first assault of the barbarians been cut off. Then it was re-Christianized almost as thoroughly as though even its Eastern part had never lost the authority of civilization. The Mission of St. Augustine recaptured Britain—but Britain

is remarkable in the history of civilization for the fact that alone of civilized lands it needed to be recaptured at all. The western island of the two, the smaller island, Ireland, presented another exception.

It was not compelled to the Christian culture as were the German barbarians of the Continent, by arms. No Charlemagne forced it tardily to accept baptism. It was under no necessity to go to school. But in a most exceptional fashion, though already possessed of, and perhaps, *because* so possessed, a high pagan culture of its own, it accepted within the lifetime of a man, and by spiritual influences alone, the whole spirit of the Creed. The civilization of the Roman West was accepted by Ireland, not as a command nor as an influence, but as a discovery!

Now let this peculiar fate of the two islands to the North and West of the Continent remain in the observer's mind, and he will note, when the shock of what is called "the Reformation" comes, new phenomena attaching to those islands, cognate to their early history.

Those phenomena are the thesis which I have to present in the pages that follow.

What we call "the Reformation" was essentially the reaction of the barbaric and ill-tutored fringe, external to the old and deep-rooted Roman civilization, against the influences of that civilization. The Reformation was not racial. Even if there were such a physical thing as a "Teutonic Race" (and there is nothing of the kind), the Reformation shows no coincidence with that race. The Reformation is simply the turning-back of that tide of Roman culture which, for five hundred years, had set steadily forward and had progressively dominated the insufficient by the sufficient, the slower by the quicker, the confused by the clear-headed. It was a sort of protest by the conquered against moral and intellectual superiority which offended them. Racially the Slavs of Bohemia joined in that sincere protest of the lately and insufficiently civilized, and quite as strongly as, and even earlier than, the very varied tribes of the Sandy Heaths along the Baltic. The Dolicocephalic Scandinavian, who has nothing physical in common with the Brachycephalic tribes of the Baltic Plain, comes into the game. Wretched villages in the mark of Brandenburg as Slavonic in type as the villages of Bohemia, revolt quite as much

as the isolated villages of the Swedish Valleys or the isolated subjects of the Cevennes or the Alps. The revolt is confused, instinctive, and, in a way, animal, enjoying the sincere motive which accompanies unintelligence, but deprived of unity and of organizing power. There has never been a Protestant creed.

Now the point to seize is this:

Disastrous as such a revolt was to souls or (to speak upon the plane I adopt throughout these papers) to civilization and its fate, bad as it was that the tide of culture should have begun to ebb from the incompetent boundaries which it had once so beneficently flooded, the Reformation, that is, the reaction against the unity and the clear thought of Europe, would never have counted largely in human affairs had it been confined to those external fringes of the civilized world. Perhaps they might have been reconquered. The inherent force attached to reality and the muscles of the mind would lead us to hope so. But, perhaps, they would not have been reconquered. Perhaps they would have lapsed quite soon into their original paganism.

But though the revolt was external to the foundations of Europe, to the ancient provinces of the Empire, yet an internal consequence of that revolt arose within the ancient provinces. It may be briefly told. The wealthy took advantage within the heart of civilization itself, of the external revolt against order; for it is always to the advantage of the wealthy to deny general conceptions of right and wrong, to question a united philosophy, and to weaken the drastic and immediate power of the organized human will. It is always in the nature of great wealth to be insanely tempted (though it should know from active experience how little wealth can give), to push on to more and more domination over the bodies of men—and it can do so best by attacking fixed social doctrines.

The landed squires then, and the great merchants powerfully supported by the Jewish financial communities in the principal towns, felt that—with the Reformation—their opportunity had come. The largest centres of commerce even in Gaul (that nucleus and stronghold of ordered human life) licked their lips. Everywhere in Northern Italy, in Southern Germany, upon the Rhine, wherever wealth had congested in a few hands the chance of breaking with the old morals was

a powerful appeal to the wealthy, and, therefore, throughout Europe, even in its most ancient seeds of civilization, the outer barbarian had allies.

Theirs was not any dumb, instinctive revolt like that of the Outer Germanies the Outer Slavs or the neglected mountain valleys against order and against clear thought, with all the hard consequences that clear thought brings. *They* were in no way subject to enthusiasm for the vaguer emotions roused by the Gospel or the more turgid excitements derivable in Scripture from an uncorrected orgy of prophecy. They were "on the make." Montpellier, Nîmes, the movement in Rome itself, in Milan, in Lyons, in Paris, enlisted intellectual aid, flattered the atheism of the Renaissance and even winked solemnly at the lunatic inspirations of men and women filled with "visions." But their object was money.

One group and one alone of the European nations was too recently filled with combat against vile, non-Christian things to accept any parley with the anti-Christian movement. That unit was the Iberian Peninsula. It is worthy of remark, especially upon the part of those who realize that the sword fits the hand of the Church and that Catholicism is never more alive than when it is in arms, I say it is worthy of remark by these that Spain and Portugal through the very greatness of an experience still recent when the Reformation broke, lost the chance of combat. There came, indeed, from Spain, or rather, from the Basque nation, that weapon of steel, the Society of Jesus, which St. Ignatius formed and which, surgical and military, saved the Faith, and, therefore, Europe. But the Iberian Peninsula as a whole rejecting with contempt and with abhorrence, and rejecting rightly, the follies of anti-civilization, had no opportunity for combat. It did not enjoy the religious wars which revived France, and it may be urged by a just critic that Spain would be the stronger to-day had it fallen to her task as it did to the general populace of the Rhine and of Gaul, to come to hand-grips with the thing, to test it, to know it, to dominate it, to bend the muscles upon it, and to re-emerge triumphant from the struggle.

Such a great factor would the observer perceive in the enormous combat originated by what I have called the ebbing of the tide. He would have seen in a word, the atheism, and the wealth, the luxury and the sensuality of the Renaissance,

answering over the heads of the Catholic populace, the call of external barbarism joining hands with the iconoclasts of the outer belts of Europe.

Nevertheless, even with such allies that barbarism would have failed and the Reformation would to-day be but an historical episode by which to explain the fact that the outer portions of civilization had decayed, had not a second great phenomenon appeared, which was the loss of Britain.

Now how did Britain go, and why was the loss of Britain of such capital importance?

To say that Britain revolted against civilization in the sixteenth century (and suffered the grievous consequences we know) because Britain is "Teutonic" is to talk a balderdash it would be waste of time to meet. And to say that Britain revolted because the seeds of revolt were stronger in her than in any other ancient Province, is to know nothing of history. The seeds of revolt were in her then as in every other community; as they must be in every individual, who may find any form of discipline a burden which he is tempted in a moment of disorder to lay down. But to pretend that England and Scotland, to pretend that the Province of Britain in our civilization was more ready for the change than the infected portions of Southern Gaul, or the humming towns of Northern Italy, or the intense life of Hainault or Brabant, is to show a contemptible ignorance of European affairs.

How Britain went we must examine more particularly, and why Britain went we also must examine more particularly than any such false generalization would allow.

The province of Britain was not a great one in area or in numbers. Even to-day, under conditions of high, industrial congestion it is not the largest European unit. It was a still smaller numerical factor when the Reformation broke out. It was, indeed, very wealthy for its size, as were the Netherlands, but its mere wealth does not account for the fundamental importance of the loss of Britain to the Faith in the sixteenth century. The real point was that one and only one of the old Roman provinces with their tradition of civilization, letters, persuasive power, multiple soul—one and only one, went over to the barbaric enemy and gave that enemy its aid. That one was Britain.

Well then, how did Britain go?

I beg the reader to pay a special attention to the next page or so. I believe it to be of capital value in explaining the general history of Europe, and I know it to be hardly ever told; or—if told at all—fragmentarily told.

England went because of three things. First, her Squires had already become too powerful. In other words, the economic power of a small class of wealthy men had grown, on account of peculiar insular conditions, greater than was healthy for the community.

Secondly, England was, more than any other part of Western Europe (save the Batavian March),* a series of markets and of ports, a place of very active cosmopolitan influence, in which new opportunities for the corrupt, new messages for the enthusiastic, were frequent.

In the third place, that curious phenomenon on which I dwelt in my last paper, the religious—nay superstitious—attachment of citizens to the civil power, to the monarch, was exaggerated in England as nowhere else, save, possibly, in one or two ardent city-states of the Continent.

Now put these three things together, especially the first and third (for the second was both of minor importance and more superficial) and you will appreciate why England fell. One too wealthy class, tainted with the atheism that always creeps into wealth long and securely enjoyed, was beginning to possess English land. It would take far too long to describe here what the process had been. It is true that the absolute monopoly of the soil, the gripping and the strangling of the populace by landlords, is a purely Protestant phenomenon. Nothing of that kind had happened or would have been conceived of as possible in pre-Reformation England, but still something like a quarter of the land (or a little less) had got into the possession of one class which had also begun to encroach upon the judiciary, in some measure to supplant the populace in local law-making, and quite appreciably to supplant the King in central law-making.

Let me not be misunderstood: the England of the fifteenth century, the England of the generation just before the Reformation, was not an England of Squires; it was not an England of landlords; it was still an England of Englishmen. The pro-

* I mean Belgium. That Frontier of Roman influence upon the lower Rhine which so happily held out for faith and just preserved it.

cess by which the English plutocracy has grown up, was but in germ before the Reformation. Nor had that germ sprouted. But for the Reformation it would not have matured. Sooner or later a popular revolt (had the Faith revived) would have killed the growing usurpation of the Squires. But the germ was there; and the Reformation coming just as it did, both was helped by the Squires and helped them.

The slow acquisition of considerable power over the courts of law and over the soil of the country by an oligarchy, partial though it was, was a predisposing condition to the disease. It may be urged that if the English people had fought the growing power of the Squires more vigorously, they would not have conquered in the Reformation as they did. Possibly; and the enemies of the English people are quick to point out that some native sluggishness permitted the gradual weighing down of the social balance in favor of the rich. But no one who can even pretend to know medieval England will say that the English consciously desired or willingly permitted to grow up such a state of affairs. Successful foreign wars, dynastic trouble, a recent and vigorous awakening of national consciousness, which consciousness had centred in the wealthier classes—all these combined to let the evil in without warning and, on the eve of the Reformation, a rich, avaricious class was already empowered to act in Britain, ready to grasp, as all the avaricious classes were throughout the western world, at the opportunity to revolt against that morality which has ever suspected the rich, and in their attempts at tyranny, condemned them to eternal torments.

Now add to this the strange, but at that time very real worship of government as a fetish. This spirit did not really strengthen government, far from it. A superstition never strengthens its object, nor ever makes of the supposed power of that object a reality. But though it did not give to the intention of the prince real power, it gave to the word of the prince a fantastic power. In such a combination of circumstances—nascent plutocracy, the prince worshipped—you get holding the position of Prince, Henry VIII., a thorough Tudor, that is, a man weak to the point of imbecility where his passions were concerned, violent from that fundamental weakness which, in the absence of opposition ruins things as effectively as though it were strong. No executive power in

Europe was less in sympathy with the revolt against civilization than was the Tudor family. Henry the VII., his son, and his two grand-daughters exceeded, upon the contrary, in their passion for the old order of the Western world, but at the least sign of weak resistance, Mary who burnt, Elizabeth who intrigued, Henry their father, who pillaged, Henry, their grandfather, who robbed and saved, were one. To these characters slight resistance was a spur; with strong, manifold sub-conscious opposition they were quite powerless to deal. Their minds would not grip (for their minds though acute, were not large) but their passions shot. And one may compare them when their passions of pride, of lust, of avarice or of facile power were aroused, to vehement children. Never was there a family less statesmanlike; never one less full of stuff and of creative power.

Henry desired a divorce from Katharine of Aragon. The Papal Court opposed him. He was incapable of negotiation and still more incapable of foresight. His energy, which was, to borrow an historical metaphor, "of an Arabian sort" blasted through the void because a void was there. Of course it seemed to him no more than one of those recurrent quarrels with the authority of Rome which all kings (and Saints among them) had engaged in for many hundred years. All real powers thus conflict in all times. But, had he known it (and he did not know it) the moment was fatally inopportune for playing that game. He may never have meant to break with the unity of Christendom. A disruption of that unity was probably inconceivable to him. He meant to "exercise pressure." All his acts from the decisive Proclamation of September 19, 1530 onwards, prove it. But the moment was the moment of the breaking-point throughout Europe, and he, Henry, plundered into disaster without knowing what the fullness of the moment was.

It was the same thing with the suppression of the monasteries. In the matter of their financial endowment, an economic crisis, produced by the unequal growth of economic powers had made them ripe for resettlement. Religious orders were here wealthy without reason, poor in spirit and numbers, but rich in land; there impoverished without reason, rich in popularity and spiritual power, but poor in land. The dislocation which all institutions necessarily suffer on the economic side through

the mere efflux of time, inclined every government in Europe to a resettlement of religious endowments.

Henry did not resettle. He plundered and broke. He used the fetish of executive power just as much at Reading or in the Blackfriars of London, where unthinking and immediate popular feeling was with him, as at Glastonbury where it was against him, as in Yorkshire where it was in arms, as in Galway where there was no bearing with it at all. There was no largeness in him nor any comprehension of complexity, and when in this Jacobin, unexampled way, he had simply got rid of that which he should have restored and transformed, of what effect was it?

It was of no effect to the Crown. From a fourth to a third of the economic power over the means of production in England which had been vested top heavily in the religious foundations—here, far too rich, there, far too poor—he got by mere confiscation. But he made no addition to the wealth of the Crown. On the contrary, Henry ruined the Crown. *The land passed by an instinctive multiple process—but very rapidly—to the already powerful class which had begun to dominate the villages.* Then, when it was too late, the Tudors attempted to stem the tide. But the thing was done. Upon the indifference which is always common to a society long and profoundly Catholic and ignorant of heresy, or having conquered heresy, ignorant at any rate of struggle for the Faith, two ardent minorities converged. The tiny minority of confused men who really did desire what they believed to be a restoration of “primitive” Christianity and the much larger minority of men now grown, almost invincibly powerful in the economic sphere, for the Squires by 1560 had come to possess, through the ruin of religion *more than half the land of England.*

With the rapidity of a fungus growth, this new class spread over the desolation of the land. They captured both the Universities, all the Courts of Justice, most of the public schools. They won their great war against the Crown after Henry's folly. Within a century they had established themselves in the place of what had once been the monarchy and central government of England. The impoverished Crown resisted in vain; they killed one embarrassed King—Charles I. and they set up his son Charles II. as an insufficiently salaried puppet. Since their victory over the Crown they and the capitalists who

have sprung from their avarice and their philosophy, and largely from their very loins, have been completely masters of England.

Here the reader may say: "What! this large national slow movement, to be interpreted as the function of such minorities?" Yes; to interpret it otherwise is to read history backwards. There is no more fatal fault in the reading of history, nor any illusion to which the human mind is more prone. To read the remote past in the light of the recent past; to think the process of the one towards the other "inevitable"; to regard the whole matter as a slow, inexorable process, independent of the human will, still suits the pantheist philosophy of our time. But more than this; there is an inherent tendency in all men to understand Tuesday in the light of Wednesday, and then by a sort of illogical reversion in the mind, to interpret Tuesday in terms of Wednesday, and to say that a country of such and such a state of society in the seventeenth century was necessarily bred in the sixteenth.

That is not history. It is history to put yourself by a combined effort of reading and of imagination into the shoes of Tuesday, as though you did not know what Wednesday was to be, and then to describe what Tuesday was.

Put yourself into the shoes of a sixteenth century Englishman in the midst of the Reformation, and what do you perceive? A society wholly Catholic in tradition, lax and careless in Catholic practice! irritated or enlivened here and there by a few furious preachers, or by a few enthusiastic scholars, at once devoted to and in terror of the representative of civil government; intensely national! in all the roots and traditions of its civilization, Roman; impatient of the disproportion of society, and in particular of economic disproportion in the religious aspect of society, because the religious function, by the very definition of Catholicism, by its very creed, should be the first to redress tyrannies. Upon that Englishman comes first a mania for his King! next a violent economic revolution, which in many parts can be made to seem an approach to justice! finally a national appeal of the strongest kind against the power of Spain.

When the work was done, say by 1580, the channel between England and those parts of the Empire which were still furiously resisting the storm, was cut. No spiritual force

could arrive save through another channel, the channel of those few enthusiastic men who still believed (they continued to believe it for fifty years) that the whole Church of Christ had gone wrong for centuries. And that some "primitive constitution" might be restored to it throughout the West. These visionaries were the reformers; to these, souls still athirst for spiritual guidance turned. They were a minority even at the end of the sixteenth century, but they were a minority of initiative and of action. With the turn of the century the last man who could remember Catholic training was dead. The new generation could turn to nothing but the new spirit (for it was not a new doctrine). For authority it could find nothing definite but a printed book. That minority remaining a minority leavened and at last controlled the whole nation and by the first third of the seventeenth century Britain was utterly cut off and sealed Protestant. The governing class remained indifferent (as it still is) to religion but highly cultured. The populace drifted here into Paganism, there into enthusiastic forms of religion. It was the middle class which went over in a solid body to the enemy. The barbarism of the Outer Germanies permeated it and transformed it. That was the English Reformation.

And its effect upon Europe was stupendous; for though England was thus cut off, England was still England. You could not destroy in a Roman province the great traditions of municipality and letters. It was like a phalanx of trained troops joining untrained natives in some border war. England lent, and has from that day continuously lent the strength of a great civilized tradition to forces whose original initiative was simply directed against European civilization and its tradition. The loss of Britain was the one great wound or lesion in the body of the Western world. It is not yet healed.

Yet all this while that other island of the group to the North-west of Europe, that island which had never been conquered by armed civilization as were the outer Germanies, but had spontaneously and, as it were, miraculously accepted the Faith, presented a contrasting exception. Against the loss of Britain, which had been a Roman province, the Faith, when the smoke of battle cleared off, could discover the astonishing loyalty of Ireland. And to this exceptional province—Britian—now lost

to the Faith, an equally exceptional and unique outer part which had never been a Roman province, yet which now remained true to the traditions of Roman men, lay upon the map as a counter-weight. The efforts to destroy the Faith in Ireland have exceeded in violence and cruelty any efforts observable in any part of the world. They have failed. As I cannot explain why they have failed so I shall not attempt to explain how and why Ireland was saved when Britain went under. I do not believe it capable of an historic explanation. It seems to me a phenomenon essentially miraculous in character, not generally attached (as are all historical phenomena) to the general and divine purpose that governs our large political events, but directly and specially attached. It is of enormous significance; how enormous men, perhaps, will be able to see many years hence when another definite battle is joined between the forces of the Church and her opponents; for the Irish race alone of all Europe has maintained a perfect integrity and has kept serene without internal reactions and without their consequent disturbances, the soul of Europe which is the Catholic Church.

In my next paper I shall deal with that major phenomenon proceeding from the Reformation, and particularly from the Reformation as it affected Britain, the industrial system and the enslavement of the poor.

A SISTER-IN-LAW OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

MARIE AYMÉE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL.

II.

BY THE HON. MRS. MAXWELL SCOTT.



AFTER Easter Mme. de Chantal and her daughters went to the Château de Sales, where her son-in-law was eagerly awaiting his bride.

Marie Aymée became the beloved young mistress of the beautiful Castle of Sales, the family home which Mgr. Charles Auguste de Sales, nephew of St. Francis, described so beautifully fifty years later.

After spending a few weeks at Sales to counsel and direct her daughter in her new duties, Mme. de Chantal saw that the latter no longer needed her guidance and that the time had come when she might begin the foundation so long planned. She, therefore, returned to Annecy, taking Françoise with her, and shortly afterwards she, with her first companions Mlle. de Brèchard and Mlle. Favre, took possession of the humble *Maison de la Galerie*, destined to be the first monastery of the Visitation. Marie Aymée, who was among the ladies who formed the little procession at the opening of the convent, wept bitterly, we are told, and returned to Sales more than ever resolved to try and imitate the virtues she had so often admired in her mother. This, she strove to do so earnestly that she became "the admiration of all the world, and it was a marvel to observe her at home, where she was so affable and gracious that everyone felt confidence in applying to her for the affairs of her household." Country life in France at that period was very sociable. When the husbands and fathers were not absent in attendance at court or at the wars, their families interchanged constant visits to join in hunting and shooting and other amusements. The young couple, therefore, saw much company. Bernard de Sales was very fond of society, and Marie Aymée succeeded in pleasing too well not to take pleasure in it.

Mme. de Chantal, whose maternal vigilance discovered that her daughter was becoming more fond of the world and that her former piety was getting a little cold, strove gently, and without constraining her, to draw her from these little failings. "She begged her to make a quarter of an hour's meditation in addition to her daily prayers. Marie Aymée felt some repugnance to binding herself to do this, but her blessed mother showed her that a quarter of an hour in this holy exercise would soon pass and that the fruit she would draw from it would give her great consolation in the future." Marie Aymée, who was singularly sensible and reasonable, understood her mother's remonstrances, the more so, perhaps, that public events also suggested grave and anxious thoughts.

War was at hand, and Bernard, her beloved husband, was shortly to leave her to be exposed to all its dangers. These absences of her husband were to be Marie Aymée's special trial. At the moment we speak of, Henry IV.'s tragic death had brought fresh political complications, and the Duke of Savoy, Charles Emanuel, took the opportunity of invading the duchy of Montferrat to which he asserted a claim. This enterprise was generally censured throughout Europe, and Spain took up arms against Savoy. Bernard de Sales begged to be allowed to fight for Savoy, and he was sent to join the forces raised by the Marquis de Lans to protect the frontier between Savoy and France, as the latter country was also implicated in the struggle.

In all her troubles, and especially in her loneliness, Marie Aymée went often to the convent, where, not only her mother and sister were ever ready to comfort her, but all the nuns were her second mothers and sisters in affection. Among them was a young religious destined to be her special friend, Sister Paul Hyèronomine de Monthoux, who belonged to a great family in the neighborhood of Geneva. To her, Marie Aymée confided her joys and sorrows and would recount what she had seen and heard in society, at which Sister de Monthoux "did not pretend to be shocked," but would lead her friend gently to other topics, and with her great tact and warm affection was of great use to Marie Aymée, who admired in her the virtues of a perfect religious. Bernard de Sales had also a special reverence for her and greatly approved her friendship with his wife. It is during his second absence that

we find more special indications of her influence. After a short truce Bernard, who was now Colonel of twelve hundred men-at-arms, was about to return to the war, and Marie Aymée, in addition to her sorrow at losing him, was in delicate health. So far, her hopes of maternity had been, more than once, disappointed and her frail health and these frequent illnesses gave cause for anxiety. Her holy friend, while tenderly consoling her under a double trial, helped her to take a great step in her spiritual life. Up to this time Marie Aymée, although she felt boundless respect and affection for her saintly brother-in-law, had not sought his advice for the direction of her soul. Sister de Monthoux, who felt that the moment had come when his influence would be of incalculable advantage to this chosen soul, advised her to make a general confession and to make it to St. Francis. Once more, as in the question of the daily meditation, Marie Aymée recognized the value of the advice. "She understood that to refuse the aid of such a guide when he was at her disposal was to refuse the light." Without delay she made her general confession to the Saint "notwithstanding the great repugnance which she felt," says an old chronicle, "and this victory over herself was followed by so many graces that she took the resolution to belong to Almighty God for the rest of her days."

St. Francis was in the habit of spending a few days each year at Sales during the Carnival season at Annecy, and this year of 1615 found him there soon after Marie Aymée had asked for his guidance. During those days passed in the quiet of his old home, the Saint strengthened and consoled his little sister and daughter, and it was then that he wrote the charming letter to Mme. de Chantal about the doves which is familiar to all his readers.

It was probably after this visit, and to encourage Marie Aymée in her resolutions that the Saint sent her the following beautiful blessing :

The blessing I wish you, my very dear sister, my daughter, should come from the hand of our Lord, and I think that His divine Majesty will grant it if you beg for it with suitable submission and humility. And for my part, my very dear daughter, adoring with all my heart His divine Providence, I implore Him to pour out on your heart the abundance of His

favours, so that you may be blessed in this world and in the next with the blessings of His grace and of eternal glory. So be it. May you be blessed in your heart and in your body, in your own person and in that of those who are most dear to you, in your consolations and in your labors, in all that you do and suffer for God. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Your very humble and very faithful brother,

FRANCIS, *Bishop of Geneva.*

And now let us see how Marie Aymée responded to the gentle counsels and direction of the Saint. A contemporary writer tells us that "her heart was like good soil in which the holy seeds of the advice of the blessed Bishop took root and grew so well that they stifled all the little inclinations to vanity with which, like cockle, the enemy had sown it. In less than two months she found herself so much delivered from these that her only desire and ambition was to rule her life in all ways according to the teaching of *The Introduction to the Devout Life*, and she succeeded so well that she became herself a little *Philothea*. Above all, she took pains that her devotion should not be a trouble to others, and without disturbing any one, this young and delicate lady—she was only now sixteen—rose daily at five o'clock in imitation of her holy mother, and after saying the morning prayers indicated in the *Introduction* (Chap. X. of the second part), she occupied herself with her household affairs, and then made her meditation, in which God gave her supernatural favours. After dinner she retired to do a little spiritual reading, recited her rosary with loving devotion, and every evening made her examination of conscience. Far from making her less charming in society, her new way of life helped to deepen Marie Aymée's character and made her conversation still more agreeable, and she continued to receive her neighbors with such cordiality that they never left the Château de Sales without projects of returning thither."

Bernard de Sales was well pleased at his wife's progress in holiness, but, as sometimes happens even with good and earnest men, he began to fear that she was becoming too perfect, and thought that she might profitably curtail some of her practices and devotions, so, as our chronicle quaintly says:

"One day he told her pleasantly that it gave him great consolation to see her so devout, but that he could wish that she was a little less so, to which she made such gracious and devout answer that he remained quite content."

We have alluded to Marie Aymée's fragile health, and to her disappointed hopes of motherhood. In 1615, when she was seventeen, and probably after one of her frequent illnesses, we find her making her will, a touching document, which she draws up, "so as to leave in peace those who are to succeed after her death, to the goods which God has given her in this world." Two years later she suffered another loss in her third child, a girl, who died an hour after baptism.

A new kind of trial was also to fall upon her and the house of Sales, and the world which Marie Aymée had been tempted to like too well, brought her for a time only bitterness. I refer to a strange accusation which led to M. de Charmois's imprisonment, and in which St. Francis' brothers were involved and nearly suffered the same fate.* "We have spent the whole of Lent in our little town," writes the Saint, "in defending ourselves from the calumnies which have been showered indiscriminately on most of us because of these wretched *bastonnades* (of M. Berthelot)." This absurd accusation, and others which grew out of it, brought trouble for a long time, and the Saint's humility and self-effacement under the trial was a great lesson for Marie Aymée, who had been greatly alarmed for her husband and brothers-in-law, particularly when she saw M. de Charmois unjustly banished and imprisoned.

Presently, public events brought to light the origin of this plot against the faithful subjects of Savoy. The Duc de Nemours, who was on ill terms with Charles Emanuel, was found to be in league with Spain, and a large force of the enemy appeared suddenly in Savoy and advanced to the neighborhood of Sales, where Marie Aymée, who was all alone—Bernard being far away with his soldiers beyond the mountains—was greatly alarmed; but she was able to send word to Louis de Sales, who arrived in great haste and drove the enemy as far as Conflans. They rallied presently and threatened Annecy and Rumilly, but the resistance offered by the inhabitants and the forces sent by M. de Lans finally saved Savoy.

* M. Berthelot.

The Bishop and his brothers distinguished themselves by their loyalty during these events, and Bernard, who returned to help his countrymen in their need, won special honor. When, therefore, the Prince of Piedmont arrived at Annecy to complete the victory gained by its inhabitants, he lodged with St. Francis and showered favors upon him and his brothers. This act of tardy reparation to her family was a consolation for Marie Aymée, and now that peace had come she and Bernard enjoyed a few months together at Sales. "Thus, winter passed in great tranquility, and in a gentle union of heart together they made projects to love and serve God better," projects which, alas, were not to be realized in this world, for the hour of supreme trial was approaching.

In the spring of 1617 the political horizon was again menacing. France, which, for a time had been allied to Savoy, recalled her troops, and the smaller country was left to face Spain alone. Under these circumstances new levies were called for, and Bernard's duty called him once more to the front. He "loved war passionately," and even the thought of separation from Marie Aymée had hitherto been unable to check his military ardor, but now for the first time he felt sad and overcome by sorrowful presentments, and it was with a heavy heart that he made the preparations for the campaign and for leaving his wife, who was again in a delicate state of health. With his wife, he journeyed to Annecy. There he received the sacraments and made his will. At last, the moment of separation came, and Marie Aymée's last words were to assure Bernard that if he did not come back to her she would consecrate herself to God with her mother.

Bernard de Sales and his troops passed over the Alps and joined the Duke of Savoy's forces, who were preparing to succor Vercell, which was threatened by the Spaniards, but he was not destined to take part in the siege. He was suddenly seized with the fever, then termed "pestilential," and which generally proved fatal. His brother, Janus de Sales, and his friends hastened to have him conveyed to Turin where after going to confession several times and sending a last farewell to Marie Aymée, Bernard asked for the last sacraments, and according to St. Francis' words, "died piously, like a saint, among the soldiers" on May 23, 1617, and was buried in the Barnabite Church with every mark of honor and esteem.

Bad news ever travels fast, and the sorrowful tidings quickly reached St. Francis. The Saint's sorrow was increased by the thought of that of Marie Aymée. He could not weep alone for this "poor dear brother de Thorens that he loved beyond words," for "alas," as he wrote, "my affliction is doubled by that of his poor little one and that of our Mother de Chantal," and he was obliged to be the bearer of the mournful news to the convent. Marie Aymée's heart was prepared for the blow by her entire resignation to God's will and by the presentments we have spoken of.

For Marie Aymée, with warnings in her heart, had ever been in alarm, "and when anyone approached she was seized with dread, thinking that they were bringing bad news." One evening she noticed that her mother was absent from some community exercise, and this caused her great anxiety. It was at this moment, in fact, that St. Francis was breaking the news to Mme. de Chantal. Marie Aymée was so anxious that she watched for her mother's return from the parlor, but the latter, through love for her child, had such control over her feelings "that she did not let the sorrowful news be known that evening but diverted her thoughts, only counseling the love of God's good will in all events."

It had been agreed between her and St. Francis that he should tell Marie Aymée of her supreme trial, and he arrived at the convent early next morning. Here we must use the words of the chronicle:

After hearing Marie Aymée's confession, the Saint said: "Well, my dear daughter, do we belong entirely to God?" "Yes, Monseigneur, absolutely." "And are we not in haste to receive from His holy and blessed hand all that it pleases Him to send us?" "Yes, Monseigneur and my father," replied Marie Aymée, sighing deeply, "but, alas, you wish to tell me that my dear husband is dead," and the Saint avowing it, she exclaimed gently: "Ah, my Lord and my God, is it really true? Hast Thou taken my dear husband from me? Alas, what wouldest Thou have me do?" The Saint, who knew the piety of this afflicted soul, only said a few words to her, judging it more suitable to leave her to our Lord. He went, therefore, to the altar to say Mass for the repose of the departed, and for the consolation of his dear widow, to whom he gave Holy Communion in order to place the medicine of life

upon this death wound. . . . Certainly, it was marvelous how sweetly she received the blow. She heard Mass from the sacristy, and gave vent to her sorrow in pious exclamations. . . . When the moment for Communion approached, she was led to the nuns' choir, and there she made, secretly, a vow of perpetual chastity and received the most Holy Sacrament as a seal on her heart which from now was consecrated only to her beloved Jesus. After Holy Communion she remained silent, without sobs or tears, making her thanksgiving.

Marie Aymée spent the rest of the day in bed, for her state of health could not but cause anxiety. She remained with her hands joined and her eyes raised to heaven, weeping gently :

When anyone approached the bed she could be heard saying : " Oh, Jesus, my Love, Thy will be done in life and in death. O, Jesus, I am all Thine. Oh, Jesus, draw me to Thee. Oh, passion and death of my Saviour, I love Thee, I embrace Thee, Thou art my hope ; " or again : " Ah, Lord, art not Thou the God of perfect goodness? How then is it that Thou hast separated us? That dear husband and I had begun such a happy life together, Alas, how short it was ; such are the pleasures of this world. Oh, my God, Thou alone art everlasting. It is to Thee we must attach ourselves."

If any one thinks that God's saints are less sensible to human sorrow or feel family losses less keenly than others, we would ask them to read what is recorded of the deep grief of St. Francis and of St. Chantal on this and similar occasions.

Marie Aymée, however, did not return to the Château de Sales as had been intended. She desired greatly to remain in the convent to shelter her sorrow under her mother's love, no doubt, but still more to share her life of prayer and sacrifice, and so it was arranged that she should remain there until the time of the birth of her child approached, when she was to remove to a house prepared for her in Annecy. The prospect of her motherhood was now her only link with this world, and it helped her to pass the sorrowful days before her, but above and beyond this was her love for our Lord, which was her support and supreme consolation. St. Francis quickly realized this, and presently in his letters he ceased to speak to her of her husband, and helped her to lift all her thoughts and aspiration to God alone.

On June 30 he wrote her the following beautiful letter:

You know, my dear daughter, my sister, and I believe that your heart tells it you also, that mine is extremely consoled when you send me news of yourself, for, as it has so pleased God, I am thy dear brother and father in one and the most affectionate and sincere that you can imagine. Well then, my dear soul, make all your little efforts gently, peacefully, amicably, to serve this Sovereign Goodness which obliges you to this by the blessings with which He has favored you till now. And do not be astonished at difficulties, for, my dear daughter, what can we secure that is precious without a little care and trouble? Only we must be firm in aspiring to the perfection of divine love in order that our love may be perfect. The love that seeks less than perfection can be but imperfect. I will write to you often, for you know the rank you hold in my affections and also my mother (Mme. de Chantal)—to whom, please recommend me—for although, I write to her, too, still, I must seek your help to refresh and recreate her a little, the more so that she takes pleasure in knowing that you are my very dear daughter and that you have affection for me in that character. May God be in the midst of your heart and in that of our dear sister; * who is certainly also my daughter, with all my heart—at least, I think so, and wish always to think so for my pleasure.

The chronicle goes on to tell us of Marie Aymée's quiet life in the convent and of the edification she gave to all the sisters. But after about three months had passed she was taken suddenly ill in the night.

Our blessed mother, [continues the writer], was immediately called. She was very much astonished, and the danger in which she found Marie Aymée prevented her from being taken to the house in the town which had been prepared. Necessity, which knows no law, made it needful for her to remain in the convent. The poor dear widow gave birth to a beautiful little son, but, alas, he was a child of sorrow and gave very short joy, for, being in imminent danger of death, our blessed mother baptized him at once.

The baby died almost immediately, and when Marie Aymée asked anxiously for her child she was told that she was the

* Françoise de Chantal.

"mother of an angel," and quickly recognizing what was meant the poor young mother exclaimed: "Alas, has the poor child lived so short a time that he is already with the angels," then, turning to Almighty God, she renewed her offering of herself, declaring she would now remain in the convent for good. When those round her tried to console her, Marie Aymée replied: "As you see, my soul is in one way crushed by extreme sorrow, but in another it is extremely consoled to see that my God has done all things for His glory and my salvation." "Thus," continues the narrator, "this blessed soul who was overwhelmed by severe pains of body and great anguish of mind, lay peacefully in her little bed, speaking to God from time to time by ejaculations of love and resignation to His holy will." When she was first taken ill St. Francis was unwell and kept to the house, but he received constant news of the invalid and shared in the great anxiety. In a note to Mme. de Chantal he says: "May God in His goodness give us the soul of the child and the life of the mother whom I keep in my heart as my poor and very dear little daughter."

Meanwhile, Marie Aymée, foreseeing that she would not recover, was calmly preparing for death. At her own desire she made a fresh will in which she left all that she had inherited from her husband to St. Francis "in gratitude for the kindness and charity which my much honored brother-in-law and dear spiritual father has shown me." The same evening she became suddenly worse, and the doctors declared that she could only live a few hours. St. Francis, on hearing this, came at once to the convent, accompanied by his brother, Mgr. de Chalcedoine, and several priests. As he entered the room, Marie Aymée, who had been unconscious, came to herself and asked to go to confession and to receive Holy Communion. A little later, turning to her mother, she said: "May I venture to ask you something?" Mme. de Chantal, who thought that perhaps she wished to be buried by her beloved husband, replied: "My daughter, say frankly what you desire for your comfort, for we will try to do it if we can," but Marie Aymée's request was of another nature. She begged to be given the habit of the Visitation and to be buried with the nuns, and, turning to St. Francis, she added "Monseigneur, I confess that I am unworthy of this grace,

but I implore you, Monseigneur, my very dear father, not to consider my unworthiness but your own charity and the great wish which God has given me for a long time past to die a religious." The holy Bishop and his assistants could not restrain their tears, and Mme. de Chantal, who was by her daughter's bedside, wept "tears of sorrow and consolation both, for she no longer looked upon her as her child by nature but as a precious vessel into which God poured such abundant graces and benedictions that she thought only of eternity and what she could do that was most perfect and most pleasing to God."

The account of the next few hours is very beautiful and touching. After Marie Aymée had been anointed and had made her religious vows, she talked gently to her mother and St. Francis and those around her, giving, in the midst of her suffering, signs of the rarest tenderness for others and of the highest sanctity. St. Francis, who saw of what heroic virtue she was capable; and wishing to give her an occasion of meriting still more, asked her whether she would be willing to continue in her sufferings till the day of judgment if it were God's will. "Yes, Monseigneur," she answered with fervor, "not only these sufferings, but also all those it might please God to send me, for I am His without exception." At two o'clock in the morning death came to release her pure soul. She exclaimed gently: "Ah, here is death and I must go; death has seized my heart—" then pronouncing the Sacred Name of Jesus three times and raising her eyes to heaven she breathed her last.

"After the death of Marie Aymée," says her biographer, "many tears were shed, but these tears were sweet and brought with them abundant consolation," and her best epitaph, we think, are the words spoken and written of her by the Saint who had watched over her young life. After Marie Aymée's death, this second great family sorrow, St. Francis sought consolation with his friend Mgr. de Camus, Bishop of Belley:

He came to see me [says the latter], and related to me the history of this holy death preceded by so pious a life with so many tears, that I felt inclined also to weep. He esteemed much, and according to God, the singular virtues of the

mother but he had so high an idea of the supernatural perfection which God by His grace had poured out on the soul of the daughter, his dear sister, that he spoke of her rather as an angel than as a human being. Writing to a friend St. Francis says: "All this year we have lived amidst trials, and I think you will have heard of the sudden death of my brother and sister which I call sudden, for who would have expected them? but very happy deaths, also, considering the circumstances and the holiness of both, for in particular my dear little sister went from us with such sweetness and gaiety that one of the doctors who saw her die exclaimed that if angels were mortal they would wish to die like that." [And again]: God has afflicted our house by the deaths of my brother and sister de Thorens, but His divine and paternal hand forces us to adore His goodness which has touched us so gently, for my brother died holy, amidst the soldiers where few saints are to be found, and my sister, his dear wife and my dearest daughter, died holy among the servants of God in the cloister, which is generally a seminary for saints. She made her profession and was buried in the Visitation habit. The doctors who attended her in her last illness asked my leave to invoke her.

Such words, we think, form a fitting close to this sketch of the life of Marie Aymée de Thorens, the daughter and sister of saints.

New Books.

FROM GENEVA TO ROME VIA CANTERBURY. By Viator.

New York: Benziger Brothers, 45 cents.

It is not always as the crow flies that the child of earth conducts his pilgrimage. By many a detour, with many a halt and breathing space, does he attain to his Land of Heart's Desire. And so, to anyone familiar with the journey, there is no strangeness in finding Canterbury as a way-station between Geneva and the City of the Ages.

Yet, while common enough, this journey of Viator is all unhackneyed. It is as fresh and as vivid as the perennial daisy. He was born into a sect very honest, very earnest, but hopelessly false to Nature and to Beauty. Its Hell was the ever-present reality of his childhood: its Heaven, a threatened continuation of dreary Sunday mornings in chapel. Into this drab life, with its alternating periods of morbid excitability, came fugitive longings for the liberal world of culture and art and freedom and human joy. It was the beginning of the end. So one day the pilgrim passed out, bitterly enough, from the path of his hereditary evangelicalism. For awhile he tarried beside the gate of comfortable and prosperous mediocrity, but the Hound of Heaven was at his heels. The Anglican leaven of compromise, this adaptable faith "by law established," disquieted and dismayed him. For how—asked the wistful pilgrim—should that tremendous question of the Real Presence be one for Parliament or the Privy Council to decide? Dreams of an authoritative Church, the Bride and mystical Body of Christ, beckoned through the twilight. But still there was hesitancy; the old, old scandals, the ever new difficulties! And in the end, it was neither intellectual resolve nor spiritual rapture which brought Viator to his knees. It was the sting of a human sorrow calling out for divine, personal solace, a hunger for the sacraments.

There is no pretense at exhaustiveness in this little anonymous volume. It is scarcely an apologetic or an apologia. It is the story, briefly, wittily, very temperamentally told, of the magnet and the steel. So much the better! To many a Catholic, and to many a non-Catholic, by happy fortune, will it serve as a candle lighting up one of the many roads which lead to Rome.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1860. By Emerson Fite, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Why the Civil War was so bitter and why it was so long continued, especially, on the part of the South, is to be learned from a study of ante-bellum passions. A recent publication offers the material for such a study. It treats of what is in every way the most interesting era of our country's history since that of the beginnings of the American revolution. The author gives fair treatment to all sections, opinions, leaders. He has, and herein is, perhaps, his best praise as it must have been his heaviest labor, patiently examined and quoted from a large part of the contemporary press of the fateful political upheaval that preceded the outbreak of hostilities, and the warlike campaigns that followed. He brings us close up to the exchange of war ultimatums between the sections. And he has added a full index.

More interesting reading can hardly be imagined than the inspection Professor Fite makes of the motives of candidates and other party leaders, typical of popular motives, especially during the convention period. At frequent intervals are found luminous character-sketches. Speeches that he deems best explanatory of sectional attitude or of party principle and policy are given in full. The break-up of the Democratic party, the sudden and marvelous rise of the Constitutional Union or Bell-Everett party, the portentous cohesion of the far Southern States on the one side and the exclusively Northern States on the other side, are here chronicled in their causes by a competent and trustworthy student. Trustworthy; and yet, we feel that his estimate of Douglas is somewhat tinged with irritation arising from that statesman's awful blunder in procuring the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, thereby opening territories to slaveholders which had been traditionally allotted to free state settlers.

Painful reading, and yet highly interesting, is found in the author's discussion of the Dred Scott decision. This judicial fiat split the Democratic Party, the mainstay of all conservative hopes, in twain. Chief Justice Taney may be said to have written by that decision the platform of the pro-slavery and disunion organization that placed John C. Breckenridge in nomination for the presidency.

Which was the wisest course for a thoughtful union man to pursue in the election of 1860? Looking backward, we can ask agreement to three propositions. First: It was wisest to have voted to avoid war, or to postpone it. At any rate if war there must be, to choose such men with such party affiliations as would enlist on the side of coercion all but the cotton states. Second: since slavery was then plainly entering on its era of extinction, it was wisest to vote for men and parties who would prevent sudden abolition, which would be the thrusting of freedom upon four millions of negroes ignorant to the verge of brutishness; so that the change might gradually be made, and might be facilitated by equitable compensation to slave owners. Third: It was wisest to vote for men and parties who would be content to postpone the full decision of the exceedingly critical question of negro suffrage for even a good many years, and then to leave its settlement where the ante-bellum constitution left all such questions, namely, to the several states.

We are persuaded of the agreement of a large majority of even Northern citizens of our own day on these three propositions—looking backwards. It was undoubtedly the mind of a majority of the voters of all the states above the cotton belt in 1860—looking forward. These voters numbered: Douglas Democrats, 1,365,967; Bell and Everett men, 509,631; total 1,875,598. If these had all been compactly joined in one party, possessed of the full apparatus of making the canvass and getting out the votes, a party not in despair as facing sure defeat but fighting with excellent prospects of success, they would have elected their candidate. In spite of tens of thousands of stay-at-home voters, sick with despondency, in spite of the hurt suffered from being represented by speakers scanty both in number and in ability, the Douglas Democrats and Bell-Everett men outnumbered the Lincoln voters, Lincoln receiving 1,857,610, the other two tickets, as we have seen, making a total of 1,875,598.

And so it happened that Lincoln was chosen President of the United States by the electoral college, with a majority (adding to the above figures the vote for Breckenridge, 847,953) of nearly 900,000 American voters against him! Calamity must have resulted from such a condition under any circumstances. An awful civil war immediately broke out, closing

with the President's assassination. The negro race was flung headlong into besotted freedom, which was made frenzied by the abominations of Reconstruction. Now, at the end of nearly fifty years of use of the suffrage, under the influence of the criminal folly of the friends of the negro and of the fraud and violence of his ex-masters, his voting is almost universally throughout the South suppressed. It is hardly too much to say that our black people would not only be free to-day, but far better off in their civil as well as in their social status, had Stephen A. Douglas, rather than Abraham Lincoln, been elected President, November 6, 1860.

MOTHER: A STORY. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.20.

Such was our enthusiasm after reading this book, that we longed to place it in the hands of all the mothers and the grown daughters of our land. We might speak in high praise of its literary merit, for it is skilfully and artistically done, with that confidence and *finesse* that distinguish the trained writer. But beyond assuring our readers that they will enjoy a story of singular merit, we wish to say that they will receive something that will do their hearts and souls good. One might preach till he was exhausted, the truth that the unseen spiritual values of life alone give value to everything else; but to the woman who is of the world and who must at all expense keep her place therein; to the girl who is flattered, guided, moulded by the things of sight and appearance, he would preach in vain. "Why make a slave of oneself early in life; why abandon one's freedom and abdicate one's personality, even if one does marry? The world changes; old ideas give place to new; and are we not ringing in the day of emancipation; do not respectable authorities—even the eminently respectable Dr. Jacobi—tell us that large families are an evil?"

It is useless to deny that many are affected by these selfish and satanic notions. If one who has been at a loss to answer them effectively, who has been bewildered by the persistency of their presentation or the statistics that accompany them, let him read *Mother*, by Kathleen Norris; let him open his heart to it; and he will see straight, and be prepared to do what is clean and honest and right.

A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE IN MANY LANDS. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 2 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$6.

To behold a panorama of the world's history from the Forties to the Eighties of the last century, that has been painted by one who witnessed what she depicts, means to the thoughtful observer valuable instruction and uncommon delight. We know no better way than this to describe what we have found a most fascinating work—*A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands* by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Mrs. Fraser has much of that literary gift bestowed so plentifully upon her brother, Marion Crawford. To have enjoyed the cultured and notable society which was hers from the beginning; to have been an eye witness to the events that made the nineteenth century, and that we must know if we are to judge the twentieth, meant unique opportunities.

We are grateful to Mrs. Fraser, not only for the delight that her intimate and sympathetic narrative gives, but also for her valuable contribution to history. She has not written history, yet, she has given us a more accurate and exact insight into personages and movements than we could otherwise obtain. To give the reader some idea of the ground covered it is but necessary to say that here we have a picture of Rome in the early Forties; reminiscences of our own country that recall Julia Ward Howe and Charles Sumner; the Mexican Tragedy; the Last Days of the Temporal Power and the changed conditions in the Eternal city; then we are taken to China through chapters that are doubly interesting at the present time; then to Austria and at the end is told the murder of the Russian Emperor, Alexander II. in whose blood the Constitution for Russia was literally blotted out, for the Emperor had the draught of it in his pocket when he was murdered.

The two volumes of *A Diplomatist's Wife* furnish unusually interesting reading.

FRANZ LISZT. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

The life of the great Hungarian musician, Franz Liszt, born October 22, 1811, is exceptionally interesting because to his overwhelming authority of genius was added a beautiful and fascinating personality, a powerful intellect and a warm and

generous heart. Exposed, for more than half a lifetime to the limelight of publicity, to all the temptations which beset one who had the civilized world at his feet and who had within the fiery spirit of a great artist, he, nevertheless, did an amount of serious work simply enormous. From the age of twelve he gave incessant concerts in all the great cities of Europe, played thousands of dollars into charitable coffers, brought out and conducted the works of young and obscure composers, helped, advised and befriended unknown artists—his generous, untiring and indispensable assistance to Wagner is the best known instance—taught hundreds of pupils, though he would not call himself a piano teacher, nor take money for his lessons, which, of course, were given only to musicians; wrote thousands of letters which are really literature, besides literary articles on various musical topics; gave “by his essential nobility of soul and his flaming genius, a prestige and social standing to musicians which they had not heretofore enjoyed,” as Mr. Huneker happily phrases it, and left about 1,300 compositions.

In 1865 at fifty-four years of age, born a Catholic and always interested in religious questions and theology, he took minor orders in Rome and became an Abbé, henceforth, living in great retirement from the public and much occupied in the composition of church and sacred music. The remainder of his life was passed at Rome and Weimar. He survived Richard Wagner three years and died at Bayreuth where he had gone to the Wagner Festival in 1886 at the age of seventy-five.

Since that time, the filling-in of these outlines has been eagerly hoped for, but though many books have been written about Liszt, few have much value as biography. Therefore, when it was announced that Mr. Huneker, a well-qualified musician and critic, who had been gathering material for more than twenty years, would publish a *Life of Liszt*, as his share of the celebration of the centenary of the master, interest was kindled and expectation aroused.

The present volume of 442 pages, dedicated to Henry T. Finck, well and attractively printed, with a very complete index, in its spirit and contents not only fails to meet that expectation but scarcely does the honor to Liszt which is its chief excuse, at this time, for being.

Mr. Huneker in his postscript “instead of a preface,” says,

that when he attacked his enormous amount of material he had not the time or the patience to write the "ideal life of Liszt," so he "preferred to study certain aspects of his art and character," and "to summon to his aid many competent witnesses." He adds: "I hope I have provided sufficient anecdotes to satisfy the most inveterate of scandal-mongers." This noble aim he has accomplished.

With a pitiable lack of taste—"that conscience of the mind"—he has loosed a strain of trivial gossip and cynical scandal quite unworthy of a serious writer supposedly honoring a great artist, and he has lowered the tone of his whole book.

In view of the twenty years' preparation it seems absurd to be obliged to accuse Mr. Huneker of haste as well as of bad taste, but the disconnected contents made up of previously published magazine papers of somewhat journalistic style, analyses of the Symphonic poems of the concert-programme type, contributions from Liszt pupils, fragmentary quotations from musicians, artists and writers and not a little of the author's own, which have no relation to his subject, all these put together in a not very orderly way, certainly give to the book the air of hurry.

But Mr. Huneker's chief disqualification is his inability to see in Liszt a simple and honest man. To him all is pose or self-advertisement. That one should weary of the world and choose quiet and religious retirement, that one to whom religion was a reality should finally come to make it his chief care, that he should wish to "live down and forget his *Glansperiode*," these things are to him unsolvable puzzles. Despite Liszt's own assurance that it was "his innermost wish which led him to the Church he desired to serve," that "but for music he would have become a Franciscan;" Mr. Huneker thinks it is not clear whether Liszt's interest in religious matters abated, whether the Church was not after all a disappointment," etc. He cannot see development of character or recognize loftiness of soul, nor credit the assertions of those who best knew Liszt at this period.

No; the ideal life of Liszt must be written by one who does not mistake flippancy for vivacity, who has a sense of values instead of an ambition to gratify the scandal-mongers, one who can comprehend the attraction of spiritual things

and who understands that the world sometimes becomes but vanity to a great soul.

Mr. Huneker quotes Nietzsche as saying: "Great men are to be distrusted when they write of themselves;" we might add, and small men when they write of great ones.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35.

This novel may be summed up as a disagreeable story, with patches of cleverness. The characters are the members of the faculty and their wives, of a New England university, generally supposed to be Harvard, and the background and atmosphere are very skilfully managed. Mrs. Keays has undoubted talent, and it is regrettable that she directs it so unwisely. In this book she has chosen to give us men and women who act, to borrow a phrase of her own, like "sophisticated beasts," and situations which probably were intended to be powerful, but which succeed in being unspeakably coarse.

WIT AND WISDOM OF CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.

To lead us to the rediscovery of the obvious has been, and, happily still is, the mission of G. K. Chesterton. He surprises, irritates us by paradox, but it is only clever strategy. While he has our attention he drives home his truth. Critics have said that he deals in nothing but paradox; they only prove their inefficiency as critics. Chesterton employs paradox, and, perhaps, he has at times allowed it to assume the power of a mannerism, but there is a true, solid, common-sense philosophy in all that he has written. He is endeavoring to bring back common sense to a "mad" world. That man has a soul; that he is responsible; that love is a sacred thing; that the home is to be respected; that truth is attainable by the human mind; that history is not without its lessons; that a theory is not true because it is simply thought to be true; that we ought to be moral in our literature and our art, all these are obvious, but the world has either forgotten or disregarded them. And the writings of Chesterton might well be recommended as a useful primer to many a scientist and "religious" thinker of worldly note.

We have at hand now a small volume of selections from his writings entitled: *Wit and Wisdom of Chesterton*. The publication indicates the author's high position in the world of letters. The volume includes selections from all his works—even his very recent one—*The Innocence of Father Brown*. They are made with good judgment and give the reader an excellent idea of Mr. Chesterton's versatility and brilliancy—and above all else of his sane philosophy. Selections are made also, from his verses, and Chesterton is a poet of no mean ability.

SOME PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

If the pragmatic philosophy had not been William James' own, we can fancy, very willing as he was to adapt himself to the understanding of "the man in the street," that he might have named it, the go-as you-please philosophy; and stripped of scientific dress, to the same ordinary intelligence, it bears no small affinity to Christian Science and to some others of those old notions in new clothes, so numerous at present. They all strive to be scientific and philosophic and at the same time to build up some sort of a "faith," attenuated and diluted, to be sure, but yet opposed to the scientific materialism hitherto so much in vogue. In this they are, no doubt, useful.

Yet, it is pathetic to find those who have scattered to the wind the treasures of real wisdom, putting together small, scanty, and ill-fitting bits of their own, in the name of philosophy—building a raft after having scuttled the ship, to teach a new generation that a living faith can be founded on each man's desires and intuitions.

Dr. James' candor, sincerity and vigor remained undiminished to the last. The fact that this is his last book, the chapters having been edited since his death by his brother, Henry James, gives a more than ordinary interest to it. In a memorandum, Dr. James had said: "Say it is fragmentary and unrevised," also, "call it a beginning of an introduction to philosophy." It is, however, unnecessary to think of the "Problems" as incomplete, inasmuch as in other volumes he has given very full explanations of pragmatism as held by himself and others. This book may be looked upon as one that maintains the pragmatic attitude, and be criticized accordingly.

The excellent paper in the November number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, by Dr. William Turner, on "Pragmatism," is so clear an exposition and criticism of this would-be philosophy, that it is here recommended as better than any that could be given in this short notice. Interesting criticism is also to be found, in *Psychology* by Michael Maher, S J., new edition, pp. 475-6, 485-6; 491-2, 512-13, bearing upon empiricist theories.

The chapter of Dr. James' book which appeals most to one who can see in this philosophy only the extreme logical position of Protestantism, scientifically expressed, is the paper in the appendix, entitled: "Faith and the Right to Believe." There is something human and touching about the obvious longing for some certainty. It is interesting to note the insistence upon the *right* (with never a word of the *duty*) to believe; interesting, also, is the ingenious "Faith-Ladder"; the "How we act on probabilities," and the conclusion that "the faith-circle is so congruous with human nature that the only explanation of the veto that intellectuals pass upon it must be sought in the offensive character *to them* of the faiths of certain concrete persons."

Yet all is unsatisfying, because it rests merely on one man's opinion, and even with William James' best efforts, and they are very good indeed, futility seems to be the outcome, and the real gain to the world's thought unsubstantial. It comes to mind that as some one has said: "Pragmatism is not so much a philosophy as an excuse for not having one." The book is well-printed, well-indexed, dignified and attractive. It is dedicated "to the memory of Charles Renouvier," the exponent of pluralism.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Alice Meynell and G. K. Chesterton.
London: Herbert and Daniel. 50 cents.

WORDSWORTH. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. London: Herbert and Daniel. 50 cents.

This excellent series of selections from the great English writers is justified. No ordinary being, for instance, has time or perseverance to wade through the whole of Johnson's writings—his methods of criticism, his solemn and weighty sentences, his distance from the time and manner of our own critical perceptions close much of his work to our sympathies.

But, in this little volume, Mrs. Meynell gives us everything that is pertinent and nothing that is superfluous to a sound judgment of his work, a judgment that must be made quite independently of the life which Boswell has made our living possession. This is another side of him.

As Boswell links his name with that of genial sociability, so does Mrs. Meynell link it with loneliness, composure and deep solemnity. But, either way, he is English of the English. "Every language imposes a quality, teaches a temper, proposes a way, bestows a tradition;" the quality, the temper, the way and the tradition of Johnson's language have deeply impressed themselves upon the language of his country. "I found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rule," he tells us in the preface to his Dictionary, and he gave to it what it then lacked. As Mr. Chesterton points out Johnson was a very lonely and a very religious man, almost saintly in his real detachment from the small things of human life and in his perpetual meditation on the great last things. "Write to me no more about *dying with grace*," he said to a flippant correspondent, "when you feel what I have felt in approaching eternity, in fear of soon hearing the sentence of which there is no revocation, you will know the folly." Take his letter to Dr. Lawrence, whose wife had lately died. "The loss, dear Sir, which you have lately suffered, I felt many years ago, and know, therefore, how much has been taken from you. . . . He that outlives a wife whom he has long loved, sees himself disjoined from the only mind that has the same hopes, and fears, and interests; from the only companion with whom he has shared much good or evil; and with whom he could set his mind at liberty, to retrace the past or anticipate the future. The continuity of being is lacerated; the settled course of sentiment and action is stopped; and life stands suspended and motionless, till it is driven by external causes into a new channel. But the time of suspense is dreadful." This little book is so finely put together that it will surely stand through the coming time as the best selection from Johnson that has ever been made. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's Introduction, of course, enhances its value.

The companion volume of selections from Wordsworth contains about a hundred more poems than Matthew Arnold's well-known selection in the Golden Treasury series and in-

cludes passages from the *Prelude*, *The Excursion* and *The Recluse*, together with various prose passages. It may be questioned whether the longer poems are suitable for extracts, at any rate, their unity seems spoilt in this way. Matthew Arnold contends that all Wordsworth's best work is to be found in the short poems. Coventry Patmore, however, ranks the *Excursion* as the greatest poem in our language, if not in any, not excepting that of the *Divine Comedy*. But the two critics had different ends in view. Matthew Arnold looked for poetry, what we may call formal vitality and he found it in the shorter poems; Patmore was looking for philosophy expressed in poetical form and this he found in the longer ones. But Matthew Arnold has told us the secret of Wordsworth power: "He felt the joy offered to us in nature; he showed us this joy, and rendered it so as to make us share it."

ONE THOUSAND HOMELESS MEN. A STUDY OF ORIGINAL RECORDS. By Alice Willard Solenberger.

THE ALMSHOUSE; CONSTRUCTION AND MANAGEMENT. By Alexander Johnson. New York: Charities Publication Committee. \$1.25 each.

The two books before us are recent additions to that rapidly growing body of valuable literature called into being by the Russel Sage endowment. Mrs. Solenberger's study is a noteworthy contribution to the study of that significant class of society, the lodging-house population. Her material was gathered during the four years when the writer was connected with the Chicago Bureau of Charities, and in official contact with the class in question. A thousand cases were taken as the material for the intensive study, the results of which are published in the present volume. Her method of observation and presentation and her soundness of inference manifest her work as conscientious, accurate, scientific. Her book is a useful guide to the student who would get at the causes or the remedies of this phenomenon so important in the social pathology of our day.

Mr. Johnson, who is the General Secretary of the National Conferences of Charities and Correction, bases his work largely upon personal experience as inspector of alms-houses and superintendent of an institution for defectives. There can be no question about the author's success in the attainment

of his purpose which is "to indicate in a plain and simple manner a few of those things which are often overlooked, but which, if carefully attended to, make for comfort and economy." One unusual item is the account of the tramp who was forced to take a bath for the first time and died within three days.

THE NOW-A-DAYS FAIRY BOOK. By Anna Alice Chapin. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.

One wishes that he were a child when he gets a glance at *The Now-a-Days Fairy Book*. It is quite the handsomest and most inviting of holiday books for children that we have received. Anna Alice Chapin has caught the fairy spirit and presented the old tales in a modern way; and Jessie Wilcox Smith—does her name need any word of praise to those who have seen her children—has illustrated it in a way—well, in a way that only Jessie Willcox Smith knows. Child-trust and sweetness, child-wonder and seriousness are all there in beautiful coloring. The text and the colored plates make what the children will call "just a beautiful book."

THE HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONISM. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longman's, Green & Co. \$2.60.

None of our readers need information as to the importance of this classic on Trade Unionism. Sixteen years of uninterrupted demand for the volume have enabled the publishers to bring out this new edition and have provided the authors with an opportunity to add some fifty pages in the form of an introductory chapter. They here express the conviction that the year 1911 finds Trade Unionism once more at a crisis of its fate. They point out the intolerable situation produced by the Osborne judgment, destroying the old legal status of Trade Unions, and the application of the principle of *ultra vires* to Trade Unions conceived of as corporations and strictly limited in activity in accord with the definition contained in the Act of 1876.

"We ought," says the authors, "to speak with proper respect of the judges, though sometimes, by their curious ignorance of life outside the Law Courts, and especially of 'what everybody knows,' they try us hard." "A judicial decision of

the House of Lords cannot, of course, be 'reversed.' What Parliament can do, and ought clearly to do without delay, is once more to attempt to express what position it means Trade Unions (and with them must equally be included Employers' Associations hold to)."

Tables show the recent growth of Trade Unionism in the United Kingdom from 1,502,358 in 1892 to 2,406,746 in 1907.

THE CONTESSA'S SISTER. By Gardner Teall. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents.

A simple and refreshing little romance is this, fragrant with the odor of Italy and glowing with the colors of Capri, told by an American writer who settled down to be worshipped by his admiring peasant friends, and to fall in love with the fair lady whom he saw first at the palace window with her arms billowed in oceans of delicious flowers.

THE LOG OF THE "EASY WAY." By John L. Matthews. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. John L. Matthews, the author of *The Conservation of Water* and *Re-Making the Mississippi*, has written a new book called *The Log of the "Easy Way."* The volume is an account of a honeymoon trip in a houseboat, the "Easy Way," down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. Mr. Matthews and his bride felt the lure of the river and started out like "water gypsies in a floating van." Their adventures began with the tragedy of the bride's first bread-baking, included encounters with traveling photographers, medicine men, and junk thieves, and once even compelled the poor author to qualify as a coal-shoveler on a barge near Vicksburg. The narrative is pleasant and leisurely and full of the queer, inexplicable charm of the Mississippi, the river of vagabonds, dear already to lovers of Mark Twain. There are, moreover, some very good illustrations from photographs taken by the author.

THE INCORRIGIBLE DUKANE. By George C. Shedd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.

A book that is very likable is *The Incurable Dukane*, by George C. Shedd. It is a straightforward story in a hearty, boyish style and with plenty of humor. The Incurable Dukane, more familiarly known as Jimmy, has been leading the

gay life of a millionaire's son, Dukane, Senior, being the wealthy owner of a concrete construction company; but his gayety has finally drawn down the paternal wrath and ended the paternal allowance. So our first glimpse of Jimmy shows him "dumped in a puddle at eleven o'clock at night" somewhere in the desert of Nevada. After this pleasing start in life, Jimmy next proceeds to be robbed of his cash and clothes; then, after indulging in two very realistic fights he lands, with ragged clothes and a black eye, in Silver Peak, where a gang of men under one of Dukane, Senior's engineers are rebuilding a dam. Here he gets a job shoveling stone at two dollars a day. The surprises and adventures that await him, and his success in showing up the private "graft" of the engineer who is cheating his father's company, make a lively and very enjoyable story.

THE GLITTERING FESTIVAL. By Edith Ogden Harrison.
Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

The Glittering Festival was a great World's Fair gotten up by the Earth Queen, Enola, in order that all living things in her realm might tell what they had done for the world. The one who had done most was to get a splendid prize. The Sun-King and the Moon-Queen sat with Enola as judges, while before them animals and plants told their stories—each one arguing cleverly and eloquently for the prize. The author has recorded their speeches and given much more information about them in a charming way. Every lover of a fairy tale will take delight in the pleasant love stories of the sky folk with which the festival is intertwined.

A SEARCH FOR THE APEX OF AMERICA. By Annie S. Peck,
M.A. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.

This record of attempts to find and to climb the highest mountain in America is a splendid story of womanly grit in facing great risks and of winning success in overcoming the tremendous difficulties involved in the enterprise. It gives an account of four trips from New York to South America, of two efforts to reach the top of Sorata in Bolivia—neither quite successful—of five vain, and a sixth triumphant, attempt to reach the summit of the higher and more difficult Huarascan in Peru, as well as of other minor climbs in that region, and a

visit to the headwaters of the Amazon. Naturally, the book deals chiefly with the delays, difficulties, dangers and varying fortunes of these expeditions, but, at the same time, it gives the reader detailed and varied information about a wide range of other subjects; the climate, appearance, mineral and other resources of those countries, the dwellings, customs, dress, tastes, virtues and defects of their inhabitants. The volume will surely tend to promote the kindly relations which the author wishes to see established between ourselves and the South American peoples. A map which shows the route traversed by Miss Peck, and numerous illustrations, especially views of scenes which she and her companions alone have beheld, add greatly to the interest of the text.

CHINESE PLAYMATES. By Norman H. Pitman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.

The simple and life-like expedient of allowing his two small heroes to get lost in a great wheat field, gives the author of this book a chance to impart considerable information about Chinese farming methods, thieving beggars, wheelbarrow peddlers, and divers other curiosities in the life and customs of China. The slender plot will easily hold the youthful reader's delighted attention, while the quaint illustrations by Sen Fah Shang, will amuse as well as instruct him.

JESUS CHRIST ET L'ÉTUDE COMPARÉE DES RELIGIONS.
Par Albert Valensin. Paris: J. Gabalda et Cie.

The author of these studies is a member of the faculty of theology at Lyon. He delivered a series of lectures there in the winter of the present year and he now gives us in book form the substance of those lectures. His studies centre about the life and work of our Lord Jesus Christ. The main purpose is apologetic—refutation of those writers on the subject of comparative religion who have not hesitated to lay sacrilegious hands upon the Person of our Savior. Against these men our author stoutly maintains the unique and Divine character of Jesus Christ. The same rank cannot possibly be given to Buddha or Marduk. The problem of syncretism is not shunned. The author's familiarity with the facts is quite evident from the copious references to works of opponents. Making all due allowance for analogies, Valensin points out

the unique and transcendent character of Christ. In a concluding conference the author takes up the writings of St. Paul in evidence of the fact that Jesus of Nazareth actually realized the old Messianic hope of Israel. All who are interested in the study of the true religion will find in this book a correct estimate of our Savior's Life and influence on the world.

MOTHERS will be delighted with the series of *Read Out Loud Books* written by the well-known John Martin. He has taken the old nursery rhymes and retold them with a novelty and adaptability to the child-mind that leave nothing to be desired. He has cleverly illustrated the tales, and presented them in a form that will attract the little ones. As they are to be read by the grown-ups, Mr. Martin at times makes them the vehicle of a serious purpose so that they will interest the reader as well as hold the attention of the little ones for whom primarily they are written. The five dainty volumes with the "Happy Puppy" that carries them will make a charming Christmas gift. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3).

ANDREW LANG has given us many interesting story-books. The present one, *The All Sorts of Stories Book*, is, we believe, his twenty-third. But Mr. Lang writes only the preface. It is Mrs. Lang who has made the selections and who tells the stories. The volume strikes a new vein which to us seems not only entertaining but inexhaustible, and we hope Mrs. Lang will continue her work of resurrecting for us old tales from books and periodicals now forgotten. Of the present volume some are simple folk-tales and classical myths; others are real historical incidents and personages, and all will make interesting and instructive reading for older children and be the means of introducing them in later life to many of the classical pieces of English literature. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60.)

ANYONE who is not acquainted with that classic of English literature: *The Dream of Gerontius* should make its acquaintance at once. To any such, as well as to those who know and love the poem well, an edition of it just published by B. Herder of St. Louis will be most welcome. (The price of the booklet is 25 cents.)

DR. VAN DYKE'S latest Christmas story, *The Mansion*, recalls the scriptural truth that it is harder for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. John Weightman is a modern millionaire philanthropist, whose charities and behests are given for ends that further his desire to appear great before men. Mercifully, however, the opportunity is given to him, in a dream, to enter the heavenly city. Here he finds that the least ones of earth have mansions most beautiful, while he himself has nothing for his own but a poor little hut. The outcome of the story and the lessons which it brings home are in happy keeping with the spirit of Christmas. It is a small volume of sixty pages, and is attractively illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. (The publishers are Harper and Brothers, New York: 50 cents.)

MY RAGPICKER, by Mary E. Waller (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 75 cents), is a charming, if somewhat fanciful, little story of a young French girl, whose purity of soul was preserved through bitter poverty and many temptations, by her devotion to "Our Lady of Paris." It is a singularly beautiful tribute to the Blessed Virgin from one not of our Faith.

HOW ST. FRANCIS KEPT CHRISTMAS, is the second edition of an attractive little booklet written by Ruth Egerton. A frontispiece appropriate to the title adorns the nine pages of text. (St. Louis: B. Herder).

THREE generations of old and young have been charmed by the magic of that classical sea-tale: *Two Years Before the Mast*, by H. Dana, Jr. The Macmillan Company have just re-issued the volume in a special edition handsomely illustrated. Steam and the Panama Canal have done away with such voyages as "Two Years Before the Mast," but neither of these, nor time itself will be able to rob it of its enduring charm.

IN *Dr. David*, by Marjorie Benton Cooke (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35), the central figure is a young oculist of force and ideals. The theme lies in his influence in the life of Nanette Brandon, a typical blasé society woman.

One rather unusual development is, that Nanette's husband sits by the fireside and waits patiently for her to be won back to wifely duty by the very culpable method of love for another man. The story is well-meaning, but prosy, and of an obvious Sunday afternoon morality. The most interesting chapters deal with the child-labor question in the factories of New York City.

A RUSTIC couple, irrevocably addicted to slang, give the title to a book of journeyings called: *Abroad With the Fletchers* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.75). The volume is one of the "Little Pilgrimage Series." It seeks to conduct the reader pleasantly and with no burden of thought on a sight-seeing tour through Naples, Rome, Florence, Paris, and the English Lake Region. It is generously illustrated with photographs.

THE FAITH OF CATHOLICS, is a work that through long years of service has proved its worth. It shows how the teachings of our holy religion are confirmed by the Scripture and by the Fathers of the first five Christian centuries. We trust that the latest edition published by Frederick Pustet & Co., New York (3 vols. \$6.), and edited by Mgr. Capel, will meet with the cordial welcome that it deserves.

A BOOK that tells us pleasantly of the people, customs, institutions etc., of the great and growing republic of the Argentina, comes to us from L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. It is entitled *Argentina* and is written by Nevin O. Winter who in a similar way has covered Mexico and Brazil. The publishers have presented the book and its many illustrations in an excellent and attractive way. \$3.

A TRUE HIDALGO, by Louis Coloma. Translated from the Spanish by Harold Binns. (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.35). The son of a Spanish grandee is driven from home by the machinations of a spiteful stepmother. He is heavily in debt, and the usurer from whom he had obtained a large amount of money is found murdered one morning. In the popular mind the young nobleman is held guilty of the crime, and a cry goes up for his arrest. The working-out of

this part of the story towards the end is done with a clumsy touch, and is extremely dull. From the prolixity and the general tone of dullness which pervade the book, we rather marvel why so much value has been attached to the original in Spanish.

STRANGE SIBERIA, by Marcus L. Taft. (New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1), is an illustrated account of a journey from Pekin to New York by the Trans-Siberian Railway and it gives details that would be useful to one following the same route.

DEVOTION TO THE NINE CHOIRS OF HOLY ANGELS, from the French of the Archdeacon of Evreux, Henri-Marie Boudon, by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents). This volume is quite an elaborate treatise upon devotion to the Holy Angels, too frequently neglected—those servants of the Holiest, of whom Newman tells us that “every breath of air, every ray of light and heat is, as it were, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven.”

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM, by Francis Goodman (New York: Broadway Publishing Company. \$1 50). A clever and amusingly satirical picture of life in a nameless New England village. The ministers of various denominations try to induce the Catholic priest to join their federation to promote the reunion of Christendom, with the result, that through his forcible arguments they are all received into the Church.

HISTORICAL religious romances are among the most difficult of literary undertakings. Those of the English writer, Sophie Maude, however, have met with unusual and deserved success, especially *John and Joan*, her story of the Northern Rising under King Henry VIII. To this book now appears a sequel, which is called *Right and Might*, and which deals with the religious persecutions under Elizabeth. It is carefully and ably done, and will be found a valuable study of the Elizabethan reign. We note that the book is dedicated, appropriately and gracefully to Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.10.)

THE French Revolution is always fertile soil for the romancers. The latest story on the subject is *The Loser Pays*, by Mary Openshaw, and takes for its hero Rouget de Lisle, the author of the *Marseillaise*. It is well told and succeeds in vividness, but as a serious study of the Revolution it does not compare with Canon Sheehan's new book, *The Queen's Fillet*. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.)

FR. PUSTET, New York, has published a collection of *Ecclesiastical Chants* for clerics (price 35 cents), gathered and annotated by Dom Dominick Johner, O.S.B. This small, rather too finely printed hand-book contains the Ordinary of the Mass and the Holy Week services, with some chants now used only by monastic orders. In many cases modern notation is added. The same firm has issued the fifth edition of a Processional (price 55 cents) and the Office and Mass for the Dead, attractive manuals of Gregorian music according to the Vatican edition.

P. J. JOS FRANKEN has published through J. Fischer & P. Brothers, "Six Cantica" for Benediction, arranged for soprano, tenor and bass, with organ accompaniment. They are pleasing in harmony and devotional in tone.

STORIES OF USEFUL INVENTIONS, by S. E. Forman gives in pleasant narrative the history of inventions which are most useful to man in his daily life. The stories, therefore, are stories of human progress—chapters in the history of civilization which will both surprise and instruct the boy or girl or even grown readers. Helpful illustrations are given on almost every page and add to the attractiveness of an intensely interesting book. (New York: Century Company. \$1.)

A PRETTY Christmas gift-book is *Their Heart's Desire*, by Frances Foster Perry, the story of a small boy who wanted a real live mother for a Christmas present. The book is daintily bound and is illustrated by Harrison Fisher. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.)

A LIVELY, healthy story for boys is *The Young Timber-Cruisers, or Fighting the Spruce Pirates*, by Hugh Pendexter. A city boy gets his first job sawing pine in a lumber-

men's camp, and many are the experiences and adventures to which it leads. The story has a safe and sane excitement, and may be recommended for boys. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.20).

THE JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S, by Rev. T. H. Bryson. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents). A new story for Catholic boys is always welcome, but we fear very much that a friendly greeting cannot be given to this one. It is supposed to be a tale of school life in a Jesuit college, yet, as we read it we felt at times a suspicion that we were being treated to an inside view of a reformatory. We had to balk at the abnormal rascality of three boys in the college. All we sincerely hope is, that the author had not in his mind's eye any particular Catholic institution, for we should be sorry that such unusual meanness, baseness, and criminal propensities should be found within the walls of any of our schools. On the whole we cannot recommend the book as a healthy one for young boys.

BOOKS for boys are becoming as plentiful as telephone calls on a busy day. Among the newest is *The Auto Boys' Camp* by James A. Braden (The Saalfeld Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. \$1), an account of four chums who enjoy a long automobile trip and a camp in the woods. We note it as a lively story, and good of its kind.

LES FEMMES DU MONDE, by Joseph Tissier, (Paris: Pierre Téqui). These admirable conferences of Doctor Tissier are practical studies that will help women in the world who aspire to some measure of spiritual betterment. The titles of the conferences sufficiently indicate the scope of the work. They deal sympathetically with those who suffer, with those who devote themselves to good works and with those who are growing old.

JEANNE D'ARC ET LA FRANCE, by L'Abbe Stephen Coube. (Paris: P. Lethielleux). This volume is a collection of patriotic discourses in honor of the Maid, delivered in many places and always fired by l'Abbe Coube's enthusiastic eloquence.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (14 Oct.): "The Hague and the War." Italy and Turkey were both parties to the Hague Convention of 1907. "They knew that there was a Court ready and eager to determine the equities of the quarrel and yet they have preferred to settle their difference by an appeal to arms."—"Franz Liszt, 1811-1911." "In the whole history of music," writes William Vowles, "there is no name which calls up an impression of versatility, brilliance, magic genius, as that of Franz Liszt. His erudition and culture place him in an unique place among the musical *littérateurs* of his day."

(21 Oct.): "Continental Freemasonry and Politics." Those who smile at Catholics for attributing most of the trouble with which the Church in Europe is afflicted to the influence of Freemasonry, now have the assurance of a well-informed correspondent of the *Morning Post*, that Continental Freemasonry is "almost entirely political," tending to promote "Republicanism" and "irreligion."—Father W. H. Kent, O.S.C. replies to the criticisms of his notes on the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and defends his position as to the legality and morality of the attack made on it.

(28 Oct.): "Monte Cassino," a soldier's appreciation of the great Benedictine mother-house and of the religious and historical associations connected with it.—"Parochial Work in France." One of the effects of the Law of Separation and the suppression of the Concordat is the ever-increasing union of the Catholics of France. Diocesan and parish associations and the provision of numbers of new churches, supported directly by the people, are a few signs of the new and hopeful order of things.

(4 Nov.): The Province of Westminster has been divided into three provinces, Westminster, Birmingham and Liverpool. The Archbishop of Westminster shall have precedence over the other Archbishops and Bishops,

with the right to convoke and preside at all meetings of the Hierarchy.—“The Fourth Cardinal of Westminster,” an historical sketch of Archbishop Bourne. —Among forthcoming Pontifical Acts “one will contain the reform of the Roman Breviary—in the sense, it is believed, of a return in large measure to the Ferial offices.”

The Month (Nov.): “The Ideas of a Chief Inspector of Schools,” by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, is a review of the book *What Is and What Might Be*, by Mr. E. G. Holmes, Chief Inspector of the London Board of Education. Father Smith severely criticised the work, the thesis of which seems to be that the doctrine of Original Sin is a canker at the root of all educational effort which must be removed before a healthy education of children can be hoped for.—An anonymous writer, under the caption “Anglicanism and the Supernatural,” maintains that the difficulties which confront the Anglican churchmen to-day, are the natural sequence of Naturalism.—“The Spiritual Testament of John Shakespeare,” by Rev. Herbert Thurston, considers an interesting document, which purports to be the spiritual document of the father of the poet. If the document is genuine it proves conclusively that he was a staunch Catholic.

The National (Nov.): “Tripoli” by Tobruck is a strong defense of Italy’s action in declaring war on Tripoli.—Prof. Stephen Leacock writes of the defeat of the Liberal Party in Canada.—Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, M. P. discusses “The Crying Need of Housing Reform” and suggests that the Unionist Party demand from the state a million pounds a year to remedy existing conditions in the slums.—“Our Sentimentalists and Our Sea Power,” by Ignotus, predicts that England will be engaged in a naval battle in the near future.—W. Roberts contributes a study of “The Old Masters at the Grafton Galleries.” Canada’s new Premier, Mr. R. L. Borden, is the subject of an article by Maxwell H. H. Macartney.

The Church Quarterly (Oct.): “The Value of the Establishment of the Church,” by Rev. Arthur C. Headlam—a

discussion of the general question of Church Establishment and its value to the country.—“The Present Position of New Testament Studies,” by H. St. John Thackeray, an estimate of the general trend of recent critical opinion with regard to the New Testament as a whole, particular attention being given to the problem presented by the Synoptic Gospels.—“The Mystical Element of Religion,” by Right Rev. Charles Gore, D. D., a criticism of Baron Von Hügel's work “The Mystical Element of Religion,” as studied in St. Catherine of Genoa and her Friends.—“Winchester Cathedral Library from the Reformation to the Commonwealth,” by Rev. John Vaughn, is a resumé of the history of the Manuscripts of St. Swithun's Priory. The treasures still in existence, are, indeed, but a sorry remnant of what was once a fine library, but such as they are, their preservation is due in no small degree, to the zeal and intelligence of “Syr Thomas Dackcombe and John Chase.”

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): “Italy and Tripoli,” an unsigned article deals with the important question of the claims of the Italian Government concerning Tripoli.—“The Sale of Ecclesiastical Property under the Revolution,” by Abbé Sicard, relates the injustices suffered by the Church from the French Government since 1790.—“Woman under Islamism,” by G. Reynaud, describes the position and condition of women under the religion of Mahomet.—“The Curé of Elancourt,” by Maurice Talmeyr, is a short story, the sixth under the series entitled: “The New Golden Legend.”

(25 Oct.): “Free Secondary Education, To-day and Yesterday,” by Henry Joli, “contrasts the work done to-day in the secular schools with that of the suppressed schools of the Religious Orders for the education of the youth of France.”—“The French Revolution and Italy,” by Henry Cochin, deals with the Reign of Terror which started in France and swept into Italy making a prisoner of Pius VI.—“Bossuet,” by Pierre Didier, is an article dealing with three periods of Bossuet's genius—“The Vendée in Portugal,” by Francis Rousseau, relates the troublesome days for the Church in Portugal from 1834–1886. This article has been sug-

gested by a similar state of affairs existing in Portugal to-day.—“The Autumn Salon,” by Andrew Pérate, describes the works of art on exhibition for 1911.

Revue du Clergé Français (5 Oct.): E. Vacandard brings to a close his study entitled: “The Origins of the Veneration of the Saints; are the Saints the Successors of the Gods?”—Ch. Calippe treats of “The Social Formation of Seminarists” discussing among other things, the rôle of the Church and of the clergy from the social point of view, the necessity and insufficiency of the initiation to “Works,” the absolute necessity of a doctrinal teaching for the social formation.—“The Social Theatre” is an article by F. Veuillot on the social influence of the theatre and the need of directing it. (1 Nov.): E. Vacandard begins a historical study of “The Latin Church from the Fourth to the Fifteenth Century,” treating of the Church and the Empire, the Church and the Barbarians, the Christianity of the Middle Ages: Its Grandeur and Decline.—F. Martin contributes an article entitled: “The Fourteen Brothers and Sisters of la Joconde,” these being the most famous old paintings in the Louvre, works of the old masters, Raphael, Titian, Holbein, Velasquez, and others.—Leon Désers contributes a “Chronicle of Pastoral Theology”—E. Lenoble gives an account of the Fourth International Congress of Philosophy held at Bologna in April. He also reviews a book “*Contemporary Thought; the Great Problems*,” by Paul Gaultier.—Mgr. du Vauroux, Bishop of Agen writes of “The ‘Confessionality’ of Works” a plea for frank and open profession of Catholicity in the religious undertakings of Catholics for moral and social betterment.

Revue Pratique D'Apologétique (15 Oct.): “Preaching,” by H. Lesetre. M. Lesetre presents dogma as the object around which preaching should centre.—“The Apologetic Solidarity of the Motives of Credibility,” by A. de Poulpique. The following are the topics considered: (a) Motives of credibility arise from two sources, *vis.*, the Old and New Testaments, and the history of the Church, as found in its holiness, sanctity, the witness of the martyrs.—(b) The connection of facts with the mo-

tives of credibility.—(c) Apologetic services that the facts of the Church render to motives of credibility.

(1 Nov.): "The Eucharist in St. Paul," by E. Maugenot treats (1) the Jewish sacrifices. (2) The dissimilarity between Christian Communion and the repast of Pagan sacrifices. (3) The disorders at Corinth; Institution of the Eucharist; Conditions necessary to receive it.

Études (5 Oct.): Now that the physical concept of matter, endowed with mass and weight, is giving way to a philosophical concept and stress is being laid on energy, Pierre de Vregille judges it timely to review the old chemical and physical theories as to what is the support of natural phenomena.—Madame Thérèse Kleiter, a German Catholic poet and novelist, receives a sympathetic interpretation to French readers from Louis Chervillat. Picturesque details, profound convictions, delicacy of expression, and a brave faith are said to characterize her work.—Paul Dudon praises M. Goyan's two volumes on *Bismarck and the Church*, for their abundant information, freedom of manner, and critical yet Christian spirit.—M. Imbart de la Tour has attacked the view that the Church has the right to appeal to the secular arm as a temporal means of coercion. Yves de la Brière calls this opinion "a condemned error," and enumerates pronouncements from the Third Lateran Council down to Leo XIII. in defence of the Church's right to do so in a Catholic state. He also denies that this right is of pagan origin and was opposed by St. Martin, St. Ambrose, and St. John Chrysostom.

(20 Oct.): Joseph de Ghellinck shows the intimate relations which existed between "Theology and Canon Law in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries."—"The Turin Exposition of Labor and Industry," is described as to its material side and its significance as affirming the policy of Cavour.—Henri Caye reviews the conclusions on secondary education reached by two congresses held at Vannes and at Bonne-Ésperance. The pronouncement of Latin, philosophy, foreign study, physical training, and school hygiene were considered.

La Civiltà Cattolica (7 Oct.): The opening article discusses the "*Venti Settembre* Masonic Festival" held this year

in Rome.—“The ‘New Learning’ of Luther” is considered in the first of a series of articles which takes up the various factors that ultimately issued in the doctrinal innovation of the heresiarch. The present article merely concerns itself with the psychology of Luther himself.—The series on “Benedetto Croce and the Moral Theology of the Jesuits,” is continued, as is also that on “The Conflict between Morality and Sociology.” (21 Oct.): “Modern Industrialism and the Family,” describes the horrible conditions in which so many working families are compelled to live.—“Prohibited Literature” concludes the series on good reading, with a sketch of the restrictions that the Church places upon her children’s reading.—The series on Benedetto Croce is brought to a close.—“Gottschalc and the Predestination Controversy,” is an interesting historical study of an enigmatic figure of the early ninth century.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Oct.): “Philosophy in the College,” is a lecture found among the notes of the late L. Ollé-Laprune, according to which philosophy, as taught in the secondary schools, should have as its purpose, not the making of philosophers, disputants, or skeptics, but should assist in the formation of character.—Louis Canet writes on “Paschal and His Theology,” to reconcile apparently conflicting ideas found in his works, upon the question of nature and grace. He concludes that Paschal writes now of nature, now of grace, while recognizing their co-existence in fact. To the worldly-minded, revelation comes as a servitude; to the spiritually minded, as a deliverance.

Revue Benedictine (July-Oct.): Dom H. Quentin writes on “Fragmentary Manuscripts.” He treats chiefly those in the National and Vatican Libraries.—Dom Chapman replies to J. M. Heer’s criticism of some of his statements regarding Cassiodorus, in his book “*Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels*.” The article is in English.—There are two articles by Dom Morin; (1) “Liturgy and Basilicas of Rome in the Middle of the Seventh Century, according to the Gospel Lists of Würzburg,” in which the author gives a reprint of one of these MSS. which contains the Gospel indications for almost the

entire year. (2) An examination of Pseudo-Bede on the Psalms.—“The Age and Order of the Masses of Mone” by Dom Wilmart, is an examination of eleven Latin Masses published in 1850, by Franz Mone.

Chronique Sociale de France (Oct.): “The Gospel and Labor,” by A. Lukan, maintains that Christ teaches the right of labor to a proper compensation.—Max Turmann analyzes the provisions of the new Swiss law for voluntary and compulsory sick and accident compensation by employers. This law will be voted upon by the people early next year.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Oct.): “The Way to Free Manhood,” says P. Lippert, S.J., is through humble submission to Christ and His Church.—H. Pesch, S.J., under the Caption, “Transformations in Economic Organization,” criticises the theories of evolutionary Socialists.—“Out of the South German Art Metropolis,” by J. Kreitmaier, S.J., points out the demoralizing influence of the “free-for-all” exhibitions in Munich.

Razón y Fé (Oct.): The opening article—“Some Thoughts about the New Book,” “The Evolution of Christian Dogma,” written by L. Murillo, presents a lucid and interesting analysis of that philosophical question and claims that the doctrine there set forth is an overthrowing of the traditional concept of dogma.—“Social Spanish Institutions” is the third article by Mr. N. Noguera, maintaining the need of a more rational method of constructing houses (in Bilbas) to improve the whole social and moral condition of the working people.—“Singing with Grace in Your Hearts.” The author, Mr. J. M. Bover, is a sincere admirer of the sacred music as recommended by Pope Pius X. in his *motu proprio*.—Mr. F. Marxuch writes about the old and always new question, “Do the Colors Exist where we See Them?” It is an investigation into the experimental studies of certain ancient and recent works dealing with this matter and concludes affirming that the colors exist.—The first International Congress of Paidology (“The Science which Studies the Psychology of the Child”) is a very serious study and appreciation of the Congress held in Bruselles in August last.

Recent Events.

France. Crimes and scandals with commissions for inquiring into their causes and discovering fitting remedies

form the principal feature of the interior life of France at the present time. The Commission appointed to inquire into the loss of the *Liberté* has published its report, in which it declares that it finds no trace of foul play. All the regulations relative to the keeping of powder had been duly observed, and the service for the policing of the ship was irreproachable. No responsibility attached to anyone on board. This report leaves the cause of the accident as mysterious as before. Spontaneous combustion of the gunpowder is hinted at, and it was asserted by witnesses that it was older than the marks on the cases alleged.

On four other warships accidents have occurred. On the *Waldeck-Rousseau*, the *Suffren*, the *Justice*, and the *Diderot* fires have broken out. Into their causes inquiry has not yet been made. But that there should be so many such incidents seems to show that something must be wrong either in the management or the spirit of the naval service.

Acts of *sabotage* still continue, but do not seem to have been so numerous as they were. Certain proceedings of the General Confederation of Labor have been brought to light on the occasion of the trial of certain revolutionary anarchists. It was discovered that these anarchists acted as a kind of secret police for the Confederation, and constituted at the same time a sort of Revolutionary tribunal before whom were tried members of the Confederation who were suspected of treachery. The actual charge against the prisoners was that they arrested with violence three persons whom they believed to be in the pay of the police, and proceeded to lock them up, and to force them with threats of further violence to confess their double-dealing. It looks as if liberty-loving France under the Third Republic was suffering from the same evils of secret judgments and punishments as those by which Russia is afflicted. The anarchists were acquitted, but the acquittal itself makes the state of things to appear worse than a conviction would have done. For it was due not to the conviction of the innocence of the accused, but to the abhorrence

felt by the jury for the methods of the government spies. These had acted, it is alleged, as *agents provocateurs*.

Morocco has been the scene of the wrong-doings of high French officials; three of whom have been arrested by the Military High Commissioner of the Ujda district. Those officials are accused of certain irregularities in land speculations in Morocco, as well as of misappropriation of a large amount of public money. The relations between the Civil and Military Administration are also involved in the question. A Commission has been appointed and sent out to Morocco to investigate the matter.

Yet another scandal connected with the officials of the government has to be mentioned. The new Director of a Government Powder Factory has made serious allegations against his predecessor in that position. A Special Commission has been appointed in this case as well.

The increase in the cost of living which gave rise to the agitation in France, to which reference was made last month, has been made the subject of investigation by the Cabinet. These investigations have resulted in the determination of the government to introduce a Bill during the approaching sessions of Parliament. This Bill will enable municipalities to start municipal or co-operative butchers' and bakers' shops. Its details have just been published. The proposal to fix the price of certain necessities of life has been rejected in favor of the plan for encouraging co-operation. Municipalities are to be authorized (1) to lend money for the establishment of local co-operative butchers' and bakers' shops; (2) to establish such shops under municipal *régie*, with an administrator or tenant to whom funds are to be advanced. We have no space to go further into the details of the large step which it is thus proposed to take on the road to State Socialism. There will, it need not be said, be strong opposition offered on the part of the owners of the private shops thus exposed to state competition. Not only the cost of living is increasing in France, but also the cost of government. In 1903 the cost per head was about \$22; in 1907 it had reached nearly \$27; and its increase since 1907 has been still more striking. One reason for this is the increase of officials, of whom there are nearly one million, exclusive of those employed in the state railways and industrial enterprises. It would seem, from what we have

had to say, that things are not as they should be in modern and secular France.

Let us conclude with a more satisfactory item. The parents of the French children are showing their appreciation of the evils of a purely secular education, by withdrawing their children, in an ever-increasing degree, from the government schools, and sending them to the Catholic private schools. The figures given by the Ministry of Public Instruction show that last year the pupils in the public secular schools increased in number at the rate of 17.26 per 1,000, while those in the Catholic private schools increased by 28 per 1,000. Thus, notwithstanding all the influence exercised by the government and the many millions of public money expended annually on education, the Catholic schools, supported by voluntary contributions, are progressing more rapidly than are the State primary establishments.

After long and weary negotiations, France, Germany and Morocco. during which many thought that war was imminent, France and Germany have at length come to a settlement of the Morocco question. The agreement as at last made, gives to France, so far as Germany is concerned, a free hand, politically, in Morocco; it safeguards the economic interests that Germany, in common with the other Powers, possesses in that country; and it increases the value and the extent of the German Cameroons by cessions of territory in the French Congo, so arranged as to diminish as little as possible the value of the French Colony. It is generally felt that France has come out well, and that her position is strengthened. A large part of the credit is given to M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador in Berlin.

Germany. The settlement of the Morocco question has caused extreme dissatisfaction in Germany, where it

is felt by large numbers that the terms of the agreement are greatly to the advantage of France. The Minister of the Colonies has resigned as a mark of displeasure, and an agitation has arisen to secure a revision of the Constitution, which will render it necessary in the future to submit to the Reichstag all treaties before they are ratified. On the Imperial Chancellor vehement attacks have been made: while upon

Great Britain the vials of wrath are being poured forth. A tribute is due to the peace-loving character of the Kaiser, who has to bear the brunt of the storm, for it is doubtless due to him that the question was settled. Political exigencies have, however, put him in a difficult position. To a Catholic Bishop he is said to have expressed the hope that the spread of Mohammedanism in East Africa might be checked. The Moslems thereupon made such an outcry that the German government felt compelled to give an explanation of the Kaiser's words. All that he did, according to this explanation, was to commend the zeal of the Catholic missionaries, and to express the hope that they would be as diligent as the missionaries of Islam. The foreign policy of the German Empire for years has included a systematic endeavor to cultivate Turkish friendship, and to establish a dominant German interest throughout Asia Minor, Syria and Mesopotamia. The war between Italy and Turkey had already put the German government into sore straits. It wished to be friendly to both, to Italy as its ally, and to Turkey as the field into which it had so long striven to extend its influence. Out of the latter dilemma it has not yet found a way of escape.

Italy and Tripoli.

If Italy expected to have a walk-over in Tripoli, that she had only to speak the word and the thing was done, she has been grievously disappointed. An altogether unexpected resistance has been offered on the part of the small Turkish force which had retreated into the desert. The Arabs whom Italy claimed to have come to deliver from Turkish domination have, to a large extent, allied themselves to their former overlords. The Italian soldiers have distinguished themselves by bravery shown under the most trying circumstances, and by the strict discipline to which they have adhered. In another respect, too, they have deserved praise—in their respect for women—for no outrages on them have been reported. Here praise must end. The conduct of the war has brought grave disgrace on the name of Christian. The very discipline of the troops and their willingness to obey, have contributed to this. The accounts which have been given of the outrages perpetrated have been denied by those most interested in their not being believed, but they have been confirmed by the reports of those who are willing enough to be friendly to Italy.

"Orders were given by the authorities to exterminate all Arabs found in the oasis in which is the town of Tripoli. For three days parties of soldiers were shooting indiscriminately all whom they met, without trial, without appeal. Neither youth nor sex was spared. Many of those killed were quite young, many women perished in the confusion." "Certain districts in the town were turned into human abattoirs." "The innocent suffered with the guilty." Such are the reports from the spot, given by eye-witnesses of proceedings which have no parallel in modern history for wantonness and cruelty. The worst the Germans did in France was to burn the French villages from which they had been attacked, and this was considered a harsh application of the laws of military war. The justification offered by the Italians is that some Arabs who had pretended to submit, had afterwards fired on Italians in the back who were being attacked in the front by open assailants. But the warmest friends of Italy, such as Mr. George Trevelyan, the historian of Italian unity, have felt it their duty openly to protest against these proceedings, which have made it possible—one never expected to see that day—for Turks to make a justified appeal to the civilized world to execrate and condemn actions of such barbarity perpetrated by Christians. The fact is, Italy is showing to the world the true character of the nation at its present stage of development, which in defiance of all right stripped the Pope of the possessions to which he was entitled by every human right—to say nothing of divine. She has embarked on a war unjustifiable by any claim except that the desire to have a thing justifies the forcible taking possession of it, if the might exists, and this in defiance of an Arbitration Treaty signed by herself, by which she was bound to submit such a question as had arisen between herself and Turkey to arbitration. Moreover, Italy was a party to the Treaty of Paris, by which the integrity of the dominion of the Ottoman Government is guaranteed. At these proceedings European governments stand looking on, unable or unwilling either to intervene or even to protest, thereby manifesting once more the weak hold which the principles of international law have upon the powers that be, when a real emergency arises. Perhaps, however, when the matter comes up for settlement, the course of Italy may not prove so smooth as she expected. The recognition which she

will be called upon to seek may not be easily obtained. In any case her conduct has put her so much out of court that anything she has done or may do will not weigh in opposition to that movement for peace and arbitration, which is the hope of the civilized world. And if, as is said by some military experts, the exigencies of war give an apparent excuse for these proceedings, the ardor of all the advocates of arbitration ought to be the greater and the more energetic, in order to put an end as soon as possible to the lawfulness of resorting to such a means of settling disputes as a resort to arms.

It seems not improbable that, on account of the unexpected resistance offered to the seizure of Tripoli, the war may be extended to other Turkish possessions, at least to those in the Archipelago. Out of deference to the Powers, and for fear of the complications that might ensue, it seems unlikely that any attempt will be made on Constantinople, or upon the Adriatic coasts of the Balkan territories. In fact, a pledge has been given not to molest these coasts, in view of the susceptibilities of Austria. How far the relations of Italy with the two other Powers of the Triple Alliance have been changed is not yet clear. The governments of Germany and Austria, especially the latter, appear to have adopted a sympathetic attitude towards that of Italy. The Press, however, is filled with denunciations of Italy, and with the most outspoken delight at the reports of Turkish victories which have been circulated from Constantinople. It is alleged, however, that it is not the pure love of Turkey that has inspired this Press. It is said to be in the hands of Jews who have invested large sums in Turkish bonds. The motive of its action has been the desire to make a market for these bonds. This forms one more instance of the general demoralization which seems to have set in throughout a great part of Europe, affecting both its governments and peoples. There has been some talk of mediation between Italy and Turkey, on the part of certain Powers, but the time for this does not seem to have come. While Turkey was willing to accept such an intervention, and, in fact, made an appeal for it, Italy was obdurate, refusing to accept anything less than complete and absolute sovereignty over Tripoli. At the beginning she might have consented to pay a sum of money in compensation to Turkey for the loss of the Province, in the same way that Austria did when Bosnia and Herzegovina were

annexed. But as the war has been prolonged, with the consequent increase of expense, it is less likely that this will be done. Possibly, indeed, a claim may even be made upon Turkey for the reimbursement of the expense to which Italy has been put in stripping her of her possessions. What view is taken in France of the war seems somewhat obscure, but both the press and the government seem less opposed to Italy's proceedings than the rest of the Powers.

Turkey.

Some little hesitation took place upon the announcement of Italy's expedition to Tripoli as to whether opposition should be offered to it or not. The Committee of Union and Progress advocated a strenuous resistance, and succeeded in carrying the day. The success of the Turkish efforts has been greater in reality than was anticipated, but it by no means equals the reports which were spread abroad from Constantinople and widely believed in Vienna. According to these reports the town of Tripoli had fallen, or was on the point of falling, and the whole Italian army had either been slaughtered, captured, or driven into the sea. The strictness of the Italian censorship puts a premium on false intelligence, making it easy to believe that there are good reasons for the strong desire that is thereby manifested to withhold the news. But why the Turks should expect to profit by the wholesale dissemination of falsehoods which have been practiced it is hard to see.

The most important element in the present situation is the attitude of the Balkan States. They are at all times straining at the leash in order to release themselves, and all their nationals still under Turkish domination, from the control of Turkey. The present would seem to be a favorable opportunity, were it not that the Turkish army is stronger than it has been for many years, and it has always proved itself formidable. The large sums of money which Turkey has been able to borrow since the deposition of Abdul Hamid have been almost entirely spent upon it. For this reason, and on account of their mutual jealousies, the Powers, it is believed, have made strong representations to these States, urging upon them the wisdom of keeping the peace. Bulgaria, in particular, has been assured by the Powers of the good will of Turkey: and even in Greece the anxiety which was felt seems

to have been relieved. There have been reports of a renewal of outrages here and there in Macedonia, but they do not seem to have been upon a large scale. It is impossible, however, to see far ahead, and should the war be long continued, it seems almost impossible to expect that complete quiet should be maintained throughout the Peninsula. So far the threat of the Turks to expel from Ottoman dominions the 70,000 or so of Italian laborers has not been carried out. A hundred per cent duty, however, has been placed upon all imports from Italy. Trade is almost at a standstill, and there are fears of a famine at Constantinople.

When the war broke out a contest was going on between the supporters of the Committee of Union and Progress and its opponents; the latter were growing stronger every day. Naturally, gratitude had been felt for the part this Committee had taken in freeing Turkey from the yoke of Abdul Hamid. But this Committee has abused its own Powers to such an extent that there were some who were beginning to regret the deposition of the former Sultan. A secret section sitting at Salonika had taken to itself the real power over the whole country, and had compelled the Cabinet, and the ostensible holders of power, to carry out its behests. Events have shown the maleficent character of its rule, so maleficent that all Europe was losing the friendship felt for the Young Turks at the beginning of the movement. A Congress was held last year at Salonika, the proceedings of which have only seen the light a month or two ago. These proceedings reveal the real character and aims of the promoters of the revolution, and if they had been known would certainly have prevented the manifestations of sympathy then manifested. It has always been known that the strengthening of Turkey was the aim of the Young Turks, and no one could reasonably object to such an end. Ostensibly it was to be brought about by the just and equal treatment of all nationalities of the Christians as well as of the Mussulmans. The proceedings referred to reveal in avowed intention what has been partially revealed by acts during the past year. They show that the Committee aimed at crushing the propaganda of all the Christian nationalities. The disarmament which was carried out, and the boycott of Greek commerce, had this end deliberately in view. Another means to be adopted was the bringing into Macedonia of the Mussulmans who had left Bosnia. Further importations of the

same element from Persia, Russia and Turkestan were contemplated. Bulgarian and Greek aspirations were to be finally crushed. Armed force, if necessary for this purpose, was to be employed. All important offices were to be filled by Mussulmans, only the most insignificant were to be given to Christians. Liberal ideas were to be opposed. Turkey was declared to be essentially a Moslem country. All other religious propaganda was to be suppressed. Ottomanization of all Turkish subjects must be effected, and as it was becoming clear that this could not be done by persuasion, recourse must be had to force of arms. Autonomy of the various nationalities was declared to be treachery to the Turkish Empire. Moslem predominance was to be assured, and any means suitable to secure this was to be adopted. It is difficult to imagine a wider difference between the open professions and the secret aims of the young Turks, so far as they are represented by the Committee of Union and Progress, than the report of the proceedings of the meeting held at Salonika last year discloses.

China.

Some twenty years ago it was widely believed that China was a great power, so great that Europe and America stood in danger of being overwhelmed by the vast hordes that peopled her territory. Under the influence of this idea, Great Britain, when she took possession of Upper Burma, was not ashamed to pay to Peking the tribute that had hitherto been sent there in acknowledgment of the Chinese Emperor's suzerainty over the newly acquired Province. The summary way in which the Russians had been expelled from Kuldja contributed to the strengthening of this impression—an impression which lasted until the war between China and Japan made it clear to the world how impotent this vast Empire was in reality. In fact China is one of the best examples of the truth of the saying that a bad thing never dies, for it would be hard to describe in words the utter corruption that exists, from the Court, with its horde of eunuchs and women, to the peasants in the field, who have become so used to being robbed and oppressed as to have lost all hope of ever rising to any better state.

There are, however, those who think that a new era is dawning. The suppression of the Boxers seemed to have brought it home to the authorities that China was unable

to cope with the West, unless it should do as Japan had done, and adopt Western methods. And so in 1905 the old system of examinations which had hitherto been the only avenue to service in the state was abandoned by governmental decree and the methods of education of the West were adopted. A new Party grew up the watchword of which was "China for the Chinese." This Party, while ready to adopt the new ideas, meant to use them for the strengthening of China and the elimination of foreign influences. The movement for the adoption of a Constitution attained such strength, that the government was forced to anticipate the time fixed for its introduction. Nine years had been allowed, it is now to be introduced within three. In the proposed reform a Cabinet responsible to the new Parliament was included. The reformation of morals was provided for by the suppression of the consumption of opium. Such was, in brief, the state of things when the recent revolt began. The immediate occasion of the first rising which took place at Chengtu in Szechuen was dislike of the Imperial Government's policy of keeping the construction and control of all main railways in the hands of the Central Government. The Provinces wanted the work to be done by local syndicates, with the hope, doubtless, of securing to themselves no small share of the profits. This uprising seems to have been somewhat easily suppressed. But hardly had this been done before the far more serious insurrection broke out at Wuchang in the province of Hupeh, the special cause of which is not yet clearly ascertained. In all probability it was owing to the widespread spirit of dissatisfaction which has been growing ever greater and greater throughout the whole of the Empire ever since the suppression of the Boxer movement. The Revolutionist movement at Wuchang and the adjoining cities at once took a political aspect, and proceeded to the declaration of a Republic. It was not long before in various other parts uprisings took place, with a similar end in view. Whether these were spontaneous, or by propagation from the original seat of the movement, is not known. Efforts were made by the Imperial Government to suppress these insurrections by force of arms, but matters were brought to a crisis by the refusal of one of the armies which was being sent from the North to proceed further, unless certain demands were granted. These demands, which were addressed to the Throne were, that a Constitution

should be framed, and this only after consultation with the National Assembly; that from the Cabinet all the members of the Imperial Family should be excluded; that a capable and virtuous person should be appointed to organize a responsible Cabinet; and lastly that a general amnesty should be given to all political offenders. To these demands the Throne within four and twenty hours yielded its consent, and issued a decree the like of which, scholars say, has not been seen since the last days of the Roman Empire in the West, and but seldom in the East. It is worth quoting in full, seeing that it gives the government's view of the situation. The five-year-old baby, who is the ruler of 400,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth, is in this Edict made to say:

"I have reigned for three years and have always acted conscientiously in the interest of the people, but I have not employed men properly, not having political skill. I have employed too many nobles in political positions, which contravenes Constitutionalism. On railway matters some one whom I trusted fooled me, and thus public opinion was opposed. When I urge reform the officials and gentry seize the opportunity to embezzle. When old laws are abolished, high officials serve their own ends. Much of the people's money has been taken, but nothing to benefit the people has been achieved. On several occasions Edicts have promulgated laws, but none of them have been obeyed. People are grumbling, yet I do not know: disasters loom ahead, but I do not see.

"The Szechuan trouble first occurred; the Wuchang rebellion followed; now alarming reports come from Shensi and Honan. In Canton and Kiangsi riots appear. The whole Empire is bubbling. The minds of the people are perturbed. The spirits of our nine late Emperors are unable properly to offer sacrifices, while it is to be feared the people will suffer grievously.

"All these are my own fault, and, hereby, I announce to the world that I swear to reform, and, with our soldiers and people, to carry out the Constitution faithfully, modifying legislation, developing the interests of the people, and abolishing their hardships—all in accordance with the wishes and interests of the people. Old laws that are unsuitable will be abolished. The union of Manchus and Chinese, mentioned by the late Emperor, I shall carry out. The Hupeh and Hunan griev-

ances, though precipitated by the soldiers, were caused by Iui-chang. I only blame myself because I mistakenly appreciated and trusted him.

"However, now, finances and diplomacy have reached bed-rock. Even if all unite, I still fear falling. But if the Empire's subjects do not regard and do not honor Fate, and are easily misled by outlaws, then the future of China is unthinkable. I am most anxious day and night. My only hope is that my subjects will thoroughly understand."

In a second Edict, issued a few days afterwards, the Throne declares that thereafter anything the people may suggest, if it is in accordance with public opinion, will be openly adopted. "Heaven owns the people and provides rulers for them. The people's ears and eyes are Heaven's ears and eyes." Then after describing the transition from Monarchical to Constitutional Government, the Edict proceeds: "All countries must pass through this stage. The revolutionaries of China are different from the wicked rebels of former dynasties, who sought to destroy the Throne and to injure the people."

The first result of the first Edict was the appointment of a "capable and virtuous person" as Prime Minister with extraordinary powers. The choice fell upon Yuan Shih-kai who has for a long time been looked upon as the strongest and most enlightened statesman at present to be found; he had, however, been disgraced in 1908, and sent to his home to undergo, as the Edict said, "treatment for an affection of his foot." The National Assembly which had just opened its session then proceeded to elaborate a Constitution. This they did in forty-eight hours, modeling it upon that of Great Britain, this being, as its Memorial states, the mother of all Constitutions. The new Constitution guarantees the security of the dynasty, the person of the Emperor is declared to be sacrosanct, but in the place of the barbaric despotism hitherto existing, there will be a Constitutional Monarchy, Parliamentary Government, a responsible Cabinet, an appointed Prime Minister, and Parliamentary control of the Budget, including the allowances to the Imperial Household. The Parliament is, in fact, made the source of power, limiting that of the Emperor by the Constitution which it has drawn up of its own authority, regulating the right of succession, amending the Constitution when it thinks fit, electing the Premier, and in fact placing the Em-

peror more completely under its control than it is theoretically done in Great Britain. Whether it will ever be carried into effect remains to be seen. In fact, the revolutionary forces which had declared a Republic are still adhering to their purpose. Isolated cities, too, have made themselves into separate Republics on their own account. The fate of the Empire as a whole may, therefore, be for a long time in suspense, as the advocates of the opposed systems seem determined. It is not unreasonable to hope that in any case a better form of government for four hundred million of people may be found than that nominally of a child, a child too of a race of foreigners, but in reality that of a capricious weakling, for such the Prince Regent has proved himself to be, under the influence of palace women and degraded eunuchs.

The present occurrences in China are declared, by those who have made a special study of that Empire, to indicate the loss of faith on the part of the Chinese of their hitherto strong belief in the philosophy of Confucius. One of his fundamental teachings, events have shown to be false. He laid it down that a country could be established without any dependence on armed force. Recent events have proved, so large numbers of Chinese have come to think, that such is not the case. Reverence for the Emperor is another cardinal principle of Confucianism. The fact that there are now so many advocates of a Republic is yet another departure from old beliefs. The minds of many Chinese, it is clear, are opening and are becoming ready to receive the truth, even though new. It is satisfactory to be able to record the fact, which is acknowledged even by those who are not glad of it, that every advantage of this new movement is being taken by the Church, and that she is the body which is the most wide awake. Her missions are far-reaching, and there are enormous churches. Her converts are as many as those of all of the various Protestant sects put together. There never was so good an opportunity—perhaps we may say even prospect—of the conversion of China as exists at the present time, when the minds of so many have become wide open to the reception of Western ideas. It ought to be mentioned that the recent revolutionary movement started without any direct hostility to foreigners.

With Our Readers

THE great honor which the Holy See has conferred on three American prelates, our recent Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Diomedede Falconio, and the Archbishops of New York and Boston is an honor also for the entire Church in America. To the new Cardinals were extended the congratulations of the nation—of the religious and secular press alike. The honor which they have received is a recognition of the growth of the Church here in the past and a promise of still greater efficiency and fruitfulness in the future.

THE Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies opened on November 6th at the rooms of the Fordham Law School, 140 Nassau Street, N. Y., its School of Social Studies, announcement of which was made last Spring.

This school is designed to train a number of Catholic men as lecturers upon the great social questions of the day. The first year's work (1911-12) is to be devoted exclusively to the question of "Socialism" and a course of twenty-four lectures will be given on this topic in three departments. The first department will be conducted by the Rev. Terence J. Shealy, S.J., Spiritual Director of the Laymen's League, who will give twelve lectures under the head "Socialism in its Principles is Irreligious and Immoral"; the second by Professor John A. Ryan, whose subject will be "Socialism's Appeal to the Workingman is Delusive and Dangerous" (six lectures) and the third by Thomas F. Woodlock, six lectures on "Socialism in its Proposals is Impracticable and Impossible." Preparation of lectures by students of the class will be a feature of the year's work.

* * *

IN addition to the regular curriculum as above described, there will be given at Cathedral College, under the auspices of the School of Social Studies, and the patronage of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, a series of popular lectures to which, admission will be free for both men and women. The first series of these lectures will be given by the Rev. John Corbett, S.J., under the general title of the "Church and the Age," four lectures in all. He will be followed by Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., managing editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*; Dr. James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., and Mr. Andrew J. Shipman, dates and subjects to be announced later.

THE School of Social Studies has collected a library of books bearing upon the question of socialism, which may be consulted at its rooms by students. Publication of pamphlets and special studies on this and other social subjects is a part of the plan of the school.

THE death of Professor William C. Robinson deprives the Catholic University of a most capable professor, and the Catholic Church of our country of a most worthy layman. Professor Robinson's intellectual attainments were of the highest order. But above and beyond these the sterling character of the man; his religious devotion to duty; his unostentatious yet abiding determination to employ all his powers in the service of Catholic truth, made an appeal to all those who knew him that was irresistible. Learned; scientific; thorough in all his intellectual labors, he had always sought for that spiritual truth, that spiritual perfection, which is beyond all human knowledge and all human power, and is to be found only in the revealed teachings of Jesus Christ and His Church. He accepted those truths joyfully. He moulded his life upon them. The strong faith within him showed itself in his thoroughly Catholic life; in his unselfish service; in his missionary spirit; in his general kindness; his readiness to advise and to help everyone who came to him.

* * *

GOD gave him a long life and it was a life full of labor. He was born in 1834. He studied for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was ordained in that Church in 1857. He became a Catholic in 1863 and took up the practice of law. Always a student, a seeker after truth, his words contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD in 1895 speak, no doubt, of his own experience:

But however rich may be the harvest garnered from a study of these systems, old or new, far more productive is the investigation of that system which the Catholic Church propounds for the observance and belief of man. If out of all the religions of the earth were collected every doctrine and precept which makes for wisdom, righteousness and joy, and these woven into one golden book of truth, it would contain nothing which the Catholic Church does not already believe and teach. The theologies of Asia and Africa and Europe and America have nothing to offer her by which she could enlarge the boundaries of her science or multiply the aids and consolations which she gives to men. Embracing and proclaiming every truth which they profess, she reaches out beyond them into regions which to them are only regions of conjecture, and as for every question of the human intellect she has an answer, so is her answer always welcome to the human heart. Whether she describes the nature and attributes of God or His relations to His creatures, or the position of man in the universe and his duties and destiny, or the

various instrumentalities by which he is assisted to attain his end, or descending into lower truths (which, nevertheless, awake sometimes a keener interest) she reveals to us the attitude in which we stand toward each other both while we walk together on the earth and after one and all have passed within the veil—as from our eager eyes she withholds no light, so is the light she sheds radiant with warmth and tenderness and peace. To those who dwell within this light it is no wonder that the Catholic is satisfied with his religion, whether he be the prelate at the altar or the pauper lying at the gate; nor that the seeker after truth, having drunk deep from the rivers of divine wisdom and delight which flow in so many channels throughout all the world, should taste at last her living fountains, and thenceforth thirst no more.

* * *

AND although Dr. Robinson's name as an authority on law became famous throughout the world, and his work, *Elementary Law*, was adopted as a text-book in all the law schools of the country, yet his appreciation of the gift of Catholic Faith with which God had blessed him was so keen, that he constantly, by sympathetic study, by speech, by pen, by personal conversation, and, above all, by example, sought to lead after him those who had not been blessed as he had been. The conversion of America was ever dear to his heart. May his prayers continue to effect what he so ardently hoped for, and may his soul rest in peace.

IN years to come the work of the late Martin I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia, will receive the recognition which is its due and which it never received during his lifetime. Throughout his long life he was a zealous, tireless worker in the Catholic cause, and his researches and records have secured for us invaluable data with regard to the history of the Church in America. He was Editor of the *Catholic Historical Records*, and the author of various histories of local churches and of prominent Catholics; of a *Life of Commodore Barry* and of *Catholics in the Revolution*. He worked till the very end, leaving unpublished a *Life of Right Rev. Henry Conwell*, second bishop of Philadelphia. May he know the reward of his labors in the peace of God.

A COMPARISON of some of the best of our modern verse with that of centuries ago, is both interesting and instructive. It brings out in a striking way how our modern poets are often indebted for their best thought to early Christian sources which, all unknowingly, perhaps, and yet effectively, have lived and borne fruit through the centuries. Many of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the beautiful lines of St. Gregory Nazianzen given by Cardinal Newman in his *Historical Essays*:

MORNING.

I RISE, and raise my clas'ped hands to Thee.
 Henceforth the darkness hath no part in me,
 Thy sacrifice this day ;
 Abiding firm, and with a freeman's might
 Stemming the waves of passion in the fight.
 Ah ! should I from Thee stray,
 My hoary head, Thy table where I bow,
 Will be my shame, which are mine honor now.
 Thus I set out ;—Lord, lead me on my way !

EVENING.

O Hollest Truth, how have I lied to Thee !
 I vowed this day Thy festival should be ;
 Yet I am dim ere night.
 Surely I made my prayer, and I did deem
 That I could keep in me Thy morning beam
 Immaculate and bright,
 But my foot slipped and, as I lay, he came,
 My gloomy foe, and robbed me of heaven's flame.
 Help Thou, my darkness, Lord, till I am light.

* * *

WE were reminded forcibly of these lines when we read in a recent number of *The Century* the following poem by Alfred Noyes :

THE OLD NIGHTS VIGIL.

ONCE, in this chapel, Lord,	Keep Thou my broken sword,
Young and undaunted,	All the long night through,
Over my virgin sword,	While I keep watch and ward !
Lightly I chaunted,	Then, the red fight through,
"Dawn ends my watch, I go	Bless the wrenched haft for me,
Shining to meet the foe."	Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Swift with Thy dawn," I said,	Take, in Thy pierced hands,
"Set the lists ringing !	Still, the bruised helmet :
Soon shall Thy foe be sped	Let not their hostile bands
And the world singing !	Wholly o'erwhelm it !
Bless my bright plume for me,	Bless my poor shield for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry."	Christ, King of Chivalry.

Warworn I kneel to-night,	Keep Thou the sullied mail,
Lord, by Thine altar !	Lord, that I tender
Oh, in to-morrow's fight	Here, at Thine altar rail !
Let me not falter !	Then, let Thy splendor
Bless my dark arms for me,	Touch it once . . . and I go
Christ, King of Chivalry.	Stainless to meet the foe.

THAT conventions are at least, sometimes worth while, is proved by the announcement of the publication of a complete Directory of our Catholic Charities—which comes as a result of the National Conference of Catholic Charities held in Washington, September, 1910. The Directory will not only serve as a much-needed guide for all Catholics interested in charity work, but it will be a revelation to many of the extent and variety, of the tremendous amount of charity work inspired by the Church. All charity societies or agencies are requested to communicate with the National Conference of Catholic Charities, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

235 BEACON STREET, BOSTON. 4 November, 1911

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD :

DEAR SIR: May I ask you to print a little correction to Dr. Walsh's article concerning my father? Dr. Walsh says: "He was so situated as to have the leisure and the inclination for special studies in both science and religion. His favorite author was St. Thomas Aquinas. He is thought to have been as well read in St. Thomas as any layman of his generation." This gives the impression that Dr. Dwight spent a good deal of his leisure happily poring over St. Thomas. He certainly had for St. Thomas a particular love and veneration, and the greatest respect for his teachings, and he had studied logic and some philosophy. He also had philosophical works including some by St. Thomas. But I think it is an exaggeration to call St. Thomas his favorite author. I should have said Thackeray. And among religious writers, perhaps, Father Faber. I don't wish to be captious, but I consider this a real correction.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH DWIGHT.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Devotion to the Nine Choirs of Holy Angels. Translated from the French by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. 75 cents. *Further Notes on St. Paul.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. \$1.35. *The Raccolta.* By Ambrose St. John. \$1.10. *Fair Noreen.* By Rosa Mulholland. \$1.50. *Private Ownership.* By Rev. J. Kelleher, \$1.25. *The Story of Cecilia.* By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. \$1.25. *The Christ Child.* By M. C. Olivia Keiley. *My Heaven in Devon.* By Olive Katharine Parr. 45 cents. *Short Readings for Religious.* By Rev. Father Charles Cox. \$1.10. *Nora's Mission.* By Mary Agnes Finn. 75 cents. *The Wargrave Trust.* By Christian Reid. \$1.25.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, New York:

Sunday Evenings in the Chapel. By Francis Peabody. \$1.25.

HARPER BROTHERS, New York:

Adrian Savage. By Lucas Malet. \$1.35. *Under Western Eyes.* By Joseph Conrad. \$1.25.

BOOSEY & COMPANY, New York:

Mother Mary. Words and music by Annie D. Scott. 60 cents.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

Masses for the Dead. By J. T. Roche, LL.D. \$2.50 per hundred. *Alias Kitty Casey.* By Mary Gertrude Williams. 85 cents. *Nunc Dimittis.* By a member of the Institute of Mercy. 50 cents.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York:

Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race. By T. W. Rolleston. \$2.50.

DESMOND FITZGERALD, New York:

The Golden Spears and Other Fairy Tales. By Edmund Leamy. \$1.

THE BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

The Reunion of Christendom. By Francis Goodman. \$1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

When "Toddles" Was Seven. By Mrs. Hermann Bosch. \$1. *St. John Capistran.* By Vincent Fitzgerald, O.F.M. 50 cents. *An Eirenic Itinerary.* By Silas McBee. \$1.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, New York:

For Lovers and Others. By James Terry White. \$1.25.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York:

Under the Sanctuary Lamp. By John H. O'Rourke, S.J. 50 cents. *Our Daily Bread.* By Rev. Walter Dwight. 50 cents.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. XI. \$5 per vol.

GINN & Co., New York:

Heroes of Everyday Life. By Fanny E. Coe. 40 cents.

MOFFAT, YARD & CO., New York:

Life, Trial and Death of Francisco Ferrer. By William Archer. \$3.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:

A Likely Story. By William DeMorgan. \$1.35.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

History of Pope Boniface VIII. By Don Louis Tosti. \$2.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Everyman's Religion. By George Hodges. \$1.50. *Two Years Before the Mast.* By Richard H. Dana, Jr. \$2. *Wages in the United States (1908-1910).* \$1.25. *The Friendship of Books.* Edited with an Introduction by Temple Scott. Illustrated by Harold Nelson. \$1.25. *Mother.* By Kathleen Norris. \$1.20.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

The Sixth Sense. By Charles H. Brent. 50 cents.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

Wis and Wisdom of G. K. Chesterton. \$1. *The Read Out Loud Books.* For very little boys and girls. By John Martin. \$3. *The Now-a-days Story Book.* By Anna Alice Chapin. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. \$2. *The Money Moon.* By Jeffery Farnol. \$1.25. *Maurice Maeterlinck.* By Edward Thomas. \$1.60. *Woman's Part in Government.* By William H. Allen. \$1.50.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., New York:

America of To-morrow. By Abbé Felix Klein. *The Quest of the Silver Fleece.* By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. \$1.35. *The Blood of the Arena.* By Vincente Blasco Ibañez. \$1.35. *Out of the Primitive.* By Robert Ames Bennet. \$1.35. *The Glittering Festival.* By Edith Ogden Harrison. \$1.25. *Little Uplifts.* By Humphry J. Desmond. 50 cents. *A Viking's Love and Other Tales of the North.* By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:

Nancy, the Doctor's Little Partner. By Marion Ames Taggart. \$1.50. *Alys-All-Alone.* By Una MacDonald. \$1.50. *Chinese Playmates.* By Norman H. Pitman. \$1. *The Little Count of Normandy.* By Evalene Stein. \$1.25. *Rodney, the Ranger.* By John V. Lane. \$1.50. *Miss Billy.* By Eleanor H. Porter. \$1.50.

THOMAS J. FLYNN, Boston:

Socialism, the Nation of Fatherless Children. By David Goldstein and Martha Avery. \$1.25.

MARLIER & COMPANY, Boston:

Tales of Mount St. Bernard. By W. H. Anderdon, S.J., and *The Handkerchief at the Window.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 75 cents.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:

My Ragpicker. By Mary E. Waller. 75 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. (1905-1906).

PRESS OF THE PARISH MONTHLY, Huntington, Indiana:

When Informed Protestants Speak Their Convictions. By Rev. John F. Noll. \$5 per hundred.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

St. Anselm. Notre Dame series. \$1.25. *The Dream of Gerontius.* By Cardinal Newman. 15 cents. *Socialism, Individualism and Catholicism.* By Rev. J. J. Welch. 15 cents. *Jesus, the Bread of Children.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. 35 cents. *Our Priesthood.* By Joseph Bruneau, S.S., D.D. 90 cents. *The Matrimonial State.* By William Poland, S.J. 10 cents. *Being.* By Aloysius Rother, S.J. 50 cents.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:

The Obedience of Christ. By Henry C. Schuyler, S.T.L. 50 cents.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

Calvary's Keepsake. The Intellectual Claims of the Catholic Church. By Bertram C. A. Windle, K. S. G. Pamphlets one penny each.

P. S. KING & SON, London:

Destitution and Suggested Remedies. By Rt. Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, D.D. Parts I. II. 6d.

HERBERT & DANIELS, London:

Wordsworth. By E. Hallan Moorhouse, 50 cents. *Samuel Johnson.* By Alice Meynell and G. K. Chesterton. 50 cents.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:

La Vierge-Prêtre-Examen Théologique d'un Titre et d'une Doctrine. Par Edouard Hugon.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

La Magdalenne. By Jules Imbert.

F. ALTÉS Y ALBERT, BARCELONA:

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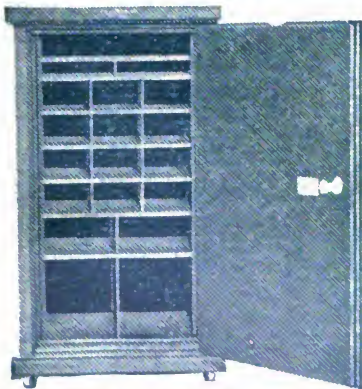
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THE UNITY OF THE VISIBLE CHURCH.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.



FORMER article contained an endeavor to show that the Catholic religion is not merely the best among many Christian denominations, but the one true religion, the "one faith;" that the Catholic Church is on one side, and all other religious bodies, united only in regarding her as the common enemy, are on the other; and that while they are but local and dependent, while they continually subdivide, and make way for new sects, she remains always as a "kingdom at unity with itself" in possession of the *orbis terrarum*, independent of the world's governments and of both its favor and frown, proving by her survival of man's efforts to dominate and destroy her that she comes not of earth, but is from above.

And since she is from above her first note is necessarily in all things unity, her unity being assured by the unity of God Himself from Whom she came, Who founded and ever rules her by His visible representatives, with whom He has promised to remain "all days, even to the consummation of the world."

And her unity is emphasized and brought the more clearly into prominence by reason of the contrast exhibited by the manifold divisions of the camp over against her. National Churches possess no common bond of legislative union; the Anglican and Anglo-American Churches are representative of contradictory beliefs, opinions, and modes of worship; and the Protestant principle of "the Bible and the Bible only" has

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VOL. XCIV.—28

resulted in "the babel of the sects." "God is not the God of dissension." If we would know His truth we must be persuaded that its first note is unity; that He has not left us to individual efforts to detach truth for ourselves from out a multitude of conflicting beliefs, opinions, and modes of worship.

Of Eastern Christendom and the Anglican and Anglo-American Churches more will presently appear. Of the Protestant principle of "the Bible and the Bible only" it may be here observed that not only is it condemned by its fecundity in producing and multiplying divisions; it should also be remembered that Christ did not tell His disciples to write books, did not promise them His help if they did so; that the Apostles left no list of inspired writings; nor were the Fathers of the Church agreed as to which and how many were the Biblical books until the Church decided; that the so-called Reformers were themselves at variance on the subject. Nor would such a rule of faith have been at all adequate in view of the many centuries that were to elapse prior to the introduction of printing—centuries in which but comparatively few people could so much as have seen even fragmentary manuscripts of Scripture, or have been able to read them if seen. But apart from such considerations, and more convincing, perhaps, than them all, is the undeniable fact that the principle in question has proved by far the most fruitful source of divisions that the world has seen. "By their fruits you shall know them."

"The Creed says there is 'One Catholic Church.' There is *one*—it cannot be two, cannot be three, cannot be twenty." So wrote Cardinal Newman to the writer of the present article at a time when the latter was in doubt concerning the Anglican position; and then he proceeded to show how unmeaning is the notion that the Roman, Greek, and Anglican communions make up this One Church. In a second letter, he wrote: "You have clearly before you the critical question in the great controversy. Is the Visibility of the Church a doctrine of Revelation? Is the 'Holy, Apostolic, One Church' a visible or invisible body?" The inference to be drawn from these words is that Christ's Church on earth is a Visible Church, and that her Unity is a *visible attribute*, not merely an invisible reality. And in agreement with this is St. Cyprian's explanation that the Catholic Church has an external visible unity of her bishops, not because they, themselves, are visible, but because they are visibly united.

The Church has, indeed, an invisible side inasmuch as her divine Head is for a while invisible to us, and because she is united to the faithful departed and to "The Church of the first-born who are written in heaven." She works, also, in great measure invisibly, though by visible sacraments, the effects of the sacraments on individuals being known for the most part to God alone. Moreover, she is compared in Scripture, not only to a spreading tree in which the birds of the air lodge, but to the hidden heaven also. She is, in truth, governed and quickened by the Holy Spirit, even as man's body is quickened and ruled by his soul. But she is not simply invisible, consisting merely of pious believers who are known, and can be known as such, to God alone. Such a Church would obviously be incapable of acting as an *oracle* of truth. We have been told to "hear the Church." The Apostle speaks of her as "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." She must, then, be visible as a city seated on a mountain," as "a candle put upon a candlestick." Moreover, our Lord warned us that His Church on earth would consist, not simply of pious souls known to God alone, but of good and bad; He likens her to a field in which good grain and weeds grow together, to a net which gathers of fish good and bad; and He tells us that not until the great day of account will His angels make the separation. He has promised, however, that, whatever the evils by which His Church is afflicted, the gates of hell shall not prevail against her; and certainly bad Catholics are by far her worst enemies.

The difference between the Catholic conception and the Protestant is that, whereas the former teaches that the visible Church precedes the invisible, is of divine institution and therefore *one*, the latter contends that the invisible precedes the visible, that visible Churches are but voluntary associations and may, therefore, lawfully be *many*.

The Visible Church differs from all other religious bodies, whether singly or in combination, more especially in this, that, while they have not, she *has* a regularly appointed government co-extensive with the world which Christ came to save, and independent, therefore, of nationalities. His commission to His Apostles was to "teach all nations," and the Gospel they were to preach is "the Gospel of the Kingdom."

The Catholic Church by her very constitution is *visibly one*,

as truly as, nay more truly than, any nation is, or can be, one. Much has been said about the unity of Germany. Germans had much in common—the same blood, the same language, the same literature, a common past; in some measure common aspirations; but the German States were not one, for the simple reason that they were not under one government. The unity of the German Empire was not secured until Germans were placed under one single rule. In like manner, Catholics, the world over, independent of nationality and race, form one visible kingdom, because they are under the rule of Christ's Vicar and Vicegerent, who governs as the successor of St. Peter to whom Christ committed "the keys of the kingdom," with the promise that the gates of hell should not prevail, that it should stand, therefore, one and indivisible until the end.

Identity of institutions, doctrines, observances; relationship, sameness of structure—these do not suffice to make two Churches one. "Do you call England and Prussia one visible body politic, because both are monarchies, both have aristocracies, both have courts of justice, both have universities, both have churches, and both profess the Protestant Religion?" wrote Cardinal Newman in a third letter. The Eastern and Anglican Churches (waiving for argument's sake the question of Anglican Orders) will not, cannot, be of one and the same visible Church with the Catholic until they are under her jurisdiction and government. If unity lies in the Episcopal form or in the Episcopal Ordination, why should not Donatists and others, who undoubtedly were possessed of valid Orders, be included in the Anglican conception of the visible Church? It is no answer to say that they formulated, while the Anglican Church has not formulated, heresy. Every one knows that the Anglican Church is incapable of formulating, is powerless to settle the vexed questions that rend it, and is more than tolerant of every kind of heresy. Moreover:

If unity lies in the Apostolical succession, an act of schism is from the nature of the case impossible; for as no one can reverse his parentage, so no Church can undo the fact that its clergy have come by lineal descent from the Apostles. Either there is no such sin as schism, or unity does not lie in the Episcopal form or in the Episcopal ordination. And this is felt by the controversialists of this day; who in consequence are obliged to invent a sin, and to consider, not divi-

slon of Church from Church, but the interference of Church with Church to be the sin of schism, as if local dioceses and bishops with restraint were more than ecclesiastical arrangements and by-laws of the Church, however sacred, while schism is a sin against her essence.*

The Church is the kingdom of Christ, and as a kingdom admits of the possibility of rebels, so does the Church involve sectaries and schismatics, but not independent portions. Her unity is not of mere origin or of Apostolical succession, but of government. She is spread through the world, but is everywhere in all things one and the same, because everywhere governed from one common centre. She takes no account of national frontiers, and, on the contrary, condemns the proud spirit of nationalism in matters religious, since by the will of her divine Founder, and by her constitution, she is everywhere Catholic. National Churches, on the other hand, are compelled to make much of their nationality since, in asserting the principle of national independence, they have cut themselves adrift from Catholic jurisdiction.

Many earnest minds are at the present time, perhaps more than ever hitherto, impressed by a sense of regard for the great doctrine and principle of unity. They are distressed by the scandal, loss of faith, obstacle to heathen conversions, triumph amongst infidels, excuse for indifference, and other evils attendant upon the divisions of Christendom. They are mindful of the prayer of Christ just before His Passion that, in accordance with the first note of the religion He bequeathed, Christians might be one. They cast about for some solution of the difficulties occasioned by the terrible reversal of His will and intention by professing Christians; and many of them, despairing of a better solvent, adopt at length the strange expedient of ignoring all creeds and forms of worship whatsoever, and of making unity consist in a mere union of hearts, in agreement to differ, or what is termed union in diversity, in interchange of pulpits and intercommunion between the various denominations, regarding intercourse of sentiment and work as of greater importance than doctrine and modes of worship. They would place, not truth before peace, but peace before truth. And, as has already been inferred, there are sections of the Anglican and Anglo-American Churches which

* Newman's *Development*, Ch. VI., Sect. II. 13.

advance what is called the "Branch Theory," *vis.*, that the one visible, indivisible Church is made up of three communions—the Roman, Eastern and Anglican—a view which, though, "as paradoxical," as Newman observes, "when regarded as a fact, as it is heterodox when regarded as a doctrine," yet betokens "a good will towards Catholics, a Christian spirit, and a religious earnestness, which Catholics ought to be the last to treat with slight or unkindness." Such persons think it a duty to remain where they are, but

they cannot be easy at their own separation from the *orbis terrarum*, and from the Apostolic See, which is the consequence of it; and the pain it causes them, and the expedient they take to get relieved of it, should interest us in their favor, since these are the measures of the real hold, which, in spite of their still shrinking from the Church, Catholic principles and ideas have upon their intellects and affections.*

The Church of Christ cannot be likened, as some Anglicans liken her, to a family in which three sons have quarrelled and separated without prevailing to make the family three families instead of one. A truer figure would be that of one only son who cannot be divided. "Is Christ divided?" asks St. Paul by way of warning against "schisms." The Church is the extension of the Incarnation of the Only-begotten Son of God. Mankind in Him can form but one society, one kingdom, indissoluble, as in faith and worship, so, likewise, in government and organization. "For as the body is one, and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body, so also is Christ." For "in one Spirit were we all baptized into one Body. . . . Now you are the body of Christ, and members of member"—"One Body and one Spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling." And the Apostle gives thanks to the Father Who "hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love," Whom He has set on His right hand "above all principality, and power, and virtue, and dominion, and every name that is named . . . in this world," as well as "in that which is to come. And He hath subjected all things under His feet, and hath made Him head over all the Church, which is His Body, and the fulness of

* Essays Crit. and Hist., Note on Essay V.

Him Who is filled all in all." "He is the Head of the Body, the Church, Who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things He may hold the primacy." The Church is thus spoken of as being, not a family continually dividing into independent branches and sects, but as being the Body of the Only-begotten Son of the Father, the kingdom of the Son of the Father's love, and, therefore, both visible and indivisible—visibly as well as invisibly One.

Thus are we once again bidden to look out of ourselves upon the arena of Christendom and to contemplate on the one side the great Catholic Kingdom ecclesiastical over which Christ's Vicar and Vicegerent rules, and, on the other, the manifold divisions of those who conceive of Christ's Church on earth as being but a visible family divided, or as being but an invisible body. The Catholic Church over which the Pope rules manifests a *divine* unity, since nothing short of divine power could so unite the multitudes of nations and races so many and so various, possessed the while of no other common bond of union whatsoever to account for so supernatural a union. National Churches and Protestant sects, on the contrary, do but manifest human division, the principle of the independence of the former, and the Protestant principle of private judgment being alike necessarily principles of division. It is a simple fact, patent, surely, to everyone, that apart from the papal jurisdiction there is no principle of Catholic unity anywhere to be found. In vain do we look elsewhere for that first note of Christ's visible Church, for the maintenance of which, as we may be sure, He was careful to provide an ecclesiastical government that never shall fail. Earthly governments cease to be, and nations may be divided; but not so can it be with that kingdom which transcends the kingdoms of the world, and is to last until the world's end.

And the unity of the Church is not only a unity of government, but likewise of faith and worship. In relation to worship the case is too obvious to need comment; one and the same form of worship in Holy Mass and Sacraments is to be found throughout that Christendom which we have contemplated as a kingdom at unity with itself. The case is luminously the same in relation to faith, despite, nay, by very reason of, the quarrels of Catholics urged against them by Anglicans and Protestants, who, when brought to bay, retort

upon them the argument available only against themselves. For, as Newman observes in relation to this objection:

Who would not suppose it to mean that there was within the Communion of Rome a difference of creed and of dogmatic teaching; whereas the state of the case is just the reverse? No one can pretend that the quarrels in the Catholic Church are questions of faith, or have tended in any way to obscure or impair what she declares to be such, and what is acknowledged to be such by the very parties in those quarrels. That Dominicans and Franciscans have been zealous respectively for certain doctrinal views, which they declare at the same time to be beyond and in advance of the promulgated faith of the Church, throws no doubt upon that faith itself; how does it follow that they differ in questions of faith, because they differ in questions not of faith? *

In truth, it does not so much as occur to them to differ in questions of faith, since they regard the Church, from whose mouth they receive the doctrines of the faith, as a Teacher endowed from on high with the gift of Infallibility in relation to all matters of faith. Belief in the divine gift of Infallibility vouchsafed to the Church is in its own nature a principle of unity. When a Catholic yields to a temptation to doubt a doctrine of faith he straightway ceases to be a Catholic and becomes an apostate from the Church; he knows that he is cut off from the communion of the faithful; he goes his own way, usually from bad to worse; and only by repentance and reconciliation can be restored to the fold from which he has separated himself.

That a divine gift of infallibility has been bestowed upon the Church necessarily follows from the fact of a revelation. Christianity is based upon the fact of a revelation—"a revelation which comes to us as a revelation, as a whole, objectively, and with a promise of infallibility." Christianity, in other words, is an objective religion, or a revelation with credentials. It is true, because it comes from God; and since it is true, and is to be *known* to be true, it is accredited as true. Faith would otherwise, from the nature of the case, be impossible, since faith admits of no shadow of doubt, it being obviously impossible at the same time both to believe and to doubt, both to be sure and not to be sure. And since faith—as all are agreed—is a divine gift, it follows that the

* *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. I. p. 311.

grounds of faith are equally divine; and, if divine, then infallible. But this implies a divinely appointed authority to decide infallibly in all matters of faith. "A revelation is not given, if there be no authority to decide what it is that is given." The very idea of revelation implies an infallible expounder. Hence Scripture speaks of the Church as being "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the Truth"—in accordance with the divine covenant: "My Spirit that is in thee, and My words that I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouths of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever." Moreover, the promise of infallibility accompanied the commission to the Apostles and their successors to "teach all nations," since Christ, Who is "the Truth," by Whom also "grace and truth came," assured them that He, Himself, would be with them" all days, even to the consummation of the world," and that "the Spirit of truth" would teach them all truth.

St. Hilary observes of the heretics of his day: "They all speak Scripture without the sense of Scripture, and profess a faith without faith." Why "a faith without faith," but for the plain reason that faith there cannot be without an infallible guide. For no one can be sure of that which rests only upon the authority of a sect, or of his own private judgment in the interpretation of Scripture.

That the Protestant principle of private judgment has proved a prolific principle of disunion and division, is evidence, if evidence were needed, that no promise of infallibility has been vouchsafed to it. That the Anglican high-church theory of infallibility by what is termed "Catholic consent"—by which is meant the agreement of the Roman, Eastern, and Anglican communions—is unknown alike to Rome, Constantinople, Canterbury, and the Russian Holy Synod, should suffice, surely, to set it aside. That the Catholic Church, on the other hand, is everywhere and always supernaturally united in faith, worship, and organization, is evidence of her possession of the divine gift of infallibility and the principle of unity.

Unity then depends upon infallibility, being unity in the Truth; and of unity there is none outside the kingdom of the Catholic Church. Nor does any other Church so much as claim to be infallible.

SHALL THE EAST BE RE-BORN.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.



R. RUDYARD KIPLING, in one of his Indian tales, describes a native village overwhelmed and blotted out by the irresistible onswEEP of tropical vegetation; but it has always seemed to me that there is something far more deadly in the stealthy invasion of desert sand. Those who live far from sandy countries can with difficulty, perhaps, appreciate the gravity of the danger. I remember pointing out, in a former article in this Review, how every little Saharan oasis stands a perpetual siege from the desert around it; how surreptitiously but perseveringly, the sand makes its attack, stealing in tiny rivulets in among the cultivated crops. It is this continual leakage that has to be guarded against. The villagers bail out their oasis as a crew bails out its boat. In ways we never dream of, each one of these tiny, isolated communities is fighting the common enemy and lives always under the shadow of its menace. So, too, all up the banks of the Nile the same conflict may be watched; the sand, where it has an opportunity, encroaching a little and pouring its soft cascades through stems of fruit trees and in among vegetables, and the peasants thrusting back and staving off its advance. Yet these are but local and petty examples of a conflict waged through centuries of time and which has changed the face of continents.

Let the reader glance along the desert-belt from the confines of India, through Persia and Syria and across the north of Africa to the Atlantic. How many old civilizations have found a sandy grave in that waterless ocean! The contests we watch to-day on the Nile's banks or round the desert oases are but the scattered shots and desultory snipping of a campaign that extends to the dawn of history. It has been for long a losing battle on man's side. Along the margin of the sandy tract are still to be found in many places the rude remains of Roman or other ruins standing now in solitudes of sand. Syria is rich in such vestiges and across Africa they

occur and reoccur. Once cities stood here and these plains were fertile. Now a few broken columns are all that is left of the architecture, and the stony acanthus leaves of their capitals are the sole surviving traces of vegetation.

Yet this decline has not been absolute and universal. Throughout the greater part of its extent the sand-belt has gained ground, but at one or two points the reverse has happened. Along the north of the Sahara and extending far into its interior, the wells of many of the oases have been renewed and many fresh ones bored by means of a scientific process unknown to the Arabs, so that these spots of fertility are now more extensive and more numerous than they have been probably for centuries, and a great many of them, which, but a few years ago were drying up and being obliterated steadily by the desert, are now nourishing a larger stock of date palms than ever before. Again, further East, the opportunities of irrigation offered by the Nile have in the last few years been taken a quite new advantage of. Vast works have been erected, quite beyond the scope of Turk or Arab, and now instead of the desert encroaching on the cultivated strips by the river, as was lately the case, it has been in turn pushed resolutely back and hundreds of thousands of acres have been annexed to the fertile area. These counterbuffs given to the desert, elsewhere so triumphant, naturally attract our curiosity. Both, we notice at once, have been dealt by European powers. Both are backed by certain qualities which Europe has in the last four centuries steadily developed, and which, it so happens, are the very qualities which, in fighting the desert, are the most essential. These are scientific knowledge and steadfastness of purpose. Under French or English rule not only are the resources of science rendered available, but schemes planned this year are carried out next year and throughout the following years. The policy adopted is not only efficient in itself, but it is continuous. If, on the other hand, we observe carefully the kind of administrations under which the desert has so prospered, we shall find that ignorance and instability are their unfailing characteristics. For this reason the Arab and the Turk have always been the desert's most faithful allies, because their rule, if rule it can be called, aims at no order or settled state of being, and is equally distinguished by its indifference to all knowledge and its inability to carry on any

policy with steady perseverance. In short, the ups and downs of the struggle going on between cultivation and the desert all along the sandy area testify emphatically to the value of European aid, and seem, indeed, to indicate that that aid is a matter of absolute necessity.

I have spoken of two examples of European interference which have already occurred, and Italy's intervention in Tripoli is another such example still in its initial stage. But I would now go on to deal with yet another which, though it has not yet taken effect, is being patiently planned, and which, when it is brought off, is likely to have quite as important consequence as either of the others. Perhaps, if we look upon this case, too, as the advance of Europe's scientific knowledge and steadfastness of purpose to the help of the invincible Asiatic ignorance and instability, we shall recognize what it has in common with other western enterprises of the kind and its title to our sympathy.

The traveler in ancient Mesopotamia passes to-day through a country the most desolate imaginable. Everywhere the desert has encroached upon the once existing fertility and has either entirely wiped it out or is in the process of doing so. From a hundred miles south of Baghdad to the Gulf there occurs a succession of stagnant fens and jungles of reeds in which the prowling Arab lurks to shoot at Messrs. Lynch's steamboats on their way up or down the river. But throughout the greater part of its extent the whole country has reverted to sand. It is with difficulty we can conceive so utter an effacement of all the vestiges of a wealthy and splendid civilization. Towns the most magnificent of the pagan era are shapeless mounds of dust in which archæologists probe and burrow. The very position of most of them are forgotten. The site of Babylon is "a naked and hideous waste." (Layard.) And all around these dusty sepulchres of ancient cities the country, once loaded with perennial crops and whose fertility was the wonder and envy of the world, is idle desert. Golden sand sleeps where the golden grain grew. The wind rustles the dry grains as it passes. All else is stillness and vacancy except for occasional troops of Bedouin Arabs that flit like shadows across the waste. Ceaselessly wandering they remind one of those adventurous little sea-birds called "Mother Carey's Chickens," which, according to the yarn of sailors, never set foot on land,

but pass their lives in perpetual flight and even hatch out their eggs in the hollow of their wings. Yet I believe the Bedouin surveys these scenes of desolation with something of complacency. Perhaps he recognizes the only environment which suits his own nature or in which he is able to thrive and maintain himself. The work of obliteration is, indeed, complete. Of the old prodigal abundance, the accounts of which sound like a fairy-tale, of the palm-groves that grew so dark and tall, of the lovely, interminable gardens glowing with fruits and scented with blossoms, where rivulets murmured on all sides and nightingales sang, no more remains than of the gorgeous temples and palaces and the proud battlements that rose out of their midst. Cities and land alike are dead.

This passing of an old civilization is one of the curiosities of history, but still more curious and interesting must be the means and processes, if such be possible, of restoration. They would seem to be available. The conditions which led to its development still exist and can be again utilized. The Tigris and Euphrates are the father and mother of the Babylonian Kingdoms. For some reason or other the estuaries of rivers have always been the seats of man's earliest experiments in progress, the cause being, perhaps, that nature in such circumstances comes to meet man and adapts her methods more exactly than usual to his needs. The preparation of the rich deposit of soil, its frequent renewal by successive layers of sediment, and the saturation of the land by regular inundations are processes amounting almost to the routine of a conscious husbandry. If man learned farming from Nature, it was here that the rudiments of the art would be most obviously displayed. Moreover, such spots must early have induced a settled and stable order of society, the first condition after all of any kind of progressive movement. Wandering tribes that had hit upon one of these hot-beds of the earth, must needs cease to wander. How could they exchange such abundance for the wilderness? The quick-coming, spontaneous harvests of the Mesopotamian and Egyptian valleys were an irresistible bait held out to charm a vagrant population. Here were the ease and plenty which had always eluded them.

"Rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

It was in such spots that agriculture first established its solid

claims, as against the more obvious but more superficial advantages of the nomad's vagrant existence. Here the tent and the caravan were first exchanged for walled houses and cities. In the African desert, between two rows of absolutely sterile mountains that hem it closely in, the Nile has laid down one of these strips of fertile territory, and through the vistas of history, while all around is flitting, uncertain motion, that narrow strip is black with a fixed population and endowed with all the attributes belonging to social stability.

Among the almost desolate wastes of Eastern Syria, betwixt the highlands of Persia and the Syrian desert, the Tigris and the Euphrates maintained an alluvial tract equal in richness to the Nile valley, and the home of an equally enduring social order and an equally ancient civilization. It is true there was a difference. The Nile gives with absolute spontaneity. The Tigris and Euphrates discriminate a little. Any simple churl may profit by the Nile's orderly arrangements, but it takes a populace and a government of some sagacity and intelligence to utilize the resources of the great Mesopotamian rivers. The difference has not been without its effect on the history of the two countries.

Mesopotamia is about equally divided into two sections, the northernmost one of which, the ancient Assyria, consists of stony plains and pasture lands; while the southern portion, which constituted the still more ancient and parent kingdom of Babylonia, was composed of a black, alluvial soil of amazing fertility, thence called by the Arabs *As-Sawād*, or "The Black Ground" and from its fruitfulness fabled to be the site of the Garden of Eden. It is with the latter section that we are more immediately concerned.

The reader who will consult Mr. Le Strange's excellent work on *The Lands of the Eastern Caliphate*, with the maps and plans which it contains, will discover that a gigantic system of irrigation was here carried on from time immemorial. The courses of the two rivers favored such a design. From Hadithah and Takrit, on the Euphrates and Tigris respectively, which are at the northern extremity of the fertile region, the great streams flow southward for four hundred miles, sometimes but ten or twenty, and rarely so much as eighty miles apart. Their neighborhood at a very early date suggested the idea of a succession of canals, "like the bars of a

gridiron," as Mr. Le Strange describes them, draining eastward from the Euphrates into the Tigris, while down the course of the Tigris were built long "loop" canals, the chief of which known as the Nahrawan Canal was near two hundred miles in length, which diverging from the main river effected a long circuit through the neighboring country and rejoined the parent stream lower down.

These canals seem to have been very solidly constructed and on a huge scale. They were built upon the surface of the earth rather than dug out of it, and to this day travelers describe the fragments that remain of their long ridges as resembling long mountain chains rising above the level plain in strange uniformity of outline. They were, indeed, ample streams in themselves and the fruitful parents of many lesser ones; for from them proceeded numbers of lesser canals and from these again yet smaller ones; and so the whole water system was spun out like a spider's web over the land in long connecting lines and tiny intersecting meshes, until every field and garden could boast its share of the parent current, doled out at last in a rivulet of a few inches span and depth.

Naturally it was in the immediate neighborhood of towns that irrigation was fully developed and Ibn Hawkal, the Arab historian, has estimated that as late as the tenth century the canals of Basrah numbered a hundred thousand, of which twenty thousand were navigable for boats.

The two facts to be born in mind in connection with this vast and complicated system of waterways are *first*, that almost the whole country was dependent on a process of artificial irrigation and *second*, that this process was on such a scale and its operations controlled by such important works, and such huge dams, barrages, locks, weirs, and embankments, that the maintenance of the whole system could only be carried on by a stable and powerful government having at its disposal ample material resources as well as a due supply of experienced engineers and armies of trained workmen. The very indispensability of so much skill and expert knowledge was a peril. It has been suggested that some day "modern civilization" will attain to such a degree of complexity as will prove its own undoing. Invention will, perhaps, outrun execution, and we shall gradually evolve a system of such infinite and ingenious complication as sooner or later will ex-

ceed our strength or skill to manipulate. We shall have made more than we can manage; and that day when our works prove too many for us will be our day of doom. When we can no longer wind up our watches they will stop. It was so in the region between the two rivers. A machinery had been invented on which the life of the whole community depended. It was very effective but very complicated and it required most careful winding-up. The day came when this could no longer be done and then it stopped and of course everything else stopped too.

Yet while it went, it went to some purpose. Inscriptions found at Sirpurra referring to the earliest-known periods of Babylonian history, from 4,000 to 5,000 B. C. as is conjectured, already describe the canals which everywhere intersected the country and which kings made it their highest title to honor to have constructed, together with the fertility of the corn lands they nourished. E-anna-du was not more proud of his victories than that he had built a canal "from the great river to the Guedin." Mr. Boscawen points out (see *The First of Empires* by W. St. Chad Boscawen p. 126 *et seq.*) that in addition to the comparatively brief records of wars which these inscriptions contain, "they afford much information as to the great public works which those rulers undertook," and as regards the nature of these works he adds: "The construction of canals was vigorously pushed on, and we find that at this time a regular network was established throughout Southern Babylonia. These canals were most perfectly constructed, in many cases being lined with brick-work, and some of them continue in use until the present day."

Our information is still more complete of the life of Khammurabi the Great, extending from about B. C. 2285 to B. C. 2231. The conquests and successful campaigns of the monarch are, of course, recorded with all the flamboyant exaggeration of Oriental rhetoric, but with at least equal emphasis are narrated his achievements in irrigation. "When Ilu and Bel gave me the land of Sumer and Akkad to rule, and their authority entrusted to my hands, I dug out the river (canal) of Khammurabi (called 'the abundance of the people') which bringeth abundance to the land of Sumer and Akkad." The inscription goes on to describe how the great king extended the fertilized country and turned it into a corn granary by

introducing, by means of his canals, "perennial waters for the land of Sumer and Akkad."

It is plain to whoever studies the fragments of history of the Babylonian empire which have been preserved to us, not only that from the earliest days of which record exists, there was already in working order a great artificial system of irrigation, but that, as the kingdom gained in wealth and power, its increased consequence declared itself in an extension of irrigation works and fresh additions of fertility to that already in cultivation. It is not too much to say that the prosperity and even the existence of the state depended upon, and are to be gauged by, the maintenance of its network of canals. Evidently the anxiety of the situation was realized for we have frequent mention of fortifications erected at points of vantage at the heads of canals, where, no doubt, the main locks and sluices were situated, to protect these vulnerable points from molestation. Khammurabi himself built such a fortification, "a great tower, of which the summit, like a mountain, reaches on high," at the head of the canal called "the abundance of the people."

It is easy to understand the importance of these junctions. The canals which here tapped the river, and were themselves large and for the most part navigable currents, were not only, perhaps, several hundred miles in length, but, by means of their innumerable lateral conduits acted on wide tracts of country which were entirely dependent on them for their necessary water supply. Such a system may be likened to the veins of a leaf which, from the stiff, central rib, extend in lesser side ribs and then into lighter, finer meshes which cover all the extent of the leaf. The point of junction with the leaf stalk is evidently the crucial point of the whole system. Any injury dealt here extends to the whole. In the same way let a catastrophe overtake the great water works which, at the junction of each canal with the river, controlled the outflow and the effects would extend to remote regions and be felt in farms and gardens hundreds of miles away.

As the result of such a catastrophe a district as big as an English county might pass swiftly and inevitably out of cultivation, and recur to the dominion of the desert. No wonder the vulnerable points in so all-important a scheme should be carefully guarded and secured, or that in all other respects

the efficient upkeep of the machinery of irrigation should be reckoned the first and highest duty of the state. The task required supplies of workmen, ready in any numbers and at any emergency, such as could only be insured by a compulsory labor system and accordingly "the employment of the *dullu*, or "corvee," Mr. Boscawen writes, "was very systematic in Babylonia. Each district had to find its own corvee for its own public works, but at the same time large corvees were raised for works of national importance." From various messages and scraps of correspondence of King Khammurabi to his workpeople and overseers it would seem that while each district, answering to our English parish, was immediately responsible for the maintenance of its own portion of the irrigation system, the main conduits and large connecting canals, which brought the water from afar and carried it on to other parts of the country, were maintained by the state. Thus, in one of his letters, Khammurabi bids his agent "summon the men who hold lands on the banks of the Damanum Canal and clear the canal within the present month," while in another tablet he mentions that he is sending three hundred and sixty government workmen for operations that were being conducted at Larsa and Lakhah. As evidence of the toil and vigilance necessary to keep the canals going, we find certain privileged subjects carefully and explicitly exempted from the onerous task: "They shall not labor on the lock of the royal river," "they shall not be called upon to excavate or close the channel of the royal river" and so on.

Nevertheless, the results obtained were such as amply justified all the pains they involved. "Of all countries that we know, there is," writes Herodotus, "none which is so fruitful in grain." He asserts that "the blade of the wheat and barley is often four fingers in breadth," and adds that "as for millet and sesame, I shall not say to what height they grow, for I am not ignorant that what I have already written concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country." Though palm trees grew "in vast numbers over the whole of the flat country," yet, it was in the ample wheat crops with which the land was burdened that its unparalleled wealth really consisted. More even than Egypt, perhaps, it was the land of grain. "Babylonia was certainly the birthplace of agri-

culture," is the conclusion Mr. Boscawen arrives at; and the foundation of agriculture in all ages has been corn. The agricultural character of Babylonian life generally is curiously illustrated in the names of the months, such names as the month of "sowing," "of corn-cutting," "of opening of dams," "of copious fertility" and the like, bearing emphatic witness to the main preoccupation of the Babylonian people. But, indeed, from all sources the same testimony is proffered and the evidence of historians, of innumerable inscriptions, but, most of all, perhaps, the silent witness of the ruins of magnificent cities, now buried in desert sand that once stood among palms and flowers and fields of grain watered by the thousand rivulets of the national irrigation system, all attest beyond doubt the incomparable fertility of a land which, to-day a waste, was once "the Garden of the Orient."

Let me repeat the two conclusions to be drawn from this brief survey. The first is, that the whole edifice of Babylonian civilization was sustained by an extensive and elaborate scheme of artificial irrigation. The second is, that this scheme was planned on so large a scale that it required the authority and resources of a strong, central government in skill, money, and labor to keep it in working order.

From these two conditions proceeded the ruin, as there had proceeded the prosperity of the country. The Arab invasions of the eighth century were followed a few centuries later by successive inundations of Mongols and Turks. The Arab had enjoyed the resources of the civilizations he had conquered in his own peculiar way; that is to say, much as a child enjoys a new box of toys. For a season the enthusiasm with which he cultivated the ground, cut fresh canals, laid out gardens, and built mosques and palaces was full of promise. But no Arab has ever had in him the capacity to govern steadfastly and carry out large designs in a methodical spirit, and long before he was ousted by worse anarchists than himself, the country had felt the instability of his rule and much of the land and many of the cities had fallen to waste and ruins. Under the no-rule of the following centuries the process of dissolution was frightfully rapid, and the reader who follows with attention Mr. Le Strange's careful narrative will find that very soon after the fall of the Abbasid Caliphate in 1258, and in many individual cases long before

that, the ancient cities of these fertile plains had dwindled to inconsiderable and dirty villages, or very frequently had entirely disappeared. Their very sites are now largely a matter of conjecture so completely have they been blotted out. Of city after city, by the dozen and the score, we read how great was their wealth, how stately their buildings, how populous their streets, how extensive their cool and fragrant gardens. One historian praises the grapes of Ukbara; another the pomegranates of Harba; but all these cities to-day are heaps of rubbish or shapeless mounds of blown sand standing in a land so dry and desolate that it seems to mock the very idea of fertility.

The Arab and the Turk have done their work well. We have pointed out how necessary to the upkeep of the irrigation works of Mesopotamia was a strong government, a government able to supply the funds and trained laborers needed, not for the building of the canals only but for their maintenance. But a strong government is precisely what neither the Arabs, Turks, nor Mongols could ever supply; indeed, those races attached to the word government none of the meaning belonging to it among western states. It signified to them, not a permanent and durable method of control handed down from generation to generation but the momentary tyranny of a chief or a tribe exerted locally and for a little space of time. A bird's-eye-view of the history of the Mesopotamian region during the last seven or eight centuries reveals a prolonged condition of social anarchy amid which, like some great vessel beaten down by the waves, the structure of a more ancient and stable civilization may be discerned sinking out of sight. Where amid the chaos of fleeting whims and savage impulses does a power exist capable of manipulating the immense system of colonization on which the prosperity of the country depends? Century by century, as the governing power was relaxed and the state's authority diminished, the difficulty of winding up and keeping in repair the mechanism of irrigation increased and became evermore insurmountable. There ensued the consequences which the Babylonian and Sassanian rulers had foreseen when they built their great towers at the canal heads and organized trained labor parties under the orders of skilled engineers to patrol the main canals. Now here, now there, the system cracked and broke down.

Tract by tract the cultivated area shrank as the great dams and sluices failed to work, or the enclosing embankments yielded and gave way. In many places, especially along the lower portion of its course, the waters of the Euphrates, bursting the river bank, have inundated the neighboring country, creating vast, stagnant marshes overgrown with jungles of reeds. But throughout the length and breadth of the country generally, what has happened has been simply that the breaking down in one place or another of the main canals has turned off the tap of water which fertilized whole districts at a time and these districts have consequently reverted to entire barrenness and sterility. What must have been the tragedies which attended that wholesale extinction of life as the villagers watched their rill of water falter and give out and their vines and palms wither, we can but conjecture. Only the result we know. Swift, as usual, to mark its opportunity the soft-footed sand has crept in to occupy the undefended districts. It has always been the emblem of instability. Much sand came with the Arab and more with the Turk. Its victory is now complete. It and its only human comrade, the ever-wandering Bedouin, are sole heirs and possessors of nine-tenths of this site of ancient splendor and opulence. The glory has departed; the tragedy is over; the curtain can be rung down.

So it would seem; but at this very moment of deepest depression, what some people are saying, and, in particular, what the Germans are saying, is that an irrigation scheme which a strong hand created and maintained may by a strong hand be revived and reconstructed. The country is still there; the great twin rivers still flow and supply in the same abundance the same stores of water. Many of the ancient aqueducts and brick-built canals still exist and offer themselves for repair. All the conditions which led of old to success are in being to-day with the one exception of a government possessing the requisite skill and knowledge and capable of evolving a comprehensive and consistent policy. Can this want be supplied? Is it possible that a great European power in coalition with Turkey can infuse into her government and political leaders the insight and the strength of purpose they have long stood in need of? If it be possible, then the revival of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley is a probable contingency. That Germany, at any rate, thinks it possible is certain. The Baghdad railway

is the pledge of her conviction and that conviction is further supported by the evidence of some of the most distinguished engineers in Europe.

I trust the reader will dwell a little on this aspect of the scheme. Of all the beneficent acts of administration possible, I know of none that strikes one as so purely beneficent as the reclaiming and cultivation, made possible wherever water is forthcoming, of the arid wastes of the desert. The change, under the influence of moisture and the hot sun, from death to life, from a waste wilderness to the most fertile of gardens, is so striking that it must needs affect even a dull imagination, while at the same time it seems to be one of those rare, human actions which do great good without doing any harm. We shall all of us, no doubt, hear a good deal in the future as we have heard in the past, of the financial side of the Baghdad enterprise; and the various deals and jobs that will ensue, combined with stock exchange fluctuations and the enterprises of the speculators, will be apt to lend to the whole transaction the sordid air which is often said to be characteristic of most modern undertakings. When that occurs let us remember that another view is possible. A country of infinite possibilities lies waste and desolate which the very qualities which Europe has developed, qualities of steadfast control and scientific knowledge, can restore without doubt to its ancient luxuriance. To do this, to supply these elements of security and knowledge, has been and will no doubt continue to be Europe's mission among many Eastern races. It will, no doubt, at some date or other take effect in the Mesopotamian Valley and much more than its financial aspect it is what is essentially characteristic of the Baghdad scheme. Of the two oldest civilizations of the world, both suckled by rivers, England has undertaken the revival of one. It is Germany's ambition, surely not an ignoble one, to undertake the revival of the other.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST.

(TALES OF FATHER LACOMBE.)

BY KATHERINE HUGHES.

II.

BY the summer of 1864, the colony of St. Albert had taken full shape in the forest by the Sturgeon. Father Lacombe could look out from his log-erie on the hill, and say to himself: "It is good."

It was very good. The comfortable cabins of the métis and freemen dotted the hillside where the mission rose. The crops on the newly-cleared meadows were flourishing. Word came in from the hunters on the prairie that the buffalo were feeding in thousands. Everything promised a fat winter.

Father Lacombe's eagle-eyes darted lightnings at the thought that there was nothing now to hinder him from coursing the plains in search of other pagan tribes to bring into the Christian fold. First he would go among the Blackfeet.

Four years before Bishop Tache had agreed to the petition of a Blackfoot chief that Father Lacombe should minister to his people. They wanted him, their *Arsous-kitsi-rarpi* (the Man-of-the-Good-Heart), who had nursed them through the great, scarlet sickness. They were doubtful of the merits of his prayer, but the man himself, they said, was good medicine.

Now, at last, Father Lacombe was free to go to them. He set his house in order at St. Albert, ordered his *fameux* Alexis to make the pony-train ready for the trail, and chose for his interpreter a young hunter named François, the offspring of a Blackfoot warrior and a Kootenai maiden.

One evening they heard of a large camp of Crees in the neighborhood, whose warriors were as wild and warlike as the Blackfeet, and completely dominated by the sorcerer and medicine man, Wabishtikwan. The prowess of the warriors, the fame of the sorcerer, the antagonism of all to the Blackrobe—these tales were music to the ear of Father Lacombe.

To him obstacles have never been anything more than

incentives to effort. The next morning he took his departure, and traveled on in the exhilarating prairie airs toward the camp of the pagan Crees. At nightfall they camped beside a small pond, and Alexis, going out to chase a nearby herd of buffalo, soon returned with the choicest parts of a young buffalo-cow. Their trail next day led out over a high knoll from which they could survey miles of country—and, *tiens!* there lay the camp spread out before them.

At two o'clock they reached it. It consisted of sixty tepees pitched in a ring around a small lake, to which the prairie sloped gently down. The tents were of buffalo-hide, some of them decorated with pictures of the chase and war in vivid coloring. Stages on which strips of buffalo meat hung to dry rose here and there among the tents. Dusky little ones, naked as cupids, played on the prairie outside the camp, and bands of horses grazed near with guards on lookout from the higher knolls. Within the ring of tents were groups of old men smoking, breaking their silence with occasional slow speech, young men gambling and women scraping buffalo-skins and pounding meat.

As the party rode in—

But the story of this encounter is better told* in Father Lacombe's own words, stripped though they be in print of his delicious accent.

"At that time, you must know, I had learned my Cree so well I could say anything in that tongue. I could make a harangue as well as their old men. This is what I relied upon to gain me the favor of these people. So I rode right into the ring of tepees with my two men—right down to the lake, and we jumped off there and hobbled our ponies. We had five ponies, two of them carrying our supplies.

"In the camp none of the Crees moved or spoke. The little children wanted to come over to look at us, but the old men called out to them: 'Stay back!' So presently I said to my Alexis:

* As Father Lacombe has always considered this the most picturesque incident of his life, his friends, who had repeatedly heard the story, once persuaded him to compose a Western idyl based on the actual happenings. He complied with their desire, but this manuscript was sent to some Eastern house of the Oblates, and I have been unable to locate it. Father Lacombe has, however, repeated the story for me much as it was written. It is reproduced here in this way, which slightly enlarges upon the details—not the main facts—of his actual encounter with the Cree medicine-man and the conversion of his band.

“‘Stay here, you and François. I will go and talk to the old men.’

“I went. I said: ‘I have come a long way to visit you, but you give me no welcome.’ They made no answer; they smoked on.

“‘May I put up my tent and stay in your camp?’ I say then.

“‘As you please,’ the oldest one told me, but the tone of his voice—ha, that was not friendly.

“‘I come here to pay you a visit,’ then I say. ‘I will not force my religion on you if you do not want it. But I came a great distance through many Cree camps.’ And I name this band, and that. . . . ‘These are your people!’

“I was hope to excite their curiosity, but they pay no attention to me. I was not a welcome visitor.

“Then I talk with my men and they encourage me, and we eat the food Alexis prepare. So afterward I read my breviary, and I thought, and thought. . . . I must do something. . . . Hah! I know!

“I call to François: ‘Bring my horse.’

“Now I ride out of the camp and outside the circle of tepees. I raise my crucifix in one hand and my red cross flag (that I have made according to promise for the Blackfoot mission) in the other. And I ride about the camp crying:

“‘Ho-ho-ha-ho! . . . he-ya-ha! . . . ho-ho! . . .’ That is the Indian chant.

“‘Where am I now?’ I cry. ‘Am I among my fellow-men—that I sit for two hours and no one addresses a word to me. No one comes with a piece of meat and a kettle of water. It is what you would give your most greatest enemy if he visited you. Am I to believe you mean this conduct? . . . Where am I now?’

“I go back then to my tent and got out my big calumet. Then —— ‘huh! huh!’—I hear some of the old men say: ‘Let us go and hear what he has to say.’

“So they rise slowly, and they pull their blankets tight around them as if they want to show this is a state visit and not a friendly one. One after another they come, until bimeby almost the whole camp of men and women formed a crescent around my tent.

“The sun was setting, red on the prairies—fine quiet

weather. Ah, it was *poétique* ! I assure you, to see all those people sit peaceably there before me waiting for me to talk. They had accept my invitation; they were now my guests, and Indian politeness would not have them refuse my peace-pipe—my calumet.

"I went with it first to the old chief.

" 'My grandfather,' I say, holding the stem to him. 'You will smoke a little with me.'

"He took it, but not very gladly—took a few puffs. Then the pipe was passed around from man to man until all the old men had smoked, and it came back to me. Then I said after their fashion:

" 'My mouth is open.'

"So I had my chance to speak and no one could interrupt me. That is the Indian etiquette: when you speak you can say the most hard or sarcastic things you know, but no one will break in until you stop. Then they take their turn and you must keep silence.

"First I said much to entertain them. Then I make a little recollection within myself.

" 'Now,' I said, 'my God, Holy Spirit of Light, I invoke You. That is the time now to help me. You said to Your apostles that when they did not know what to say You would put the words in their mouth. And now I say to You. . . . That's the time! . . .'

"And my God—He help me!"

Here Father Lacombe paused and the leonine old head sunk on his breast in silence. . . . Was it a moment of thanksgiving? I felt it was.

He roused himself again.

"Hah! I turned to those people with new confidence, and suddenly I say:

" 'My friends, do you think you are the only people in the world who have a right to hold back and say—'We will not take this religion of the one God.' One by one bands of your people have come to us to be taught. You turn away and say—'this religion you come to preach is not for us'

" 'But I say—instead of that—for you now the Sun is rising. I have come to bring you the Light, and if you will

not see, then you will be guilty before the Great Spirit of Light.'

"For long I talk to them—of God, the Father, of the Savior, of His apostles and their successors—of my own mission and my love for them. I tell them I do not come for any of their goods as the traders do, but for their souls that endure forever when those bodies of theirs and mine had passed away. I told them of the great Father-of-All, and the Paradise where all would enjoy His love and happiness forever.

"It seemed then two hours I had talked to them, and it was late. The moon was traveling far up to the west and the little children had fallen asleep in their mothers' arms.

"I said to them all—'Now you can go. It is late, and to-morrow I will be here. If anyone wants to hear more from me he can come to my tent.'

"The squaws began to pick up their children and move to their tepees—when all at once the old sorcerer Wabishtikwan (Whitehead) cried out:

"'Stop, you band of foolish people!'

"They stop—surprised. He turned to me with rage and ask me:

"'Do you think you are alone to speak here? Do you not know that you are not on your own ground, and others have a right to be heard?'

"I bowed my head.

"'Speak, old man!' I said this calmly, for I knew I had finished my turn.

"The Crees had all waited to listen to their old medicine-man. He cried to them:

"'You people, who listen to this man with pleasure and give an ear of belief to what he says—you are stupid!'

"Then he turned to me:

"'You Blackrobe, you say the Great Spirit sent you. How do we know? What proof have you? Who comes with you to prove it? We have only the word of your mouth, and we have often heard that white people are great liars!'

"Eh-eh, but the Crees is the language to abuse people with. So flex-ible, so sar-castic! And he abuse me then, I assure you. Ah-h-h!

"To make the ceremony of opening his speech he picked up a calumet, smoked it alone, then threw it from him in a

temper. He leaped to his feet with his back turned to me, and spoke to his people:

“‘Hear me! You know I have travel much in my life. You know that three years ago I visit to the other side of the mountains to make friendship and peace with the Kootenais. You have heard of their Chief, White Eagle.

“‘When I was at their camp I passed into the tent of White Eagle and I learned many things from him, and I will tell you these. You have heard that the Kootenais took this new religion of the Christ. Now, I tell you, for I know, that they have thrown it all aside. They are again turned to the ways and the religion of our fathers.’

“This Whitehead said.

“Now I knew this was a lie; but it was not Indian etiquette to speak. I knew that Père de Smet and the other Jesuits had christianized the Kootenais, and that they were still most faithful to Christ. But again Whitehead speaks:

“‘Here is the story of White Eagle, telling how the Kootenais came to abandon this God of the white man and his teachings.’

“‘These Kootenais,’ he say, ‘have Blackrobes with them like the man who came to us to-day, and White Eagle was a strong follower of that religion. But White Eagle got sick—sick, and the Blackrobe came but he could do nothing to save him.’

“Then in a manner all ridding, Whitehead described the sacrament of anointing the dying, and he gave a picture of the prayers and the funeral service of the Church that was still more absurd. Oh, this was very ridiculous and satirical, I assure you — *very*.

“‘Well, it was all finish for White Eagle,’ this lying sorcerer say. ‘His soul arrive now in the other world, and there he came to a crossway—two trails. One led to the heaven of the whites, and one to the hunting grounds of the Indians. . . . White Eagle tried to go to the Indians’ but the spirits forced him to take the other road, because on his forehead he had the mark of the Christian by baptism.’

“Then Whitehead turn fiercely to me and say: ‘What do you do with us, you Blackrobes? You mark us, and deceive us. When our people die they do not know where to go.’

“Then again to the people, all listening with open ears,

he described—ah, very skil-fully—the white man's heaven. There was dancing there and drinking and fine food; music, and women in fine clothing. It was the heaven of a voluptuary he describe. And at the end of this great place he say there was a white light like the Sun—that was the white man's God!

"White Eagle entered there very shy-ly, and soon he found thousands of cold eyes turned to him. '*O, quen!* who is this? What does the stranger want?' they asked.

"White Eagle pushed past them, timid and disturbed, feeling awkward, and he made his way to the Great White Light. Then he kneel there and kiss the feet and hands of the Great Spirit, and said he was White Eagle, chief of the Kootenais and His son who loved Him, and now was come to live forever with Him.

"But again White Eagle was met with cold eyes and looks of annoyance, and the Great Father said: 'Why are you here? You are not one of us. This is the heaven of the white man. Go from here to your own people. Look at your skin!' Then he pushed back the skin-tunic and bared White Eagle's arm, saying: 'You are not white like these people!'

"White Eagle went out sadly and at the cross-ways again he turned to the paradise where he could see the Indians enjoying themselves. This time the spirits did not turn him back and he entered. But he found his entrance was not noticed. He saw old friends there and his own grandmother, young again. But no one spoke to him.

"It was a place of wide meadows and streams and woods—all sunshine and pleasant, with Indian men and women strong and happy playing and hunting there. The buffalo there were so tame they came to your hands, and White Eagle saw some Indians eating meat that melted in their mouths as they sliced it off the buffalo.

"'Huh! huh!' he called, to catch their attention. 'Huh! huh!'

"They peered at him. . . . 'Who is this stranger?' they ask.

"'I am White Eagle, first chief of the Kootenais.' He said this proudly and sadly, for his people should have known his name without asking.

"'No, you are not one of us—look at the beads and cross

that hangs around your neck. You are a white man; go to the heaven of the white men!' Then they drove him out.

"He was now very, very sad, and again he sought the heaven of the whites. There the people—drinking, dancing, playing—tried to prevent his entrance, and called out that he had no right there. . . . But now his heart was hot with anger, and he thrust them from him and made a path through them—clear again to the shining throne at the end where the great Spirit sat.

"When he arrived there the Kootenais' proud chief fell at the feet of that Presence and prayed:

"'O, Father of men, have pity on me! You tell me this is not heaven for men of my blood, and down the other trail where the Indians are hunting on the Eternal Hunting-Grounds they put me out. They say I am not one of them. My religion makes me white. . . . I am here because I love you. Father of Men, have pity—Give me a place by You. I am weary and can find no place to rest, and on earth I have no home, for You have taken life from me.'

"The Great Master of Life then bent over him and said:

"'White Eagle, I pity you. You have been deceived. You cannot have a place here, but. . . .' He put a hand to His bosom, and drawing out shafts of light, he said: 'I give you life again. Return to earth and to the Kootenais.'

"This White Eagle did, and when he told his story to his people they abandoned the teachings of the Blackrobes.'

"This is the story Whitehead told that night to the Crees and when he had finished he turned to me:

"'Now, what will you say?' he asked me. 'Will you tell my people you lied?'

"What was I to do? I could feel that the whole camp had turned from me and Christ. . . . My word against that clever story was not enough.

"'No, I will say nothing now,' I said very sadly, 'but another time I will speak. It is not our way when lies are told of us to trouble to deny them. But a day always comes when the truth is known.'

"'You,' I said to the people, 'will judge of the truth between us some day. And now go to your tents, for it is already late.'

"They went, laughing and ridiculing me.

"I turned to my own tent then, all in a sad puzzle over the evening. My faithful friends put something before me to eat.

"'No, I cannot eat,' I say to them. 'Leave me to think,' and they left me.

"And again I think—me—think and pray. Something must be done. I cannot sleep till something is done.

"Ha! it was terrible. There I was a priest, a civilized man, a man of some learning—and they were what you call savages. But I knew I was fronting a brave, clever people full in their hearts of old superstitions; and they were strong in them.

"It's all fine, you may think, to go to people and say: 'There is another religion better than yours. You must change!'

"That is easy to say, but how hard it is to do it—with success. I felt myself weak—very weak, and discouraged. . . . But while I think and pray I remember that my God is very strong, if I am weak. And He is their God too—and He loves them in His most blessed way. . . .

"Hah! . . . He gives me a thought. That's what I have hope and wait for—His direction.

"At once I call François from his bed and say to him:

"'Your mother was a Kootenai, François?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you love the Church and our religion?'

"'Yes.'

"'And you love me?'

"'I do! Why else should I have come so far with you into the Blackfeet's country?'

"'Will you go for me then—to-night—to the country of the Kootenais, far over the mountains, and bring White Eagle here as soon as your horse can bring you?'

"François had said he loved me, but he was not very glad to do what I ask. He told me that it will be a journey of ten days or more—hard traveling—through a country where the Blackfeet sometimes roamed. To go alone on that trip!—what would happen his wife and little ones at St. Albert if he died?

"'Go, François,' I said to him. 'Don't be afraid. I'll pray for your return. You will come safe.'"

Father Lacombe's command was imperious, yet with a sweet appeal in it. . . . In very fact, the sweet compulsion he exercised was a gift of the man's unusual personality, and one that would move much stronger men than François before many years had passed.

"Go, François—and I promise you, before God, François, that if you are killed the Church will take care of your wife and children all their lives."

"François consented, took his horse and gun, and in the quiet sleeping camp he slipped away past two o'clock with the message. . . . That message I gave him was this—a piece of tobacco tied in the best piece of linen I could find in my chapel-case and bound about with sinew. 'Give this,' I said, 'to White Eagle, and say it is from the Blackrobe of the Crees. Tell him my name—then tell him this tobacco says the Blackrobe wants you very badly. If he cannot come for any reason, then ask him to send a brother or some one of his family.

"And remember, François, the camp will not be here when you come back. They will surely change before ten days—but follow our trail, for I will stay with them, and I will leave marks along the trail. . . . When you come back, come to us only after dark—not by day. I will make a surprise for them."

"So Alexis and I were alone. No one came to speak to us or remark the absence of one of my men. We were in the camp, but as they say, we 'were not of it' . . . Heh! Those were lonesome days, but I always watched with hope for François.

"The camp was moved; ten days passed—no François. On the eleventh evening we were camped by a fine pleasant creek, where I could see in the distance the great mountains and the foothills before them. About sunset I went out from my tent to read my breviary by the side of the creek.

"Ah, *je dis*, he must be coming now; this must be the time.' And I always keep a watch on the hills as I turn from my book.

"The prairies and hills kept growing more and more beautiful in the sunset—veiled in a mirage of light. . . . Ah, that's *magique*—when the sun sets on the Rockies! It made me very quiet and content, and I sat watching it when my

breviary was finished. . . . And while I looked I saw three men—Hah! this was no magic, but three men riding down a hill many miles away.

"I watched till they went into a valley, and I could see them no more. It was growing dusk when I go back to Alexis in the tent and say:

"'Sure he is coming, and with Kootenais. We will not sleep; he will come by night.'

"So in my tent I wait-ed and by-and-bye I heard men walking near my tent. I wait—until François pull back the curtain of my tent and say gladly—*Mon Pere!*

"Ah me, I was crazy—so glad I was. . . . I embracd François, and the two strangers came and knelt before me for a blessing.

"'This is the answer to your message,' François said joyfully. Ah, he was proud that night.

"'White Eagle?' I ask-ed. 'No, the brother of White Eagle and his son,' François told me.

"Then we eat and smoked with no more questions, for it is not politeness to ask questions before doing this. Then I asked François what kind of a trip he had.

"'A good trip—and a clear trail from the camp to the land of the Kootenais,' he told me. 'White Eagle—he wanted very much to know why you wanted him to come; but he could not. Then he said he would send his brother and his son.'

"' *Bien*, I will tell them why I want them, and I will now tell you all of my plan.'

"There was not much sleep in my tent that night, and at daylight I sent François out to get my horse, while the two Kootenais stayed hid in my tent. Then again, as the sun was rising I mounted my Indian pony and rode outside the sleeping camp. I lift my crucifix high in one hand and my Red Cross flag in the other and raising the Indian chant of *Ho-ye-hi!* I called—

"'Arise! Arise! Wake up, my friends; the news has come. . . . Now I will talk to you again.'

"The Indians ran out of their tents. I stopped before my own tent. . . . All the time the Crees were watching me to see what new thing would be done by that strange Black-robe who had stayed so long in their camp without welcome.

"Just then the two Kootenais rushed out of my tent. I look surprise, and cried out so that every man in camp might hear—

"'Who are these men?'

"'The Kootenais! The Kootenais!' the Crees shouted, for they knew the men of this tribe by their dress and the manner of wearing their hair, which was peculiar to them.

"'François,' I called again in Cree. 'You speak the Kootenai—ask these men from where they have come.'

"'I know. They are the brother of White Eagle and his son.'

"'Bon Bon,' I say in delight. 'Now, my friends,' I say to the Kootenais with François for interpreter, 'we must have news of that land of paradise. Have you heard the story of Whitehead about your Chief, the White Eagle: that he died and found no place for him in the Kootenais' heaven nor in the white man's?'

"'It is false! It is false!' the two strangers cried with indignation. 'Is it possible that your tribes are such children to believe such a story? . . . White Eagle is strong and alive: he was never dead. He is a Christian and so are all his people. We have been so for years, and we will never abandon it. It gives us much happiness—and if our Cree friends have wisdom they, too, will take it.'

"Whitehead now he was furious. He leap from his place, and walked out of the camp in one stubborn fury of anger. I could see that.

"Then I looked about me and said: 'Now I can speak, my friends. I have proof for my words. When Whitehead spoke twelve days ago I knew he spoke falsely, but I had no proof, and you would not believe my word alone. But now I can talk!!! . . .'

"Then again I talked to them, and they listen to me with more pleasure than before. Again their sun was rising for them, and they turned at once from their medicine-man and his lies and darkness.

"When I had finish to speak the old men of the tribe came and asked me to teach their people the ways of Christ.

"So all my trouble with this band was finish; and that time in my life I always call 'the Triumph of Christ.'"

MARRIAGE AND GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



ONE way of being able to write originally on a given subject, is to know nothing whatever about it. That is why George Bernard Shaw scintillates so brilliantly on marriage. And by marriage in this case I mean marriage according to the Catholic ideal. Shaw is, as Chesterton has shown, a Puritan through and through. He is the Puritan who has the fearlessness to push his Protestant principles to their ultimate absurdities. There are said to be only two men who understand the plays of Shaw, namely, himself and Chesterton. Indeed, just as Tolstoi had to write an afterword to tell us what *The Kreutzer Sonata* was all about, so Shaw has had to write a foreword to tell us what his marriage plays are all about. Whilst not being unmindful, therefore, of the various works ranging from *The Irrational Knot* to *Fanny's First Play*, I shall chiefly confine my attention to the preface of *Getting Married*. The key to the whole of Shaw's views on the subject, seems to me to be found in the last lines of that essay. "We also have to bring ourselves" he says "into line with the rest of Protestant civilization by providing means for dissolving all unhappy, improper, and inconvenient marriages."

Of course, everybody sees that Shaw wants divorce as a panacea for all the ills of marriage as it is in its present condition. But not everybody sees that his purpose is the mere working out of the logic of facts. Start with false premises and then the closer you stick to logic the further will you go from truth. Misunderstand the Catholic ideal; and then you will ignore the Church's practical helps; and eventually you will arrive at the state of anarchy proposed by George Bernard Shaw. Shaw, the Puritan, gives you the premises, an entirely perverted notion of the sacramental nature of marriage. Shaw, the Irishman, gives you the spirit of righteous fight against oppressive evil, real or apparent. Shaw, the Progressive, gives you that disregard of all convention which was so needful if

Shaw the Puritan were to work out his natural evolution. He proves that the tampering with the sacraments at the Reformation, has fructified in the widespread unhappiness which is so evident to-day. He proposes a short cut to get out of the difficulty, but it is like the man who would get out of his debts by cutting his throat.

Shaw sees that marriage is embedded in the law of nature. He quotes the plays of Brieux to prove what every man, who knows anything about men, knows, namely, that an avowedly illicit union is often as tyrannical, and as hard to escape from, as the worst legal one. The pair quarrel and fight and hate each other. Yet they have forged bonds, economical, psychological and social which they cannot break. This solid fact must be faced if the work of destroying the marriage bond is to be effectual. No account whatever is taken of that other tremendous fact which looms so large in the Catholic system, the fact of divine grace. The sacramental character of marriage having been obscured, the true safeguard and remedy against illicit unions is not applied. The one force which is able to transmute human nature without destroying it is neglected. Catholic experience all over the world declares this. With the belief in, and use of, sacramental grace the Catholic can disentangle his difficulties without having recourse to violence against the laws of nature and of God. Hence, Sir John Bigham, in evidence before the English Divorce Commission, could bear witness as President of the Divorce Court. "My experience shows me" he said "that members of the Roman Catholic Church seldom come to our court, and I attribute that fact to the great influence of their priesthood, and to the respect which is inculcated amongst Roman Catholics for the marriage vow"

But what does "marriage" mean? Having shown that it is a fixed part of nature, Shaw proceeds to show that it is not. The assumption that it is, is a universal and constant error. What is believed always, everywhere and by everybody except George Bernard Shaw is untrue. Besides, the word may mean anything, civil marriage, sacramental marriage, Scotch marriage, Irish, French, German, Turkish, South Dakotan, monogamy, chastity, temperance, respectability, morality, Christianity, anti-socialism, and a dozen other things that have no connection with marriage. In other words, if one is as grossly

ignorant of the subject as Mr. Shaw is, it is absolutely hopeless for him to attempt to discern between the substance of marriage and its accidental properties. However, in the midst of all his confusion of thought, Shaw feels that there is something solid and lasting in the institution somewhere, something which has come to stay. We may hope to improve its conditions; and the proposed improvements may all be summed up in easy and cheap divorce.

Shaw feels instinctively that the greatest obstacle in the world to this improvement is the Roman Catholic Church. So he begins with the well-known Shavian trick of assuming that the reform he wants is really part and parcel of the wishes of his opponent. He declares that the Catholic Church actually does grant divorce, and that all sensible people do approve of it.

I have never met anybody [he writes], really in favor of maintaining marriage as it exists in England to-day. A Roman Catholic may obey his Church by assenting verbally to the doctrine of indissoluble marriage: But nobody worth counting believes directly, frankly and instinctively that when a person commits murder and is put into prison for twenty years for it, the free and innocent husband or wife of that murderer should remain bound by the marriage. To put it briefly, a contract for better, for worse is a contract that should not be tolerated. As a matter of fact it is not tolerated fully even by the Roman Catholic Church; for Roman Catholic marriages can be dissolved, if not by the temporal Courts, by the Pope.

The writer of such a statement betrays such an amazing ignorance of the Catholic mind and instinct that one is tempted to acquit him of gross ignorance and to suspect him of affected ignorance. Nevertheless, amazing ignorance it is. Can he name any single representative Roman Catholic who would say that the husband or wife of a murderer should be free to marry again whilst the murderer is alive? And if he says that the assent of the Roman Catholic to indissoluble marriage is merely verbal and not an assent of mind and heart, I ask: How does he know? He does not know. He judges from his own Puritan feelings and from the tendencies of that Protestant civilization to which he appeals. Against his gratuitous statement we may set the evidence of the Divorce

Commission. First there is the testimony of Sir John Biggam already quoted. Then there is the testimony of Dr. Glynn Whittle. The latter, although he speaks as a non-Catholic and as one in favor of divorce, shows plainly what is the direct, frank and instinctive belief of the Catholic poor. He said he had questioned countless poor women, victims of habitual cruelty, as to whether they would avail themselves of divorce if they could get it. The answers had been most impressive. Protestants said "Yes;" Roman Catholics said "No." He could not recall a single Protestant exception.

There are, indeed, certain cases in which the Pope can sanction a dissolution of the marriage bond. It is well that these should be made clear, else the words of Mr. Shaw, unless contradicted, might convey the impression that the Pope claims power to dissolve any Roman Catholic marriage.

First then, there are two cases in which the sacramental bond can be dissolved. In both the marriage must be ratified but not consummated; that is, the pair must have been joined by the marriage rite but they must not have become two in one flesh. Such a union can be dissolved either by the solemn profession of one of the parties in a religious order, or by a dispensation of the Pope for a grave reason. In the one case the Pope approves, in the other he effects the dissolution.

Secondly, there is a special case, somewhat analogous to these, known as the Pauline privilege. It is that of a marriage between a non-baptized pair, and it may be a fully consummated one. If one of the parties becomes converted to the Christian faith, and the other refuses to live peacefully, or insists on showing contempt for God and the Christian religion, or tries to pervert the Christian party, then the bond can be dissolved. The case is based on I. Cor. vii., 15. From the very nature of these exceptions they must be extremely rare. Outside them, the Pope has no power either to dissolve a marriage bond or to sanction a dissolution. Nor can it be shown that he has ever attempted to exercise such a power.

The reason of this indissolubility is to be found in the nature and purpose of marriage as understood by the Catholic Church. The protection and happiness of marriage are to be found in the rules and counsels laid down by the Catholic Church. But George Bernard Shaw does not seem to be acquainted with any of these things.

First, he considers the supposition that the object of marriage is bliss. In that case either party ought to be able to dissolve the union as soon as it should become disagreeable. Then he takes the supposition that the end of marriage is the production and rearing of children. In that case childlessness should be a conclusive reason for dissolution. But, as a matter of fact, so he says, these are not the actual motives for indissolubility. The real thing which underlies the conscience of the crowd is the tenth commandment, the law which makes the wife the property of her husband, classing her with his house and his ox and his ass and everything that is his. This is the real, though secret, reason why public opinion insists on the perpetuity of marriage. But only the unthinking multitude clings to this convention. There is something in marriage now which makes all thoughtful people uncomfortable. That something is the fall of the birth-rate. The licentiousness of marriage is no longer recruiting the race but destroying it. Shaw quotes a conference of respectable men, which he attended, organized by the eminent Methodist divine, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. All these regarded the marriage ceremony, so Shaw reports, as a rite which absolved them from the laws of health and temperance. And the result is that English home life to-day is neither honorable, virtuous, wholesome, sweet, clean, nor in any creditable way distinctively English.

Once again, the affinity between Shavianism and Puritanism is evident. Depart from the Catholic ideal at the start, and you very soon arrive at the irksomeness of the marriage state, and then the way is straight and easy to the anarchy involved in easy and cheap divorce. In the face of such looseness we must assert the Catholic ideal. In our system the end of marriage is not merely bliss; nor merely the procreation and rearing of children; nor yet merely the observance of the tenth commandment. It does include these things, and more besides. In our system marriage is a sacrament designed to promote the highest well-being of the race. The salvation of man to the glory of his Creator is its final aim. Subordinate to this there are three proximate ends, namely, the procreation and education of children, the avoiding of concupiscence, and the fostering of mutual love. Each of these ends has a racial as well as an individualist value. Each acts and reacts upon the other strengthening both for the

good of the individual and of the race. Thus, a given union may fail in the attainment of one of its ends and yet succeed in the other two. A union may be childless, and yet, nevertheless, a bond promoting bliss between the two and preventing them from being attracted to other households. Thus, the perpetuity of the childless union is seen to act as a protection to the fruitful union. Doubtless all marriages are, in one respect or another, burdensome. But that is no reason for dissolving all marriages. The burden is love's opportunity. Each individual accepts his own burden as his share of the burden of the race. He pays in order that he may gain. What he loses as an individual he gains as an organic member of the race.

The burden, however, is rendered bearable by observance of the Church's rules and counsels. The falling birth-rate and all the racial evils which follow upon a licentious use of the marriage state are provided against in the Catholic system. All tampering with nature in the way of artificial restriction is forbidden under pain of mortal sin. Sensual pleasure is never allowed to be an end in itself. It is a gift of God which is to be subordinated to the three proximate ends of matrimony, whilst these in turn are subordinated to the final end. If only the counsels of the Church in this matter were observed, they would be found to minister to health and temperance. Nay more, they would be found to be the means of building up strong character, that restrained manliness in men and delicate modesty in women, the characteristics which are of the highest eugenic worth and which are the pride of the free races. Marriage means all this to the Catholic, and, indeed, much more. It means not only a contract adapted in every way to the promotion of the natural good of the race, but also a sacrament adapted in every way to the promotion of the higher spirit life and the attainment of perfect happiness. It is thus one of the principal instruments for the accomplishment of the highest eugenic ideals.

The Catholic system, moreover, repudiates that notion of marriage which makes of it a one-sided slavery in which the woman is regarded as the mere property of the man. Perhaps the surface value of the tenth commandment does indicate an unworthy lot for the woman. Certainly the Shavian interpretation of that commandment does. And certainly Protestantism declares the right of George Bernard Shaw to his private

judgment on the tenth commandment. But the Catholic Church allows *carte blanche* to none of her children. And her interpretation of the tenth commandment in its application to the sacrament of marriage is that the man is just as much the property of the woman as the woman is of the man. The very essence of the sacrament consists in a contract by which the parties hand themselves over to each other to be kept until death. If, for the purposes of justice, a man's wife is named together with his horse and his ass and his chattels, so, likewise, in the Catholic system a woman's husband is, for the same purpose, numbered with her motor-cars and her hats and her bicycles. A sin committed with either of a married couple is a double sin, a sin of impurity in itself and a sin of injustice against the innocent party.

Shaw is observant enough to see that the prevalence of small families tends towards degeneration. There is not that opportunity in them for the exercise of self-control and the practice of consideration for others. Healthy love turns into maudlin sentimentality. "Ten children," he says, "with the necessary adults, makes a community in which an excess of sentimentality is impossible. Two children make a doll's house, in which both parents and children become morbid if they keep to themselves." The softness of life consequent upon the smallness of the family has now become so insipid as to constitute another argument against the perpetuity of the marriage bond. Nay, this particular reason for getting unmarried is even stronger than the revolt against the sordidness of sex-slavery. That, indeed, were, at least, bearable. What is quite impossible is the sentimentality, the romance, the amorism and the enervating happiness, such as it is. Once again Shaw tries to set a premium on weakness and evil. Because, forsooth, a married pair have been soft enough to shirk half the burden of their life, they must mend matters by shirking the other half, too. Surely it would strike the most casual observer, that if the large family is the environment which has proved suitable for developing strong characters, it were sheer madness to do anything tending towards the disintegration of the old ideal. But the old ideal happens to be the Catholic ideal, and Shaw wants to bring us into line with the rest of Protestant civilization.

For the purpose of carrying out the wholesale slaughter

of the old ideas there is wanted an Immoral Statesman. Shaw is reluctant to acknowledge Nietzsche as his master. He is like Whistler, who was dumbfounded that any one should drag in Velasquez. Without wishing to hurt anybody's feelings, however, we must drag in Nietzsche. He is the avowed Great Immoralist. His object was to produce a state of life which should be absolutely lawless. Shaw wants a statesman who can ride over what is left of Catholic influence after the havoc of three hundred years of Protestant influence. For, after all, the unthinking multitude "accept social changes to-day as tamely as their forefathers accepted the Reformation under Henry and Edward, the Restoration under Mary, and after Mary's death, the shandygaff which Elizabeth compounded from both doctrines and called the Articles of the Church of England." This Immoral Statesman must clearly understand that he is to prefer one healthy illegitimate child to ten rickety legitimate ones, and one energetic and capable unmarried couple to a dozen inferior apathetic husbands and wives.

But what if it happens that children born in wedlock are more likely to be healthy, whilst those born illegitimate are more likely to be rickety? A much more pressing evil than rickets is feeble-mindedness. And here it has been proved beyond all doubt that feeble-minded children are largely recruited from illegitimate unions, and that the only hope of reducing the number of feeble-minded is by a judicious selection for marriage and a segregation of the unfit. On this point, however, Mr. Shaw has been sufficiently answered by Dr. Saleeby. If babies are to be healthy and well-nurtured they must be the object of a mother's tender love and care. And the mother's contribution to the baby's life and well-being must not be merely physical, but also psychic and spiritual: she must be a mother in the highest sense of the word. For motherhood, however, there is needed the support and protection of fatherhood.

Do you realize [says Saleeby to Shaw] that marriage is invaluable *because* it makes for the enthronement of motherhood as nothing else ever did or can; do you realize that, metaphors about state maternity notwithstanding, the state has neither womb nor breasts, these most reverend and divine of all vital organs being the appanage of the individual mother alone?

We are in the presence of one of the first instincts of nature, one common both to the thoughtful and to the thoughtless members of the community. Still the birth-rate goes down. The very latest for England is the lowest. What is the Immoral Statesman to do? Dare he look human nature in the face and strike it? What are the points which he will have to consider? First, he will have to decide how many people he wants. If he wants less than at present and chooses to allow the fall to continue by present methods, he will have to find a way of stopping it when it has gone far enough. If he wants it to remain as it is or to increase, he will have to find a way of inducing people to have more children. This cannot be done merely by any economic adjustment, for if every family had £10,000 a year, there would still be found those who would shirk the burden of child-bearing. He cannot introduce the system of bees, for on the other hand the instinct for child-bearing is too strong and too widespread. Further, he cannot have recourse to polygamy, for there would be too many men against him, afraid of being left wifeless. Nor can he have recourse to polyandry, for then he would have too many women against him, afraid of being left husbandless. The solid fact remains that the numbers of the sexes are about equally balanced. The proportion is about $1\frac{1}{11}$ women to 1 man. Shaw suggests that the only way out of the difficulty is by legitimizing illegitimacy.

We must protest, by the way, against Shaw's perversion of St. Paul. He says that the Pauline view regards sexual experience as something sinful in itself. Now St. Thomas Aquinas, basing his doctrine on the famous seventh chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, teaches that the marriage act, under proper conditions, is meritorious. So there will be no need for the Immoral Statesman to counteract the Catholic interpretation of St. Paul, although he may have something to say against the interpretation made by Shaw the Puritan.

A less excusable mistake is that made by Shaw the Progressive. With all his boasted familiarity with statistics he ought to know that the excess of women over men is not due to any want of balance in nature, but to the higher rate of mortality amongst male infants. Of the children actually born, the sexes are about equal in number. But somehow the males require a superior kind of nursing which they do not get.

The question, therefore, harks back to the supreme importance of motherhood, to the indispensable support of fatherhood, to the indissolubility of the marriage bond.

If there are people who, through temperament, taste and disposition, judge themselves unfitted for the married life, the Catholic system provides an alternative. It is the ideal of St. Paul. Marriage is good and meritorious, and is, moreover, the state of life best suited to the majority of mankind. Single life in the world is better, but suited only for the few. Single life in the cloister is best of all, but requires such exceptional dispositions as to be accessible only to a still smaller number. Accept the full Catholic ideal, and the sexual problem is solved. We can easily understand how the Protestant revolt against the celibate life of the cloister has told against the celibate life in the world. The argument used was that nature could not stand it. And if nature could not stand it in the protection of the cloister, much less could it stand it in the openness of the world. The propagation of such a disintegrating idea was sure to fructify in conduct. Again we have to insist on the tremendous fact of grace working in the world. Grace can where nature cannot. The present movement for the emancipation of women and their economic independence only shows the need felt for the Church's ideal. George Bernard Shaw is vaguely voicing that need; he is like a child shrieking for a present which Mother Church is only trying to give him.

When Shaw begins to work out in detail plans for legitimizing children born out of wedlock he begins to see that society is one organic whole; and that individuals tend to act in sympathy with the laws of the total organism. If freedom is granted to one it must also be granted to another. Ibsen's similitude of the chain stitch applies to marriage. If a single stitch is cut, the first pull unravels the whole seam. But, he asks, do we not see the fabric already coming to pieces under stress of circumstances? We must agree with him that we do. Marriage as a fact is certainly far removed from marriage as an ideal. Shaw laughs at the marriage ceremony because it does not act as a magic spell and immediately produce the ideal husband and wife. But that is precisely where he hits the Protestant doctrine and misses the Catholic. According to the Protestant doctrine the ceremony merely binds the couple

by a natural contract, whereas, according to the Catholic doctrine, such contract is a sacrament. The sacrament received on the wedding day gives a permanent right, all through life, to such graces necessary for the well-being of the marriage state. The wedding ceremony, therefore, is no vague religious rite or superstitious magic spell which is supposed to revolutionize human nature on the wedding day. But it is the instrumental cause of graces which, if corresponded with, will enable the couple to cope with their daily trials and cares, and in this way approximate ever nearer and nearer to the ideal. The ideal may never be reached. It is not, therefore, useless, for the very striving for it is the weft and woof of the strong character so needful for parenthood and thus so needful for racial well-being.

In a chapter on the Impersonality of Sex, Shaw proves conclusively that the specific relation which marriage authorizes between the parties does *not* of itself include all the higher human relationships. It does not necessarily imply affection, congeniality of tastes, similarity of habits, suitability of class. The most disastrous marriages are those founded exclusively on it. The most successful, so Shaw thinks, are those in which it has been least considered. Moreover, it is beset with the wildest illusions for those who have had no experience of it. Nevertheless, the number of marriages in which this has been the chief, and perhaps only, consideration must be enormous. It is the one thing which is offered as a bait to attract men who have money. Not, therefore, by any reform in the marriage laws will this be altered, but by economic changes. The present movement for the prevention of destitution will, it is argued, take away the horror of the dependence of women on men. Then selection for marriage will be decided only out of the highest motives.

If this were so the economic movement would be well served by the blood of martyrs. But unfortunately, yet obviously, wealth in money is not the only factor which competes for the sex-relationship. There are scores of mothers and scores of daughters who, endowed with abundance of gold, want something else in the husbands which they seek. Fame, for instance, in its many forms, is a motive which would readily assume an even more dominant place than it has at present, if the economic motive were abolished.

The problem of sex attraction is much too complicated to be settled by a Poor Law Commission. Its ramifications extend into so many branches of life, that, if its laws must be altered, the whole of human life must be disturbed. Human nature must be changed into something else. This is no way out of the difficulty. We are touching only the surface of the problem. We need to go to the foundation and see that man has a spiritual nature. The appetites which have sex and gold and fame for their objects can be controlled and made to harmonize with each other for man's welfare, only when they are subordinated to the claims of the spirit. Sex, gold and fame certainly ought to be taken into consideration in selection for marriage, but they ought to be kept subordinate to these higher factors which make for real happiness, namely intelligence and love; whilst these faculties, in turn, will make for still more happiness if kept subordinate to grace and revelation. The Church has a collective experience of human nature such as is possessed by no individual, nor yet by any other corporation. It has a collective judgment by which it is able to appraise the claims of appetites, of the volitional and intellectual faculties, and of the higher spiritual forces which act upon these.

Man is not merely a sexual animal, but he is nevertheless a sexual animal. This specific relationship is not the highest, but neither is it the lowest. The fact that the survival of the race depends upon it adds an enormous dignity to its strength. Being what it is it simply must enter largely into consideration in selection for marriage. Shaw proposes that we should deal with the sex relationship as impersonal. He asks us to regard it, and feel about it, and legislate on it, only as if the question were an impersonal one. This would make a domestic change of air easier.

Here Shaw enters into competition with Don Quixote and figures as an easy first, for the blatant reason that a windmill is merely a windmill whereas human nature is human nature. The fact of sex has to be faced as a personal problem by every man and woman alive. It is so peremptory that it must of necessity enter into the development or deterioration of each one's personality. The question is one either of fruition or of renunciation. There can be no question of indifference. Under the power of grace a large amount of

peace may be secured, but even then there is ever the obligation of a man taking heed lest he fall. In all cases, then, of admiration, friendship, sympathy and so forth outside the marriage bond, watchfulness is needed and certain barriers are necessary. The most powerful of all protections is the indissolubility of the marriage bond and all the numerous graces of which the sacrament is the channel. It may be true, as Shaw alleges in support of his proposal, that no man ever yet fell in love with the entire female sex, nor any woman with the entire male sex. That is not the point. The point is that if divorce is made easy the inviolability of marriage is no longer sacred. The whole of the female sex becomes a possible sphere of choice for the man with loose ideas, and similarly the whole of the male sex for a woman with loose ideas. The sophism here perpetrated by Shaw is labeled in the school of logic *fallacy of composition*.

Mr. Shaw is very fastidious about manners. He does not eat meat, for instance, because it is such bad taste to eat something which has once been alive, but he does eat vegetables as though they had not been alive. With a similar fastidiousness he advocates domestic change of air because when people continue to live in the same family they become too familiar with each other and lose their good manners. What he fails to see is that really good manners have their well-spring in reverence, not in novelty of acquaintance. Now this reverence can only be cultivated where there is a frank acknowledgment of the Fatherhood of God from Whom all earthly fatherhood is derived. The Fatherhood of God is the revelation of God's all-pervading tenderness and consideration. It involves as a primary concept His complete transcendence. But the transcendence of God is the truth which modern Protestantism cannot tolerate. Where the new theology has not yet made headway it may be admitted as a philosophical concept, but even there not as a practical rule of life. It is the privilege of Catholicism to insist both on the fact value and the pragmatic value of God's transcendence. That is visualized for us in the analogies of Fatherhood and Sonship. It is made practical for us in a system of morality, the key to which is filial obedience to divine laws. When parents have cultivated this habit of mind and thought then are they capable of training their children in the same way. Part of

that system of divine laws is that there shall be no artificial tampering with the birth-rate. The observance of such laws, therefore, results in large families as a rule. Even in the natural order the large family is, as Shaw perfectly demonstrates, the best training school for a social being. The upper-classes move more in society and thus get some social training. The lower-classes live practically in the streets and there get their social training. But "in the middle-classes, where the segregation of the artificially limited family in its little brick box is horribly complete, bad manners, ugly dresses, awkwardness, cowardice, peevishness, and all the petty vices of unsociability flourish like mushrooms in a cellar."

Once again Shaw is tinkering with the symptoms of the disease instead of attending to its cause. If these petty vices are the result of artificially limited families the obvious cure is not to limit families artificially. To do so, and then try to alleviate the consequent evils by supplanting mothers with step-mothers, and fathers with step-fathers, is simply to prolong the agony.

Shaw professedly exaggerates his case with the purpose of shaking up thoughtlessly conventional people. He loves to tilt against that which is. Therefore, because infidelity to the sex relationship is the usual reason allowed for divorce, it ought *never* to be considered a valid reason. Just as on the one hand sex is impersonal, so on the other hand the basis of monogamy is personal sentiment. This personal sentiment is quite capable of keeping the marriage monogamous as long as it is present; and when it is not present, then is the time to seek for divorce. The most sensible ground for divorce is, so it is asserted, that both parties want it. After that, it will be sufficient if one of the parties can prove that the other is a liar, a borrower, a mischief-maker, a teaser, or tormentor of children, or even simply a bore!

In his effort to sparkle Shaw has forgotten the Ibsen chain stitch. When a single stitch is ripped, the first pull unravels the whole seam. When once the ordinary failings, to which human nature is liable, are allowed to be sufficient reasons for divorce, then the first stitch has been ripped. When people know that the bond is loose, every little quarrel will tend towards the dissolution of the marriage state; and consequently, since society depends upon marriage, will tend

towards the dissolution of society. On the other hand, when they know that the bond is eternal, they will make an effort to avoid quarrels, or having made them, to make them up. And it is precisely this self-restraint and mutual forbearance which builds up the character of the individual, of the pair, of the family, of the state.

At this point Shaw the Puritan comes forward. The self-restraint consequent upon the indissolubility of marriage "is the penalty we pay for having borrowed our religion from the East, instead of building up a religion of our own out of our western inspiration and western sentiment." Certainly he points with unerring finger the true orientation of the Protestant movement. It is an orientation towards pure subjectivism. The objective authority, which was embodied in a teaching Pope, having been rejected, the next logical step is to reject the authority that came from the East, and to supplant it with an authority grown in the West. And when we seek for the origin of this authority of the West, we find that, Topsy-like, it "grewed." Anything transcending its little dusky self is incomprehensible. It grew from within, was not conferred from above. Each man is to be a law unto himself. Such a one is Shaw's Superman. He may take a wife or fling her away just when he chooses.

The next trick is pure Shavian sleight-of-hand.

Divorce [he says] is favorable to marriage. A thousand indissoluble marriages mean a thousand marriages and no more. A thousand divorces may mean two thousand marriages; for the couples may marry again. Divorce only re-assorts the couples; a very desirable thing when they are ill-assorted. Also, it makes people much more willing to marry.

And there's the rub. Make divorce easy and people will rush into marriage regardless of the law of reason, guided only by emotion. Shaw quotes figures, but his figures only prove that in those places where divorce is more prevalent unhappy marriages are more frequent; for people would not seek divorce if they were happily married.

Our last point concerns the question of children. One of the most cogent reasons for the indissolubility of the marriage bond is that it is necessary for the good of the children.

Shaw has no difficulty in citing cases where the domestic interior has been for the children a little private hell. Poverty, moreover, is only too frequently the cause of parental neglect. Moreover, the artificial parenthood provided by the state is often no better than the natural parenthood which it supersedes.

Until we abolish poverty it is impossible to push rational measures of any kind very far; the wolf at the door will compel us to live in a state of siege and to do everything by a bureaucratic martial law that would be quite unnecessary and, indeed, intolerable in a prosperous community.

We grant once more, and even insist with Shaw, that the living wage is a great factor in the solution of the problem. But because some parents are unwilling and some unable to perform the duties of parenthood, it does not follow that all parents are to be exonerated from parental duties. Laws are made for the community not for individuals. Every law indeed, from the fact that it is made to suit the community as a whole, must press more heavily on some individuals than upon others. Hence we may admit that the indissolubility of the marriage bond does tell against the good of the offspring in some few cases. But the loss thus suffered is far less than would be suffered if there were no law. *Quamvis ergo matrimonii inseparabilitas impediatur bonum prolis in aliquo homine, tamen est conveniens ad bonum prolis simpliciter.* The Shavian sophism consists in picking out a few accidental defects and treating them as if they were essential constituents of the institution. In the school of logic we call it the *fallacy of accident*.

"TILL THE SHADOWS RETIRE."

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



ACCORDING to Fénelon, the validity of our spiritual state depends on our answers to the following questions: Do I love to think of God? Am I willing to suffer for God? Does my desire to be with Him destroy my fear of death?

There is no variance in the teaching of spiritual writers, that holiness of life and willingness to die are inseparable dispositions, forming that character that "shall not be confounded when he shall speak to his enemies in the gate" of death (Ps. cxxvi. 5).

I.

Of the death of a just man it has been said, that it is a door which is iron on one side and gold on the other side—that heavenly side, where Christ and His angels attend the entrance of those who die happy. Well may we honor death, for it emancipates our love of divine things from the deceits of transitory things: death is freedom final and perfect from all delusions. It is a token of love; it is a witness of final perseverance in love; it pays love's debt, being the one perfect atonement for the injury love has suffered by sin.

As our years go onward the fruit of life ripens whilst the leaves decay, and death strips the tree of mortal things and garners our eternal merits into the bosom of God.

Thus death has a joyous aspect, nay, it is the all-joyous entrance to eternal joy. St. Paul cried out: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Phil. i. 21); and again when suffering from the plots of enemies: "From henceforth let no man be troublesome to me; for I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body" (Gal. vi. 17), meaning that the Lord's death-wounds were shown forth by the apostle's mortified bodily frame, just as the death of Jesus was the constant theme of his discourses. With many good Christians the whole

fear of God is fear of death, a sentiment corrected by St. Francis de Sales thus: "I beseech you for the honor of God, my child, not to be "afraid" of God, for He does not wish to do you any harm" (*Letters to Persons in the World*, Mackey, p. 295). Meanwhile deep-seated fear of God is quite consistent with not being afraid of death. If death has its terrors, they are not for a soldier of Jesus Crucified. The noblest courage of life is shown in facing death unflinchingly.

What is the Christian Church? An institution founded by God to show forth a death. What death? The death that goes before life eternal, that of God at Jerusalem. To show forth that death for how long? Till all men each in turn shall have died. To show it forth to whom? To all mankind, in every corner of the world, in every death-chamber in the world, so that, as the apostle teaches, being dead with Christ we may "live also together with Christ" in heaven for all eternity (Rom. vi. 8). Hence the dearest wisdom of the Catholic Church is the lesson of a happy death, a wisdom never out of season. For if there is the greatest need of hope in the closing period of a Christian's life—despondency is in the very air of those twilight hours—yet most aged Christians face death without flinching. And there are some temperaments which even in the buoyant years of youth tremble at the thought of death. To young and old the practice of Catholic virtue brings courage to face our inevitable foe, come he early or late, sudden or with timely warnings.

We are men of Christ's divine death. We are enrolled among the living by the death of Christ. It cannot be that we shall tremble at death, since God forbid that we should glory in anything save in the cross, the death-gibbet of our Lord Jesus Christ (Gal. vi. 14). Therefore, St. Philip Neri says that "The true servants of God take life patiently and death eagerly."

St. Cyprian, discoursing of true Christian learning, points to the martyrs as holding its highest diploma, saying that "They knew not how to dispute, but they knew how to die." Every Christian may win the premium of a happy death, even though the little catechism is the limit of his learning. Better still is the thought that love, the easiest of virtues because the sweetest, challenges all the terrors of the last passage, "For strong as death is love" (Cant. viii. 6).

II.

We know that each of us has ever at his side a close companion of the heavenly kind, our angel guardian. But how vivid a contrast between his life and mine. He drinks of the waters of life at the very fountain-head and in overflowing abundance; I only in little sips, and with a hand that tremblingly spills those precious drops of divine inspiration. He lives upon Godlike food, nay, he is forever eating and drinking of the celestial food that veritably is God Himself; I only occasionally partake of God in Holy Communion, and then with taste already sated with carnal banquets, my usual food being the dust of the earth, sauced with sin's ugly, gluttonous hunger. He lives unchangeably alive with divine vitality, and I live a life slowly rotting away, doomed finally to be changed into the earth that I live by and that I so fondly love. To my life the light of the sun is all my light, and I shall be deprived of even that, and my eyes shall one day gaze at the noon-day sun and see only black darkness. How different from me art thou, and how much more happy thy lot, O my good angel. And yet I have one privilege which thou hast not: *I can die*. In that privilege I am closer to thy divine King than thou art. I can say what thou canst not: "With Christ I am nailed to the cross" (Gal. ii. 19). He is thy King, indeed, and yet thou canst not say as I can: "Let us also go, that we may die with Him" (John xi. 16). I had rather be a man whose lot is with Jesus dead and buried, than an angel who cannot taste death nor the grave.

III.

St. Teresa says that "Life is to live in such a way as not to be afraid to die" (Foundations, xxvii. 10). Nor does readiness to die here and now undervalue the self-distrust about future temptations, which has the effect of concentrating one's efforts on the present religious opportunities. This day at least is mine. Humbly and confidently I pass its hours, perform its duties, offer up its sufferings. To do this and to do it fairly well for one day is not difficult, but it is enough to comfort my mind concerning the day of death, be it near or far. If I do well to-day I have no mental energies to waste on misgivings about to-morrow. What is now to-day, was to-morrow a few hours ago. And that day of my life whose

morrow shall be eternity, shall be controlled by the momentum of an interior habit of resting in thoughts of God. Therefore does the apostle boast: "We had in ourselves the answer of death, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God, Who raiseth the dead" (II. Cor. i. 9).

He that is at ease in the interior ways of God, steps forth gladly into the way of death. He that loves no person or thing save only in the order of reason and of grace, soon learns thus to go on and ever on until death. "Thy testimonies have become exceedingly credible; holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, *unto length of days*" (Ps. xxii. 6).

St. Thomas Aquinas was asked on his death-bed how to become perfect. He answered: "Walk faithfully in God's presence, always be ready to give Him an account of thy actions as at the point of death." God and death are the names of the teacher and the lesson in the school of life. It is related in the *Life of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan*, that there was a little boy in her orphan asylum who was very pious, praying fervently and intelligently at the age of even four years. Before he reached five he died, and as he was judged too young to receive Holy Communion, the sisters requested the bishop to give him confirmation. He was told he could take another name on receiving the sacrament, that of some Saint whom he especially loved. "Then," said he, "let me take God for my new name, for there is nobody I love like Him." And if he could not have that incommunicable name in life, yet his innocent soul received it after death, for the holy chrism placed him among those who "shall see His face, and His name shall be on their foreheads" (Apoc. xxii. 4).

IV.

Among the last words of St. Teresa were these: "I am a child of the Church." She offered her death as witness of her fidelity to the Catholic Church, the Spouse of Christ. Our Lord's words to Pilate show how He valued His death as a token of faithfulness to truth: "For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth" (John xviii. 37)—this in answer to the Jews' clamors for His crucifixion; and of the Eucharist, His death's universal and perpetual memorial He says: "This is the New Testament in My blood" (Luke xxii. 20).

God exacts this evidence of allegiance from all for all must die, and without this we should fall short of a perfect quit-tance of our obligation to manifest our loyalty. Suppose that you could be exempted from death. You would be not only separated from the lot of Jesus Christ and His saints, but you would appear before Him empty of the best credentials for paradise. Without presenting this crucial test you would be ashamed to enter heaven, which is the abode of men and women who know Christ in His glory, because they have been "made conformable to His death" (Phil. iii. 10). Love, whose last word is spoken in death, is most truly eloquent when its pulpit is fixed at the eternal parting of the ways. The golden age of our religion was when men and women, quitting paganism, must prepare for martyrdom, an era of death witnessing Christ and His truth as the usual Christian condition.

V.

The Psalmists saying, "Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints" (Ps. cxv. 15) is a revelation of the benignant Father receiving into His bosom the heroic soul of His beloved child. But, in a sense, the death of a penitent sinner, even one but newly changed from foe to friend, is divinely precious. Whatever else was lacking the Good Thief, he had his death to offer to the Father in union with that of the Only Begotten. Whosoever can present to God the supreme atonement of death is not to be disheartened by the remembrance of a whole lifetime crowded with foulest iniquities. Even if his death be the consequence, nay the very penalty of his crimes, if he be but truly contrite his death chamber shall resound with the eternal promise of Calvary: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise" (Luke xxiii. 43).

All this helps to answer a palpable difficulty: How can I offer my death to God as a ransom since I must perforce pay it as a debt? The solution is this: By my death I give in love what I might give in hate. Take an illustration of each sort of death, one of hate and one of love. Julian, the Apostate, having spent his whole reign endeavoring to destroy the worship of Christ in the Roman Empire, came to his death from a Parthian arrow. Sinking upon the ground, he saw his life-blood leaping forth from the wound, and with his remaining strength he cast it in handfuls into the air exclaiming to

Christ in despair and defiance, "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered." Francisco Pizarro was one of the cruelest of mankind, a murderer by system, consummating a career of human slaughter by putting the Inca to death against his plighted word. Broken at last in health, and touched by divine grace, surrounded by traitors whom he had enriched by his blood-stained booty, he was suddenly set upon by his treacherous followers and assassinated. He fought hard for his life, but at last he sank down. Then, knowing his end had come, he dabbled his hand in his blood and with it made a large cross on the ground, and murmuring a prayer to God for pardon he fell over upon that cross of his own blood and expired.

VI.

A wife gives her husband a birthday present. She bought it with his money, for is not all that she has, given her by him? Yet it is really a gift to him and a most welcome one. Though wholly his property by original ownership, yet now she has made it infinitely more so by making it a token of her affection. Such is the relation of a Christian to God in saying to his heavenly Father with Jesus Crucified: "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii. 46).

Thus the sadness of my last hours is cheered by my power to make my death agony a token of immortal love. I can unite it to that of Jesus Christ by a prerogative granted me at my first presentation to Him by my mother, the Catholic Church: "Know you not that all we, who are baptized in Christ Jesus, are baptized in His death?" (Rom. vi. 3). As our Savior was compelled to death by the will of His Father, and yet offered Himself on the cross because He willed it and not otherwise (Isaias liii. 7), so likewise am I free to die, and yet powerless to escape death. Christ is my fellowman, my fellow ransom, my partner in the barter of mortality for immortality; and from His superabundance of liberty and of obedience unto death I will freely draw. I desire to die the kind of death the Lord wills rather than any other, His time rather than earlier or later, accepting all the pains cheerfully in stated preference to their absence.* I thus give my death its moral quality; it is all I can give, but it is much.

* The present Sovereign Pontiff has indulged the following prayer: "O Lord my God, whatsoever manner of death is pleasing to Thee, with all its anguish, pains and sorrows, I now accept from Thy hand with a resigned and willing spirit."

VII.

In no way can the clamor of divine justice within us be hushed so quickly as by the offer to die. I am a sinner, and "the wages of sin is death" (Rom. vi. 23). I must accept my deserts. An honest man gladly parts with hard-won money to pay a just debt, because it settles his conscience, on which he depends for his happiness. So do we look forward to pay the "debt of nature," corrupt nature. All life is a debtor's prison, not without solace, but never without the chafe of the body upon the soul. Our bodily frame is our prison-cell. The dust placed on our heads by Holy Church on Ash Wednesday, is gathered from the withered forms of the countless sinners who have gone before us, as ours shall be gathered in turn and sprinkled upon our successors. Such thoughts give a gloomy view of life, but only for a time, for they indicate unerringly the actual relation of life to death in a sin-stricken race; and once they become familiar, they lead us habitually to reckon exclusively with the immortal things of our destiny. The vast bulk of Christians are penitents, and their only really great gift to God is their death. And it approaches nearest to an adequate gift, for the sinner of longest years, whose foulness has smirched his whole life from his infantile furies till his gray-haired lust. Repenting at the eleventh hour, he is wholly comforted to be able to say: I can yet die for my outraged Redeemer, with Him, and on account of Him. This is infinitely better than the millionaire's legacy to charity, paid to God after its owner can no longer enjoy it. Life is greater than money. Death is an offering of supreme greatness. We cannot pay God money any more than we can feed Him with bread. Says the Lord to faithless Israel: "If I should be hungry I would not tell thee, for the world is Mine and the fulness thereof" (Ps. xlix. 12). And yet alms given to God's poor are for the remission of sins (Tob. xii. 9). How much rather the whole substance of our life's house in the offering up of death.

An illustration of this is shown by the custom of devout souls secretly offering themselves up to immediate death—an oblation not seldom accepted by heaven—for the conversion of some well-loved friend whose career points to an evil end. And, indeed, with what other intention than this, made universal, did Jesus Christ die on Calvary?

THE CONSUMMATION.

BY DAGNEY MAJOR.



THE great cathedral was practically empty. There were few to notice the forlorn figure of the little fellow as he stood looking with rapt awe and devotion at the beautiful face of the sculptured Madonna.

His clothes were in rags. His brown, sturdy legs were mud-stained and his feet bore evidence of gutter-dirt. His shirt was torn at the shoulders and two bright red patches gave it the appearance of having been mended with more dispatch than loving care. The very short knickers, torn and draggled at the edges, completed a costume that can only be described as nondescript.

Across his back a mandolin was slung by a bit of old rag.

"And to think that that's me and mother," he said, half to himself, as a smile of pride and joy stole over his bright, animated face.

His mother had told him how she had sat to a great artist a short time after her little bambino was born. The artist had yearned to sculpture her and the baby as the Madonna and Child, and now little Beppo was gazing at the fruits of the sculptor's labor.

Yes; the figure who looked down at him now was really just like his beautiful mother's, but Beppo wondered whether he had ever really been quite so tiny as that little carved, stone infant that gazed up into his mother's face.

It seemed such a long, long time since he had seen his mother; and he was very, very poor. The only warmth he knew was the bright sun that flooded the streets of Rome in the hot months. In the winter, when the cold winds swept over the Seven Hills and along the Appian way, he thought he would die. The only heat he got then, was obtained by the sounding thumps and blows showered on him by Barrino, the cruel, old woman who beat him and starved him and attempted almost to rob him of the life which had yet claimed

him for only nine years, if he did not bring her money by playing his mandolin.

Little Beppo was a born musician; he did not know this, but he was aware that he loved music better than anything in the world, and that he had often sobbed his little heart out when he had been ruthlessly turned out of church or cathedral when listening to an organ.

Many times he had stolen into the very cathedral where he now stood, crouching behind a big pillar in the darkened corner, listening to the organ's soft, liquid notes as they stole down the aisle and lost themselves in the walls and in the great vaulted roof.

And he found a very wonderful corner—a corner which echoed every note in a most beautiful way. That was a great secret. He felt sure that no one else knew of it. He was aware that if he once told anyone, his secret hiding-place would become public; that rich, vulgar people who scurried through the building would flock to his niche and depose him.

Oh! it was a marvelous corner, and he wondered if he dared tell the Madonna about it—the beautiful Madonna who was the image of his mother whom he had not seen for three years.

He remembered her quite well—her dear, beautiful face and her tender love for him would be sweet remembrances until he saw her in the great, blue vault that was big enough to cover the whole of Italy—and beyond some people told him; but he could not quite believe that.

The whisper had reached him that his mother was dead—but somehow or other, there lodged in his childish brain a stubborn obstinacy that refused to believe it.

His mother dead! And God and the Holy Mary still calm and serene in the great blue vault!

He remembered going to the studios of rich artists with his mother and sitting for hours while they painted.

But they had always been poor. One day his mother was taken very ill and after buying her some milk and making her take some he had gone to earn pennies by playing his mandolin. When he came back his mother had gone!

It was old Barrino who told him his mother was dead, and accompanied the news by a few vicious blows. Barrino determined to keep Beppo, and live on the money he made by

playing. He remembered well how, in his childish grief and rage, he had struck at her with all his puny strength. The only result was a rain of blows on his poor little back and a kick and a thump that sent him reeling into the road where he had lain for hours.

When he recovered the stars were all twinkling. The streets were very still. No one passing by had seen the small form shaking with sobs or had heard the sound of bitter weeping.

When the gray, pale light of dawn crept over the Eternal City, he had sought the shelter of the "echo" cathedral as he called it, and as soon as it was opened had stolen to the shrine of the lovely Madonna before whom he had offered his prayers for forgiveness for having been so wicked as to strike Barrino.

As he stood before that shrine now, he wondered if God had forgiven him; he hoped his mother had—his dear mother whom he would, perhaps, never see again, and who had taught him to pray and to be good.

"Whatever happens," she had said that last, happy time when she and he were together, "whatever happens my little Beppo, be good and honest and always pray to God and the Holy Mother; and if you can honestly obtain it, buy a candle on the anniversary of my death if I am taken away from you; offer it to our Lady and pray for me. Try to give something—no matter what—if it can be done honestly."

And now the anniversary of his mother's death was coming, and how could he afford a candle? Wicked old Barrino forced him to give up every penny. She rifled his pockets and beat him and twisted his arms to get the money. Poor ill-clad, half-starved little Beppo was too honest to hide the pennies. He always, in the end, produced what he earned. He had frequently been sorely tempted to bury a penny or two, but how could he face the beautiful Madonna again if he did that?

His eyes were full of tears as he knelt down before the shrine and begged our Lady to send him just one candle, even if it were only a little, tiny one, to give to her in remembrance of his mother.

The great church was very quiet; the organ had ceased.

Little Beppo on his knees was so intent, that he did no

hear the great, heavy tread of the fat, door-keeper coming up the aisle. He knew nothing until a stick descended with a mighty whack across his shoulders that made him leap to his feet with a cry of pain.

"Now then, you dirty little gutter-brat," said a great, thick voice; "we can't have rags and bones in here. Off with you!"

He looked so threatening that poor little Beppo, scared out of his life, ran from God's house with terror instead of peace at his heart, and wondered if God really minded beggars coming to speak to Him.

Two puny fists screwed themselves into two shining eyes as he ran into the street; he did his best to stop the tears, for he was really very brave—this child who was not allowed to kneel before a shrine into which the rich poured their gold and from whom the fat door-keeper got so many tips.

From the cathedral where one of God's little ones had not been allowed to remain, Beppo quickly made his way to the bright, sunlit banks of the Tiber where the great tide of humanity flowed in the brilliant sunshine that flooded the quay-side, and made the river scintillate as it glided towards the sea.

Little Beppo, with that sensitiveness so peculiar to children, and still smarting under the rough bearing of the brutal door-keeper, kept in the shadows so that, if he were pursued, he would not so easily be perceived. Extraordinarily quick at grasping an opportunity of making pennies—partly born, no doubt, of a keen desire not to have his arms twisted by Barrino should his gains dissatisfy her cupidity, he presently espied a small, sun-bathed crowd of gay, laughing girls and women. He ran towards them and then, standing opposite the little group, he slung his mandolin in front, threw back his head with a gay laugh and gave them of his best.

Funicoli Funicola, he sang. He paused before the chorus and nodded at the women, then, beginning softly, and gradually growing louder, with that perfect sympathy for and understanding of, his art, he sang:

Lesti! Lesti! Via montiam sula
Lesti! Lesti! Via montiam sula
Funicoli Funicola, Funicoli Funicola!
Via montiam sula, Funicoli Funicola.

What a fine, manly little fellow he looked! With what absolute joy and abandon did he troll out that superb, light-hearted song which can only be sung to perfection by Southerners.

He broke out into another verse—encouraged by the applause. This time he began to dance, and his little wrist flew across the mandolin strings. The words he sang were not those really written for the ballad, but he had picked them up at a low quarter of the town and their double-meaning and suggestiveness were far beyond his pure little mind to understand, but he knew they always produced a laugh and were immensely appreciated, so he gave them with the keenest zest. He had never tried that dubious verse before—and it was received with such acclamation and so great a shower of pennies that he determined to include it always in his repertoire.

He thanked the pretty signorinas for the pennies, gathered them up, and went on his way rejoicing, for he knew that even avaricious old Barrino would be satisfied with his gains that day, and perhaps she would give him a coin to buy a candle for his beloved shrine. Even if he had to have his arm twisted till it broke, it might be worth while if he could buy a candle. He thought seriously over this. He began to wonder how much pain he could stand without giving in. He wondered if it would hurt very much to have his arm broken. More than once, had he known it, old Barrino in drunken fury had very nearly performed this feat of surgery, but a dull sense of what a calamity it would be if Beppo could not play on the mandolin had prevented her from going too far.

He was so tempted to hide a few of the coins! More than once on his way home he was on the point of concealing them under a marked stone on the quay-side, but the calm, steadfast gaze of our Lady at his favorite shrine seemed to come before him, and the words of his dear mother: "always be honest," rang in his ears. So he ran as hard as he could all the way so as not to be tempted and, for once, old Barrino was satisfied. She took all the money, and gave him a dish of macaroni.

Several days had passed with nothing but bad luck for poor, little Beppo. He had sung and had given of his best; but the rich English and American visitors seemed to have no

thought for the small songster, and scarcely a penny had come his way.

He was terribly hungry. Barrino had given him no food for two days. All he had had were a few scraps from the gutter and a drink at one of the public fountains.

It was the anniversary of his mother's disappearance, and there was no candle.

He stood before his beloved shrine once more and looked upon that beautiful figure of our Lady. The great cathedral was very quiet. There was a *fête* in the city and all Rome was apparently taking part in it.

Little Beppo was not crying now—but he had been crying very hard. For a whole hour he had knelt watching the image and the steady, bright flames of the big and little candles that stood in great numbers before the shrine.

How wonderful to buy candles like that, he thought!

The liquid notes of the organ as they stole down the aisles were a joy to him. More than once he had risen from his knees to put his ear to his wonderful echo-corner, and had been in almost a transport of delight.

But now the organist had gone. The great cathedral was quiet.

Why was he waiting?

He had no candle in remembrance of his mother. Was there nothing he could give to express his gratitude for the love that his mother had given him. He began to sob softly—thinking what his mother had said; “try and give something even if it is only once a year in my memory.”

And then—was it an inspiration?—there was one thing he could do. He could play his mandolin and sing *Funicoli Funicola*—give the best that was in him, sing as he had never sang before. Surely God would count it as a gift. The Blessed Virgin would surely deem it as good as a candle. He jumped to his knees. Swinging the mandolin round, he stood erect with a proud smile on his lovely, little face, threw back his head, and began to play.

The next instant the cathedral rang with the sweet notes of the childish voice.

Funicoli Funicola!

How he did shout it—shouted it from sheer joy and glorying in the thought that it was the very, very best he could do. . . .

The cruel looking face of a figure which lurked in the shadows watched him with suppressed passion. But it did not move.

Silence a moment, then the little voice rose again—:

Via montiam sula
Funicoli Funico —

Whack! Swish went Barrino's thick cane across the bare shoulders. As the small figure swayed and fell, the cathedral rang with cries of pain. The harsh words came interrupted by repeated blows:

"Profaning . . . God's house . . . with a ribald song. That's how you waste your precious time, you brat."

Then a very low moan of pain.

With fury in her eyes Barrino caught up the inanimate figure of Beppo, and stumbled out of the door.

I WILL DESTROY THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.

BY ANNA BUNSTON.

CLOTHED in the warm simplicities of prayer,
Divine philosophy may safely bless
A mortal maid and cradle in her arms;
But if she bid him doff that homely dress,
And come in frigid reason's dignity,
She nothing fosters but a wintry wraith
Chilling his sad-eyed votary to death.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP AND SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.



THE object of this book* is to defend the system of private ownership, and to explain the conditions on which alone that system can be defended in theory or much longer maintained in practice."

Thus writes Father Kelleher, who is Professor in St. John's Seminary, Waterford, at the beginning of the Preface to his little volume on *Private Ownership*. As the latter part of the quotation suggests, he has decided views on certain defects of the existing system, and the necessity of removing them. It is these views which give to the book its distinctive spirit and its chief value. While his account and refutation of the different forms of Socialism are unusually good, he never permits the reader to forget that the main question has to do with the abolition of existing abuses. In the Preface, he insists that these abuses are facts which can neither be reasoned away nor complacently tolerated. "Our present social conditions are not only utterly unsatisfactory, but so completely discredited that they cannot possibly continue, nor should anyone possessed of a particle of human feeling desire their continuance, even if it were possible. The conditions must go" (ix). If they are not removed through social reform, the system itself of which they are an excrescence will be supplanted by Socialism. "If there must be a choice between actually existing conditions and Socialism we can have little doubt what the choice will be. Socialism must come. Of course, it cannot remain, but it is bound to have a trial, and a trial that will cost society dearly" (xiii). Not less definite and frank is his characterization of the "misguided zeal" of the extreme defenders of private ownership. "Every attempt to check existing abuses which seems to interfere with present methods is denounced as an attack upon the principle of

* *Private Ownership. Its Basis and Equitable Conditions.* By Rev. J. Kelleher. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1911. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

private ownership" (xiii). Nevertheless, "the institution of private ownership is perfectly in accordance with natural justice, . . . is admirably suited to the needs of man both as an independent individual and as a member of society, . . . and owners actually enjoy true, inviolable rights in their property" (xii).

Naturally, the three main topics treated are, the right of private ownership, the opposing theories of Socialism and Anarchistic Communism, and the alternative to these, or Social Reform. Under the first head he emphasizes the fact that private property is a moral entity involving moral rights, and that the moral issues find adequate recognition and expression only in the ethical teaching of Christianity. According to this teaching, the human individual is related to God as a subject obliged to attain the end which God has placed before him; in relation to his fellowmen he is an independent and equal entity, an "end in himself." With respect to his fellows, therefore, he is endowed with certain immunities called rights. Essentially these are moral claims to that amount of freedom and opportunity which are necessary for reasonable life. One of the most primary of them is the right to live from the common bounty of the earth. While this right exists for the individual, not for society, it needs to be controlled and regulated by society or the state, in order that it may not be unduly extended by some individuals to the detriment of other individuals. Hence, no communistic scheme of unlimited freedom of contract and association is capable of adjusting and protecting these several rights. The opposite extreme of Socialism or Collectivism would likewise fail, since it could neither ascertain the amounts and kinds of goods that ought to be produced; nor turn them out so as to satisfy the freedom of individual demand; nor organize labor and production consistently with the liberty of the worker and the highest economic efficiency; nor manage all the industries of the nation as well as it manages a few; nor permit reasonable freedom of printing and publication. Whence it follows that man's right of deriving a livelihood from the bounty of nature cannot generally be realized under any other system than private ownership, that is, private ownership and control of the means of production. Therefore, the right of private ownership exists for the simple reason that it is a

necessary condition of individual and social welfare. And the state is bound not only to protect this right but to regulate its exercise in such a way that *all* persons shall have the means of reasonable living.

An example will make clear the meaning of the social aspect of property, and the power of the state to interfere on its behalf by legislation. Let us suppose that a community is practically dependent on the produce of its coal mines. These mines, the land and the plants, belong to six capitalists; 5,000 men are employed in various ways in the working of them. For some reason the capitalists are displeased with the conduct of the majority of their men, because 3,000 of them, let us suppose, support a Liberal at the previous election, and, as a result, determine to reduce their business to less than half its former dimensions, to throw these 3,000 men out of employment, and deprive the community of more than half the proceeds of the most important of its resources. What would be the duty of the state in such a situation? Should it allow the 3,000 workmen and their families to starve quietly—if we could imagine that they would themselves submit quietly to such a simple solution of the difficulty—or afford them a pauper's provision from the general resources already seriously impaired? Would it not rather be obliged to compel the capitalists to forego their cherished revenge, and either force them to work the mines themselves or take some means of transferring them to others who would? (p. 166).

The foregoing outline of the basis and necessity of private ownership can be found in many other books written by Catholics. What is distinctive about Father Kelleher's exposition is the emphasis that he puts upon the limits and abuses of private ownership. He is not content to establish the right of private property, refute the opposing systems, and drop the matter. Where such a course is followed, the reader who is acquainted with the facts of private ownership as we have it, feels that something has been left out. While he may admit the moral basis of the existing system in the abstract, and the impossibility of Socialism in the concrete, he is conscious that the limitations and abuses of the present organization have not received adequate recognition. Full emphasis has been placed upon the defects of Socialism, while those of private owner-

ship have been passed over lightly. The latter system, taken at its best and in the abstract, has been compared with the former at its worst and in the concrete. But Father Kelleher keeps the discussion in touch with all the existing facts of ownership, and evaluates the system of private property as it works in the world about us, not as it might conceivably work in a world made to order.

Indeed, this quality of actuality pervades the book generally. Another example of it occurs in the author's statement of the reasons why private ownership is a natural right. He brings out clearly the fact that this right is derived from empirical, not metaphysical, considerations; from consequences; from the good consequences of private ownership, and the bad consequences of any alternative system. He does not use language which would suggest that the institution of private property is somehow an end in itself, like the right to life, or that the right to property, like the right to life, is justified for its own sake, and independently of its effects upon human welfare. Nor does he intimate that the institution of private ownership is founded upon the immutable and primary principles of the natural law, nor that it is universally a necessary institution like marriage. His position is far removed from that *reductio ad absurdum* which maintains that no possible form of common ownership "could exist for a moment without trampling under foot the most legitimate inborn sacred rights of human personality" (See the *American Catholic Quarterly*, Vol. XIII., p. 303). Possibly he recalls the fact that his ancestors for many centuries maintained a form of common ownership under the clan system of land tenure, and that this system safeguarded the "sacred rights of human personality," at least as well as the mode of private ownership by which it was supplanted, namely, Irish landlordism (See Joyce's *Smaller Social History of Ancient Ireland*, pp. 81-86). Hence, he admits that in certain conditions the state might legitimately establish "some form of collectivist organization," without violating man's natural rights; but he rightly concludes that such an arrangement would be only a "passing phase," and "could not be permitted to remain" (p. 148).

One of the best chapters in the book is the fourth, which deals with a system that is not always adequately noticed, that of Anarchistic Communism. In his refutation of Marxian

Socialism, he is always fair, and generally effective. Perhaps he lays too much stress on the difficulty of determining beforehand the amount and kind of goods to be produced in a Socialist society. In the opinion of the reviewer, this would be one of the least of Socialism's troubles; for the task in question is, to a great extent, accomplished now in monopolized industries, like those controlled by the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company. His criticism of municipal or sectional Socialism is not so successful, since it seems to ignore the fact that all the present incentives to labor and enterprise might be provided by a system of varying and generous salaries, determined as now by results. To be sure this would produce a large measure of that very inequality which Socialism seeks to abolish, yet it is not inconsistent with this particular form of Socialism which the author calls municipal. On the other hand, he does not seem to make sufficiently strong the menace to freedom of publication which would result from state ownership of the printing presses, and of the means of diffusing written opinion. No civil administration or government could safely be entrusted with this tremendous power.

The last three chapters treat of social reform. In various ways the author repeats the thought that the abuses of the present system are manifold and grave, and that reform is an imperative necessity. The "let alone" policy must give way to effective state regulation of private ownership and of industry in the interests of all individuals, particularly those for whom the right of private ownership is at present only a mocking phrase. "What is the net advantage of increased wealth if the multitude be poor?" (p. 178). The doctrine laid down by Pope Leo XIII. that every person has a right to a living wage, is "a strict claim on the entire property of the community, and . . . it is the duty of the state to see that this claim is respected" (p. 180). Nevertheless, state control must not follow the lines of even Evolutionary, or moderate and step-by-step, Socialism. It must be carried out on principles essentially Individualist. While the Individualist and the Evolutionary Socialist may agree upon many particular measures of reform, the latter always subordinates such projects to the ultimate end, Collectivism, and continually strives to extend the sphere of common ownership and to restrict that of

private ownership. Social reform on Individualist lines proceeds always on the principle that private ownership is the normal condition, and, so far as we can see, will and should endure permanently. What is wanted is not a reorganization of industry according to either the letter or the spirit of Socialism, but such a reform in distribution as will "secure to every individual without exception such an effective right to the goods of the country as will afford him, on reasonable conditions, a means of providing a decent livelihood" (pp. 205, 206). This is the minimum, the "starting point for restoring to the propertyless their natural rights in material goods" (p. 206). Moreover, compulsory insurance, if possible through trade unions and benevolent societies, should make provision for sickness, unemployment, and old age. Whether or not this programme be immediately feasible, something must be done at once for the housing of the poor, even though it involve compulsory sale (in return for compensation) of land, or a special tax on the increase of land values.

The author seems to have firmly grasped the fundamental and essential facts of the industrial situation with reference to the question of social reform. St. Thomas declared that the possession of wealth was not wrong if it were honestly acquired and properly used. Father Kelleher realizes very clearly that neither of these conditions can be adequately obtained or maintained without a considerable amount of intervention by the state. Even if the majority of actual and would-be owners could be induced by moral suasion to comply with the rules, particularly the second, laid down by St. Thomas, they would be unable to do so in the face of unfair competition by the dissenting minority. For example, many well disposed employers cannot pay a living wage and remain in business. Only the state is capable of enforcing a decent minimum limit to competition.

Father Kelleher is likewise right in declaring that state control must not be exercised along the lines or in the spirit of moderate Socialism. However they may agree in the recommendation of specific projects, such as, public ownership of public utilities, compulsory insurance, a legal minimum wage, and others, the Individualist and the moderate Socialist differ in principle and in end. And the difference is sooner or later bound to have practical results. The Individualist

adopts only those measures of state action which are clearly preferable to individual control, organizes them in such a way as to conserve private ownership wherever the latter is as effective as state control, and expects that private ownership will be the predominant system even in the distant future. On all these points the moderate Socialist takes the contrary position. The former believes in private ownership tempered by social control, the latter in collective ownership tempered by private property. In practice they must disagree at least on two points: first, with regard to the adoption of a social means to attain an *immediate* end which both believe could be as well attained by private control; and, second, as to the relative value of the two courses in many particular situations. Dr. McDonald seems to overlook this aspect of the problem when he suggests, in his review of the book, that the difference between the two views is not very practical. It is not merely a matter of prophesying differently about final ends, but of interpreting, choosing, and organizing differently the present processes of reform. Nevertheless, these differences, theoretical and practical, constitute no valid reason for refusing to adopt, or to co-operate with other agencies in adopting, any project of reform that commends itself to the judgment of the Individualist. And the practice of discouraging such measures by calling them "Socialistic" is not only unfair but illogical and stupid.

Probably most readers will regard the author's enumeration of particular reforms as the least satisfactory part of the book. It is true that his purpose did not include nor require "a complete detailed plan of social reformation," but rather an indication of the general spirit and method which particular improvements should follow. Nevertheless, his argument would have presented a more finished and systematic appearance had he attempted to set down a scheme of reform as complete as the systems that he rejects. Here is where present day Socialism has a tremendous practical advantage. It puts forward a minute, definite, concrete programme, while the alternative proposals of Individualists are frequently either partial and inadequate, or indefinite and platitudinous.

However, the particular measures which he does recommend are fundamental and far-reaching. The housing problem and the land question rightly receive a place only second to

the wage and the insurance question. Taken altogether, his proposals would solve the more acute phases of the labor question, even though they would leave untouched the question of monopolistic exploitation. But the latter is not so pressing as the livelihood of the laborer.

Despite certain defects of form, as prolixity and apparent carelessness of expression, Father Kelleher's book is on many accounts the best work yet written in English on the necessity, moral basis, and limitations of private ownership.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

TO-DAY within God's Eden-garth is sown
Seed that shall be a plant for Him alone.

To-day doth time the fair foundation see
Of God's high fane of gold and ivory.

That perfect plant shall bloom with Flower of God;
That hallowed temple by His feet be trod.

Oh, many a lily soul of God's delight;
But none like Mary's soul, effulgent white.

Oh, many a soul rose-red in love's true glow;
But none like hers that fire and light shall know.

And many a virgin hears the Bridegroom's call;
But His own spotless one excels them all.

Bear it aloft, the word that cannot fail;
Hail, O thou full of grace, hail, Mary, hail!

Mother most pure, Maiden most glorious,
Mary Immaculate, oh, pray for us.

LADY HERBERT OF LEA.

BY SEBASTIAN MEYNELL.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse.
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

THE English statesman who bore the name Sidney Herbert, in witness of the matrimonial alliance of his house here immortalized by the Elizabethan poet, found a fit successor to the "great lady" of that long-past day in Elizabeth A'Court, who, in 1846, became his wife—to be another "Pembroke's mother." A great many years ago, a popular writer, William Howitt (whose wife and daughter, by the way, were to become devout Catholics) wrote of the late Baroness Burdett Coutts as a "nursing-mother of the Church of England." Similarly, there passes with Lady Herbert the last of a group which centres round the name of Lady Georgiana Fullerton—a group of convert Englishwomen, once the flower of Anglican womanhood, who may be said to rank as the "Matriarchs" of the modern revival of Catholicism in England. "The Matriarch" was the name by which it became quite the custom to speak of Lady Herbert of Lea in both London and Rome, and whatever smile accompanied it was a kindly one, for the name was felt to have a real justification in the assiduity with which the bearer of it followed every phase of ecclesiastical politics.

With English society, and the best sort of English society—that of statesmen, soldiers, literary men, artists, churchmen, and all other thinkers and movers of her generation, Lady Herbert, by her birth, her inclination, and her marriage, was intimately associated throughout her long life. But it is less as the lady of the *salon*, and less, too, as the writer of books—though those books were charged with a special mission to the English Protestant reading-world of her day—than as a

representative convert of the nineteenth century—that Lady Herbert of Lea had the respect and good-will of a multitude of Catholics, both at home and abroad, who are her mourners to-day whether they knew her personally or not.

The only daughter of General Charles Ashe A'Court, Elizabeth was born in 1822 into a family favorable to the development of a girl who had the double dower of beauty and intelligence. Her father was a soldier who sat in Parliament, and her uncle, the first Lord Heytesbury, was an Indian Governor-General, an Irish Viceroy, and an Ambassador to Russia. Her mother, Elizabeth Gibbs, was the daughter of a West India planter—which connects her with slave-owning in a manner shared by the Gladstones, and, for the matter of that, by other convert families such as those of Thompson and Allies. The scene of her childhood was Heytesbury House, the Wiltshire home of her uncle, tenanted by General A'Court while his diplomatist brother did duty abroad. Elizabeth was reared in the strict tenets of the Church of England, her nursery being ruled by a governess (Miss Hildyard) who later passed into the service of Queen Victoria and trained the royal princesses. Sidney Herbert was asked by the Queen shortly after his marriage, by whom had his wife been educated, since the Queen would like to entrust the upbringing of her own daughters to similar hands. The religious atmosphere of that pre-Victorian nursery at Heytesbury was just such as surrounded the majority of the carefully brought-up English girls of the period. It is now out of date, and fortunately so, at least in its firm belief in the Bible as a forbidden book to Catholics. That belief had been the foundation of *Father Clement* and a-half-a-dozen other popular story-books which it was the thing for the young ladies of that day to read, and the influence of which Lady Herbert's own pen, in the sequel, did something to correct. Of the religious rigors which found favor with the educators of those days, she was to write in after years:

I was eager, energetic, and enthusiastic. I found myself surrounded by cold and formal services, high pews, long Puritanical hymns, and intolerably dry sermons. My Sundays were a perfect terror to me. I was made to learn long portions of *The Christian Year* by heart (some of which even now I cannot understand) in addition to the Epistle and the Collect for the day. The rest of the time was to be spent in

reading sermons, or in church, where kneeling bolt upright always made me faint. Even now, [wrote the mature woman], I sometimes have the recollection of what I felt on waking in the morning when I remembered it was Sunday.

A brother to whom she was devoted, and an uncle—a naval captain—who also lived at Heytesbury, allowed Elizabeth to say in later years, "I was brought up entirely amongst men." Moreover, with an invalid mother, and no sisters, she was the constant companion and helper of her father, and, while hardly out of her childhood, became "fonder of work than of play." When, a little later, her father made their home in Staffordshire, he had as neighbor at Drayton Manor and constant visitor, Sir Robert Peel, whom the young girl helped now and again in his correspondence. Thus, before she became the helper of her husband in public life, she had fine training as the auxiliatrix of a great Victorian statesman, recalled by Sir Robert's remark to Sidney Herbert on his marriage, "You gain a wife while I lose a secretary." It was in the Staffordshire home that the girl began her activity in the service of religion in a neglected village without church or school. She provided both; and, finding on the property the gable-end of a ruined chapelry dedicated to St. Edith—close to the wall of which the rector of a parish three or four miles distant used to read morning prayers four times a year, so as to be entitled to the tithe—she restored it to the maimed rites of Anglicanism. "Through painting and selling my sketches, and the kindness of friends," she tells us, "I raised enough money to build on a chancel to that neglected gable-end; and never shall I forget the joy of seeing the first communions and baptisms in that little place." A little later she was to note as a coincidence that Wilton, the home of her married life, had once been St. Edith's Priory: "It seemed as if St. Edith were to follow and form part of my life. Probably her prayers (in return for the imperfect service I had ignorantly paid her by restoring her ruined temple) helped me in my coming struggle."

But that struggle had, in fact, already really begun with the Oxford Movement; stray impulses of which, penetrating the seclusion of her country home, had brought to the girl in her teens her "first view of real religion." Looking back

upon that wonderful revival she declares: "I found in that new school all that my heart and mind had longed for and hungered after for years. I found life, warmth and practice. But what really attracted me, although I knew it not, was their Catholicity." That was yet a far-off discovery. The planting and the watering, and the final fruition and harvesting were the long processes of years.

Outside the immediate family circle, Elizabeth A'Court soon made for herself brilliant friends, Mrs. Norton and her sisters of the number; and, acquainted as she was from girlhood with her future husband, her marriage but fulfilled her earliest romance. Sidney Herbert, the second son of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke, living at Wilton, not far from Heytesbury, saw much of the General and his daughter; and she, a child of ten years, having noticed him once riding with her father, had cried impulsively, "That is the man I shall marry when I grow up." She became his bride when she was twenty-four years of age, and at once she became a woman keenly interested in Peelite politics. Henceforth, she shared and lightened the burdens, public as well as private, of a Minister of War under Peel, Aberdeen, and Palmerston successively, and a great friend and ally of Gladstone. One of the formative friendships of Lady Herbert's early married life was with Archdeacon Manning.

I had been married about four months, [to tell the story as she has told it to others], when my husband one day brought to introduce to me one whom he called his oldest school and college friend, adding: "He is the holiest man I have ever met." It was quite true. There was something about Archdeacon Manning which made one ashamed of an unworthy thought or a careless word; and yet he was always loving and tender as a woman.

A little later the young wife, who was able to look back upon her married life at the close of it as "from first to last heaven upon earth," had scruples that she was not clever and witty enough to be Sidney Herbert's fit companion. Then it was Manning's comforting voice which assured her "Your business is not to make your husband's home brilliant but blessed." That was very well said if the alternative was a necessity. One wonders. Anyhow, if during her married life

Lady Herbert did not acquire all the political importance due to the talented wife of a Minister marked out for high promotion, she herself felt that she was in some way choosing a better part. Then Manning, though Archdeacon still, gave his friend's wife a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, treasured to the end, through all the chops and changes and tergiversations from which, in a world of misunderstandings, even great friendships are not immune. At last the Archdeacon "went over." "It was not a parting, it was a death," said Gladstone of that going; and the convert himself realized the wrench sufficiently to write to his dear Sidney Herbert to say that they had been too nearly drawn together to meet as ordinary friends, and that he would never seek either of them unless they first sought him. This separation the wife felt as "a sort of religious shipwreck."

So the years passed, years when domestic and public duties occupied the time and postponed all that might be done till the morrow and again the morrow. The anxious time of the Crimean War arrived, and with it the opportunity to take part in the more human side of her husband's work as head of the War Office. To her, in fact, scarcely less than to Sidney Herbert, was due the momentous invitation to Florence Nightingale to take charge of the nursing of England's stricken soldiers. It was the War Secretary's wife who organized the despatch of nurses—English and Irish Sisters of Mercy among the number. To Sidney Herbert's labors at this time Gladstone paid tribute when he wished that "some of the thousands who justly celebrate Miss Nightingale would say a single word for the man of routine who devised and projected her going—Sidney Herbert."

An errand of public business happened to bring Manning and the Secretary's wife together during the war time: "I recollect nervously confining myself to the matter in hand," she writes of the encounter, "but at the end I could not help kneeling to ask for his old blessing. He gave it me without comment, kindly, but sadly."

From the labors of his office during the Crimean War, Sidney Herbert's health never recovered. In January, 1861, he was made a peer (as Lord Herbert of Lea) to relieve the official strain. But it was too late; and in the following August he was brought home from Spa to Wilton to die among

the scenes he loved best on earth. The goal was safely reached, but too late for him to profit by it—it was found that he had gone blind; and, three days later, he died. In keeping with that pathetic home-coming is the pensive figure which commemorates Lord Herbert for Londoners—the statue which till lately stood musing in the courtyard of the old War Office in Pall Mall. Besides his intimate political association with two great Victorian Prime Ministers, Peel and Gladstone, Sidney Herbert was also marked out by Disraeli for the distinction of a portrait very openly labeled “Sidney Wilton” in the pages of *Endymion*. In the Disraelian gallery, his widow likewise has her niche, that of the “Lady St. Jerome” of many philanthropies in *Lothair*.

It was in that moment of loss that, as she says, “I fully realized what it was to be in a Church in which I did not believe, and which did not recognize prayers for the dead.” For the time was now coming when Lady Herbert, in spite of such ties and affinities as were those of the Englishwoman of her station and tradition, was to hear and heed the far, clear call to Catholic unity. The early years of widowhood, devoted to her children, she spent mostly abroad. During the winter of 1862, she again heard Manning preach in Rome; and, though they met once or twice, “he did not encourage me in any way, and I felt that if I wanted his advice I must seek it directly.” She continues:

At last I wearied with the struggle that had been going on for so many months in my own mind; and intensely anxious for explanations which would clear away my doubts and difficulties, I wrote to him and asked him to see me. Even then he hesitated. I think he was afraid of his personal influence over me from old associations, and wished me to be thoroughly persuaded without any human motive. Even later, what I have learned has been principally from books to which he referred me.

Then came an experience in the Jesuit Church during a Solemn Exposition on the eve of the New Year:

I had gone with some Protestant friends, who wanted to see it as a sight; but I slipped away from them and on to the floor among the poor, and then what happened to me I do not know. It seemed to me as if all the people and the lights had disap-

peared, and that I was alone before our Lord in the monstrance, and that He spoke to me directly, and oh ! so lovingly, asking me " Why I waited ? " and " Why I did not come to Him at once ? " And that then a sudden illumination fell upon me, and I felt such a joy that all human considerations, even my children, were forgotten. . . . At last I looked up and saw that everyone was gone and the lights were put out, and I had missed the moment of Benediction (which gave me a pang for a moment, but I was too happy to mind much) ; and that the sacristan was standing by me, saying he was going to shut up the church. I recollected nothing but that somehow I had made a promise to our Lord which I must not break, and that I must do what I had to do at once.

A few days later, on the Eve of the Epiphany, she was received into the Church by a " holy old Canon " of the cathedral in his private chapel, for present secrecy had to be observed. That afternoon she stood in Palermo Cathedral, exclaiming " All this is mine, now and for evermore ! "

Reception into the Catholic Church was, in Lady Herbert's case, complicated by family and social ties. Her husband's will had left her the sole guardian of a young family of seven children ; and Lady Herbert had been warned that the step she contemplated would impose on that guardianship certain restrictions. Indeed, at one time it seemed to her apprehensions that she would have to face the prospect of their removal from her care, or that they would at least be made wards in Chancery. But her sense of duty reconciled the conflicting claims. The children were brought up, as the law directed, in the religion of their dead father, though one daughter (Lady Mary von Hugel) long afterwards followed her mother into the Catholic Church. Of these children, the two elder sons were to hold in succession their uncle's Earldom of Pembroke—one of them, perhaps, the handsomest man of his generation. The third went down in the *Captain* in 1870, a young " middy " of sixteen ; while the fourth was the late Sir Michael Herbert, for a time British Ambassador at Washington. Her eldest daughter married Baron von Hugel, as already noted ; the second is Lady Elizabeth Parry, wife of musical Sir Hubert, and the third, having married the son of another famous convert, is now Lady Ripon.

From that saintly woman, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady

Herbert received the following letter on her conversion. It is dated May, 1865 :

MY DEAR LADY HERBERT :

As you sent me a kind message by Lady Londonderry, I venture to write and tell you with what sincere joy and gratitude to God I heard of your being actually received into His Church, to which you have long been in heart devoted. I have now been just nineteen years a Catholic, and never ceased to wonder with an adoring heart at the infinite mercy of God in bestowing on one so unworthy as myself that blessed gift of Faith, not vouchsafed to many who would make a better use of it. You have a great part in life before you, and He Who has called you into His Church will, I trust, give you many years to work for Him and to bring many others to the Faith. It gave me great pleasure to hear that you were affiliated to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. So have I been for the last three years, and I am happy to think we shall have a common object of interest. I suppose you have to look to many trials and many heartaches, as a consequence of your conversion, but I doubt not that strength and courage will be given to you to bear whatever crosses it may please our Blessed Lord to lay upon you. May such crosses be lightened and sweetened by heavenly consolations. Believe me—I may venture to say so now when, although we have not very often met, we are linked by the same Faith—

Yours affectionately,

GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

In the service of the London poor, done in the name of St. Vincent, Lady Herbert now had for her allies, besides Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady Lothian and Lady Londonderry—both, also, Christian matrons of high example. At Dr. Manning's suggestion, they mapped out London's poverty-stricken areas among them, Poplar falling to the charge of Lady Herbert.

In Manning's successor, Cardinal Vaughan, while he was still at Salford, Lady Herbert found a helper and director after her heart. His great Missionary College at Mill Hill became an instant care to her, she herself visiting America on its behalf. Its precincts are now his and her last resting place. Her long life came to an end on October 30, 1911, at Herbert House—the London mansion which her tenancy made

familiar to Catholic Londoners as the centre of many good works.

Little has been said, except incidentally, of Lady Herbert's work in literature, for its popularity leaves it in no need of praise and its beautiful simplicity calls for no interpretation. She did not write her books because she had any special gifts of literary expression, but mainly because she wanted to tell her experiences where she thought those experiences would be helpful to others. No sooner had she become a Catholic than she published a booklet on *Anglican Prejudices Against the Catholic Church*. And from this we may add one or two more typical confidences to those already gathered from her account of her conversion. She tells, for instance, of the little incidents which early enlarged and clarified her vision as to the attitude of the Church on the Scriptures. One day the English Bible, which she always took with her in traveling, was lost. She went into the foreign bookseller's and found a Douay Version, prefixed by Pope Pius VI.'s letter, dated 1778, with its declaration that the Scriptures are "the abundant sources which *ought to be left open to every one*, to draw from them purity of doctrine and of morals and to eradicate error," followed by a commendation of the diffusion of the sacred writings "in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity." In practical life Lady Herbert found illustrations of the Pontiff's words. On her return from a visit to the East she shared her cabin with a Catholic girl, who probably little guessed what scandal or what edification it was in her power to give. Lady Herbert asked her companion if her confessor was very severe with her. "Oh, no!" was the reply; "he only insists on one thing—that I should read a passage of Scripture daily." Then the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin, seen from without (Newman's "great *crux* as regards Catholicism," it will be remembered) was also one of Lady Herbert's early difficulties.

There is no doubt [she wrote in reference to it] much in the devotions towards our Lady, especially in southern countries, which grate upon one and appear excessive. "They are," as Dr. Newman says, "suitable for Italy, and not for England." But [she adds] what I did not understand at first was that these devotions are not enjoined upon any one. They are not matters of Faith.

In the same way Lady Herbert felt a reluctance to read *At the Foot of the Cross*, by Faber,

knowing it to be on what Catholics call the "Glories of Mary." But I found the book might rather be called the "Glories of Jesus," for every argument, every description, led one up from the Mother to the Son, thus helping me for the first time to understand what an old priest once said to me in the East: "You will never really love Jesus till you have learned the devotion to His Mother."

As for the so-called "worship of images," that question required nothing for settlement in the mind of Lady Herbert but her own womanly sense.

It is no more worship, in the divine sense of the word [she touchingly writes], than my feeling for my husband is worship. I have his picture in my room; I wear it on my breast; I love to keep up the remembrance of his presence in every way. And in the same manner, and with the same feeling, I wear a crucifix hidden from all eyes, like his picture.

Her many biographies of saints or saintly persons—those of St. John Baptist de Rossi, St. Cajetan, Geronimo, Père Eymard, Dupanloup, and General de Sonis among the number, as well as *Thekla*, and other fiction, much of it personal with her own spiritual autobiography, together with graphic accounts of her travels in Palestine, Egypt, Algiers, and Spain, combined to make Lady Herbert one of the most prolific Catholic writers of her day. She did not write primarily as an artist, but as an earnest woman with an eye to the main chance—the chance of doing good. And she was never happier than when celebrating and commending, as in her *Wives, Mothers, and Sisters of the Olden Time*, those graces which remain among the glories of the womanly character—graces of which she, living, had in singular measure discovered the secret.

THE RESULTS OF THE REFORMATION.

I.—MATERIAL.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

SO far we have followed the adventures of European civilization (coincident with, and inspired by, the animation of the Catholic Church) from the conclusion of the Roman Empire, which accepted the Faith in its maturity, to the sixteenth century.

We have seen that in the sixteenth century the outer parts which had been laboriously, slowly, and in places imperfectly acquired to civilization by the slow expansion of order and right living, were weakened in their allegiance to the general unity by the shock which the Renaissance and a hundred divergent expansions of human knowledge had given to the old settlement of human affairs.

We have observed that this revolt and weakening of the bond between the ancient fixed provinces of civilization and the outer fringe of barbarism, might have proved a thing of but passing moment, and that the Germanies might still have been recovered for the Faith and for civilized order had it not been for that exceptional and fatal phenomenon, the loss of one of the ancient provinces of the Roman system, to wit, Britain.

We have seen that the defection of Britain was the capital turning point of the whole affair, and made of what might have been a passing schism, or at the worst the loss of the less important ex-centric regions of Europe, a permanent and general schism—cutting civilization in two, since Britain with its established and profound civilization, Roman in origin and tradition, formed henceforward a rallying point and a fortress upon which the forces inimical to tradition could rely.

In a word, through the defection of Britain, the Reformation became the chief event in the history of Europe and of the Faith since Arianism had died out a thousand years before.

So vast and so profound was the shock of the Reformation that its effects have taken three hundred years to mature. It is only to-day that those effects have taken a final form and that the quarrel between our ancient civilization, inspired by its creed and the coalition of forces opposed to it, have come clearly to an issue. Or, to put it in other terms, it is only to-day that a plain question crying for a solution, and needing an immediate one, has at last been developed from the great revolt.

There are two main aspects of the final effect of the Reformation: that final effect with which modern Europe has to deal and which modern Europe must master or she will perish.

Though the terms are not strictly accurate these two aspects may be called the Moral and the Material Aspect.

In the first we see the Catholic Church, now definitely ranged against a spirit essentially Atheist, though tinged with Pantheism, and involving the destruction of all our fundamental principles. The moral creed of the Reformation is to-day mature, and there are drawn up in two lines of increasing clarity and division, the Catholic Church upon the one side, upon the other side a spirit which every day becomes more and more vocal and individual, which regards man as sufficient to himself, existence as an evolution from some primal simplicity, God as non-existent or impersonal, and every human institution to be judged in the light of such a philosophy; marriage, property, the family, the authority of nations, their just defence in arms, the conceptions of humility, of charity and even of humor, certainly of faith, are by this spirit subjected to experiment and denial which will end in destruction.

With this moral effect and its chance of victory I shall deal next month. For the moment I turn to the second or *material* aspect of the Reformation's fruit, which is the climax of its *economic* consequences, and the tragedy and riddle of what is called Industrial Capitalistic Society.

For it was the Reformation, and no mere physical cause, which produced, stage by stage, that detestable arrangement of temporal affairs under which the mass of free Christian men are disinherited of capital and of land, the means of production concentrated in the hands of a few, and human life upon its material side degraded to a limit which antiquity never knew and which mankind to-day will certainly not long tolerate.

That increasing number of men inspired by an ardent sense of justice, but suffering from a defective historical training, who call themselves "Socialists" explain the advent of the industrial or capitalistic system of society in a fashion which must be described at the outset of our remarks. For though their explanation is erroneous it is based upon a partial historical truth, and it is so universally spread and accepted throughout the modern world that until one has dealt with it one cannot begin the restatement of the problem in the light of true history.

The Socialists, then, observing that for many centuries the means of production were widely distributed among the free citizens of the state, assert that this was so *because during all that long period of time the instruments of production and the methods of production were simple and cheap.*

This happy state of affairs might (the Socialists will tell you) have continued indefinitely had not there fallen upon mankind, like a sort of blight, the historical phenomenon known as the "Industrial Revolution. This was the discovery of certain new instruments and methods of production which permitted wealth to be created with far less effort than under the old and primitive state of affairs, but only permitted it to be so practiced on condition that great bodies of men should cooperate closely in its production, that instruments of huge extent and expensive character be used in the process, and in general the whole economic scheme be centralized and congested in a comparatively few preponderating *neuclei* to the destruction of the old, simple and widely distributed methods of the past. *Therefore*—I beg my readers to note that word "therefore"—the old-fashioned small proprietor and small capitalist, the man free economically as well as politically, tended (say the Socialists) to disappear and to be absorbed by large capitalists. In plain words, the large man in such a system inevitably ate up the small man and when the Industrial Revolution had worked itself out, it left a few thousand capitalists, rapidly lessening in number and increasing in wealth, face to face with a great proletarian mass of millions upon millions possessed of nothing and dependent for their existence upon a weekly wage wholly controlled by the few owners of production.

This account of the cause and rise of our intolerable mod-

ern economic conditions is separated as the reader will observe into two limbs: and those limbs are divided one from the other by the word "therefore" to which I have called particular attention.

Now the first limb is true. It is the statement of an historical reality. And the second limb is also true and is also the statement of a contemporary reality. But the conjunctive "therefore" is false, and on its falsity depends the whole falsity and the enormous spiritual and social peril of the Socialist claim and method.

Let me give a homely parallel.

Mr. Smith went to live in the suburbs. *Therefore* Mr. Smith fell a prey to rheumatism, and is now near his death from that disease. That "therefore" might be a true or might be a false conjunctive. The rheumatism might be the product directly traceable from cause to effect of the climate of the suburb in which this gentleman lived. It might perfectly well be due to any one of a million other causes. It might be proved that he had the seeds of rheumatism in him deeply sown before he started. It might even turn out that he would have died of it long ago if they had *not* gone to that particular suburb! At any rate upon the conjunctive "therefore" depends the whole moral value of the general statement and its whole meaning.

Now when we pin the Socialist down to that "therefore" he is never able to give us the connection between cause and effect. Because one steamer now does more cheaply the work that one hundred schooners did before, it does not follow that the steamer might not be owned by many men. Because a scoundrel can cheat more effectively and over a larger area in the days of the telephone and the telegraph than he could in the days of the stage coach, it does not follow that society is compelled to permit, still less to worship, the successful cheat.

Pressed for an answer to this capital point in his argument, the Socialist will usually reverse the logical process, point out the moral condition of capitalist society, presuppose it of the old society in which wealth was well distributed, and then prove to you that given the moral enormities upon which capitalism is based, it was bound to grow when once the industrial revolution gave it its chance.

When it is proved to him by documents, and by the con-

vergence of a million facts—by art, by songs, and by the lives of men—that these moral enormities which are the necessary conditions of capitalism were not permitted or were repressed in Catholic times, the Socialist (to whom such an attack is new) invariably falls back upon the defensive and says:

“Well then, if I may not argue from the prior to the later historical phenomenon as from cause to effect, how can *you* explain it?” Met by such a defensive argument the opponent is commonly embarrassed. He need not be if he will follow the lines of plain history.

The chain of cause and effect which would have modern capitalism to be the product of the industrial revolution is historically false. Capitalism was established *before* the industrial revolution. It was only because the industrial revolution fell upon a society *already* capitalistic that the industrial revolution, the discovery of modern methods of production, instead of bearing good fruit have borne the execrably poisonous fruit of our great cities.

Capitalism preceded in historical sequence the advent of the new great corporate methods of industry and of the new great expensive implements thereof; *and the force which established capitalism in Europe before the advent of the new industrial methods was the Reformation.*

The Reformation it was which accentuated and increased the power of the rich in the heart of civilization; which put into their hands in an ever-increasing proportion, the means of production *and which left in fewer and fewer hands those accumulated stores of wealth which were necessary for the capitalization of the new industrial scheme.*

The matter is not one of conjecture; it is one of historical record.

The modern industrial system arose in Britain. Britain was its forcing ground. The expansion of total wealth which accompanied it was first apparent in Britain. All its great discoveries, or nearly all, were originally British discoveries, and were first applied to production for the most part within the realm of Britain. And the Britain upon which this transformation in the methods of the creation of wealth fell, was a Britain which had passed finally as to the making of its laws, as to the possession of its soil and of the major part of its instruments, into the hands of a small, wealthy class. That

power of the small, wealthy class in Britain had been created by the Reformation, and established by a host of statutes, administrative measures, legal decisions and acts of state, which are directly traceable to the great sixteenth century change.

We have already remarked that one of the pre-dispossessing causes of the Reformation in Britain was the dangerous extent to which the British people had permitted their wealthier men to occupy the common wealth. Perhaps a quarter of the land of England was, upon the eve of the Reformation, in the hands of the squires. The administration of local justice, that is, the ordering of the domestic and personal affairs of the mass of the people, had most unfortunately also slipped into the hands of the squires and the great merchants under the system of "Justices of the Peace," and, side by side with the Crown, an oligarchic and large plutocratic organ of government—Parliament—had been permitted to arise.

This state of affairs which characterized the eve of the Reformation in Britain, though perilous, would not, as we have pointed out, have necessarily been enduring. Sooner or later the Catholic spirit would have broken it, had not Henry VIII., to the ultimate destruction of his own office and for a personal motive, opened the flood-gate, and sided with the entry of disruptive forces; and had not the complication, after Henry's death, of the Spanish quarrel, coupled with the determination of the squires to keep the monastic lands, decided England for Protestantism.

As things were, the plutocratic character of society present in England was fatally, rapidly and enormously emphasized by the Reformation.

First, the squires became by the spoils of the Church double and more than double as rich as they had been before. From being the possessors of say one-quarter they became the possessors of more than one-half of the land of England.

Next, in company with the great merchants, they picked a quarrel with the popular Crown, asserted their right to govern in its stead, destroyed that Crown in the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century, and upon the close of the Civil Wars turned it into a salaried executive post of which they were henceforward the masters. Law after law (made by the new rich class in its own interest) placed more and more effectually into their hands the means of production and the monopoly

of making and interpreting the laws of property. They confiscated to their use the public schools, the universities, the judicial bench, the whole machinery of local and central administration, and by a series of definite and frankly plutocratic statutes they absorbed the whole legislative power of the country. Such was the position of British society, in the early eighteenth century as Protestantism had made it.

The first discoveries which brought in the industrial revolution appeared in a society *already* formed upon this model.

The Industrial Revolution may be put, roughly speaking, as a phenomenon covering the sixty years between 1720 and 1780. *Whenever during that period a new invention or process had to be capitalized, the inventor could find no one to furnish the capital save within that already monopolist class which dominated every organ of the commonwealth.*

That is why Capitalism and Industrialism grew to be twin giants of evil in Britain during the eighteenth century. That is why all the spirit and tradition of modern industry came to be capitalist, and it was the existence of this monopolist and frankly plutocratic caste which, in Britain especially, framed every law, and from the bench interpreted every case in such a fashion that the more wealth grew under the new industrial system the more it should be concentrated in the hands of the rich, and the more the population grew the more that population should be bred hopelessly proletarian. The thing was launched in Britain, and received its direction and spirit under British conditions. Wherever it has since struck root throughout the world it has carried with it and developed the mark and spirit of its origin.

In order to appreciate how true this is let us conceive of the inventor or supporter of one of the new systems of production attempting what is called its capitalization; let us understand what that word capitalization means, and let us appreciate how, under the conditions which the Reformation, and the Reformation alone, had permitted to arise, the process of capitalization necessarily made for the dreadful results which we can now hardly any longer endure.

What is capitalization?

When the inventor or promoter of an idea seeks to "capitalize" it, what is the real economic meaning of his action?

It means that during the period of time required to pro-

duce such and such wealth by the new process, a certain amount of food, clothing, housing material, etc., must be consumed by the labor employed in producing that wealth. The people who are to make it known as well as the people who are actually to produce it, the people who are to manage it, and all the rest, during that period of production must live, and they can only live upon the accumulated results of past production. Unless, therefore, some person or persons controlling these accumulated results of past production are willing to put them at the service of the new process, the new process cannot take place at all.

Now the accumulated results of past production are nothing more or less than the wealth of the community: its houses, tools, stores of food and drink, and so on.

If all these things belonged to one man you could not "capitalize" any new process except by going to that one man and giving him the control of it.

If it, the wealth of the whole country, were divided up among all the families, you would have to go to a great number of those families, or to some group of them, to get capital when you needed it in any large amount.

That is precisely what took place in the Middle Ages when land and capital were properly divided among the great mass of the families of the community, and when the means of production and the accumulated stores of wealth necessary to any great enterprise were largely controlled by corporations and by Guilds. The undertaking of any great work meant that you had to approach corporations of small capitalists and work through them. The bigness of an economic enterprise does not mean that you have to go to a big *capitalist* to get it started; it only means that you have to get big *capital* together—which is quite a different thing. A cathedral like Amiens needed enormous capitalization; but it was not built by going to a contractor and letting him exploit a proletarian working class. It was built by approaching a number of Guilds. And the cranes and pulleys and saws and all the rest of it—the accumulated wealth without which that cathedral could not have been built—was brought together for the work by the co-operation of a great number of free people and not by the action of one or two rich men.

But when the means of production, the land and wealth of

the country, had *already* got into the hands of a few rich men—(which, as a result of the Reformation, was the social condition of England at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution)—*it was necessary to have the new industry capitalized and run after the fashion of this rich class with its avarice, its secrecy, its uncontrolled competition and its determination to keep the majority of the community dependent upon itself.*

There is no economic necessity whatsoever which, from the mere increase in the cost of the means of production will produce a proletariat. There is no economic necessity which, from the mere fact of combining great numbers in production will produce a proletariat. A proletariat and all the awful things connoted by that economic term comes, as every man-made evil comes, from the mind of man. Moral not material causes made capitalism; and *capitalism was, I repeat, already in existence before the Industrial Revolution came to increase it so vastly in power and to develop so thoroughly all its vices of cruelty, avarice and hazard.*

If the Industrial Revolution, that is the new discoveries, had fallen in a time and place of well divided capital and land, and of a sane social philosophy, we should have to-day stable co-operative industry in the place of the horrors we know.

Every evil, if it is of a fundamental and moral sort, may be observed (when it has produced its fruit) to attempt to remedy itself by yet another evil. So it is with the Capitalist scheme of production which has its roots in the Reformation. It takes its moral vices for granted, thinks of them as normal to human nature and necessary to any condition of society, and then proposes to remedy their intolerable effects by the inhuman scheme of Collectivism.

Well, in this matter as in every other important social affair, the Catholic Church is on one side and its enemies upon the other; and the spirit of the Catholic Church where it prevails in the future will not permit industrialism as we now know it, and will certainly have nothing to say to Collectivism, but will restore the normal and fundamental institution of property, widely distributed among free men, which distribution with its accompanying freedom was, purely of temporal effects, the chief effect the Faith had upon European civilization.

Now where the Faith does not conquer in the battle, what we shall have will not be a Collectivist State. That is im-

possible; you might as well expect men to walk on their hands. What you will get in the loss of the Faith will be the Servile State: that condition of society which the Catholic Church discovered in Europe when first she came, and into which Europeans will sink again wherever they permanently abandon her.

The absence of the Faith will produce a society in which the mass shall be guaranteed in sufficiency and security but shall *not* be put into possession of the means of production, while to a minority who will still be the possessors of the means of production, there will be guaranteed security in their privileged position. Institutions which thus permanently divide the state into possessors and non-possessors are—whatever you call them—essentially institutions of slavery.

Compulsory labor has already been suggested in modern England, and widely has the suggestion been supported. Every so-called "Social Reformer" is moving in that non-Catholic industrial society not towards Collectivism at all but towards the Servile State. The same is true of Protestant North Germany; and perhaps men now alive will survive to see a division in Western civilization between societies which, like the Irish, have not lost the tradition of civilization, and will, therefore, establish well-divided property; and, side by side with them, industrial societies based upon the ancient institution of slavery.

So much for the material product, or at least the economic product, of the Reformation; but beneath it all there is of course the moral product, for which the best and also the most contemptuous name I know is "Modern Thought." There is that frame of mind set up against the Catholic Church, upon whose victory or defeat the future fortunes of Europe must turn.

To describe that state of mind and to estimate the chances of the coming battle between it and the Faith, will be my task in the next and last of this series of articles.

New Books.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE.

By Francis Thompson. London: Burns and Oates. 50 cents.

We naturally look forward with the keenest interest to any posthumous work of Francis Thompson's. The famous essay on Shelley, which was given to the public shortly after his death, made us wonder whether that was to be the established masterpiece among his prose writings: certainly up to the present it is far and above anything of his that his literary executor has put into print. *St. Ignatius of Loyola*, let us confess it, in spite of Dr. Barry's warm phrases in the *Dublin Review*, disappointed us; it was written to order, and Thompson found it drudgery: that is its severest condemnation.

The Life and Labors of St. John Baptist de la Salle shares qualities of both of the above-mentioned works: the first five chapters are matter-of-fact narrative, dealing with the life of the founder of the Christian Brothers, and it is only in a concluding chapter that we really recognize the pen of the author of the magic *Shelley*.

In the greater part of this little work, Thompson appears to be handling a cold piece of iron (and as iron it is not uninteresting), but at the end it becomes a polished and flashing spear-head, which the wielder thrusts into the very heart of Individualism. For de la Salle was the pioneer of Free Education, and this is part of a common tendency which involves the very negation of Individualism. Call that tendency socialistic, if you will; rather it is Christian and Catholic, and it knew the red cassock before it was crowned with the red cap.

Red has come to be a color feared; it ought rather to be a color loved. For it is ours. The color is ours, and what it symbolizes is ours. The sectaries came in the night, as we lay asleep, and stole it from us. Many of our garments have they masked in; never in one more distinctively our own than this. Red in all its grades—from the scarlet of the Sacred College to that imperial color we call purple, the tinge of clotted blood, which we have fitly made the symbol of the dead Christ—it is ours. Hue of the Princes of the Church; hue of Martyrs; hue of sway and love, and Passion-tide; ours by

divinest heritage ; vesture in which the Proto-Martyr of Freedom hung upon Calvary. To that garb of liberty a Cardinal is proudly lineal ; a Prince of the Blood indeed !

We Catholics have nothing to fear ultimately from the Secularist, nothing from the Socialist ; whatever good there is in their systems will fall to our reaping ; the evil will pass with the passing of their lives. " Good steel wins in the hands that can wield it longest ; and those hands are ours."

It is to a free education and to a true education that Thompson looks for half the solution of the social problem. We may, indeed, strive to relieve the tottering adult misery that shames the world, but our hopes must rest upon the child—a potential soil that will respond to good husbandry. " Think of it. If Christ stood amidst your London slums, He could not say : ' Except ye become as *these* little children.' Far better your children were cast from the bridges of London, than they should become as those little ones." And the poet who wrote *A Child's Kiss* knew much about those " little ones"—flowers fallen from the coronal of Spring.

As a " life " of de la Salle, the book is interesting : to many it will be invaluable inasmuch as it contains some few pages of brilliant composition which they always wish to associate with the name of Francis Thompson.

MEMORIES AND STUDIES. By William James. New York : Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75.

This volume contains the hitherto scattered addresses and essays of the late Professor James, now collected and published by his son. A new book by William James is always welcome. One only regrets that this must be the last. Few men have possessed his gift of making philosophy interesting. He will not rank amongst the great philosophers of the world. His attempts at constructive-work on a large scale are generally half-hearted and incomplete. The system of Pragmatism, which is his boldest effort in metaphysics, will not withstand the tooth of time. But he was a searching and ruthless critic of pretentious systems of philosophy. And in the description of mental states he has hardly a peer. He was most at home in the field where psychology and ethics come into touch with the practical side of existence—types of character, ideals of

life, ends in education, etc. His work is a contribution to literature not less than to philosophy, often to literature more than to philosophy. His style, vivid, direct, personal, often humorous, with a distinct American tang to it, is a model for those who have to discuss difficult problems from the lecture platform.

The present volume is sufficiently diverse to illustrate the various elements in the foregoing criticism. The "Memories" are delightful pictures of old friends, and show the fine human side of the Professor himself. The best of these is the article on Thomas Davidson, whom James styles "A Knight-Errant of the Intellectual Life." There are several addresses on educational topics. A very interesting psychological study is "The Energies of Men," a study on getting one's "second wind." A good specimen of James as a critic is the chapter on "Herbert Spencer's Autobiography. His estimate of Spencer's personality is worth quoting at least in part:

His erudition was prodigious. His civic conscience and his social courage both were admirable. His life was pure. He was devoted to truth and usefulness, and his character was wholly free from envy and malice (though not from contempt). Surely, any one hearing this veracious enumeration would think that Spencer must have been a rich and exuberant human being. . . . Yet when we turn to the autobiography, the self-confession which we find is this: An old-maidish personage, inhabiting boarding-houses, equable and lukewarm in all his tastes and passions, having no desultory curiosity, showing little interest in either books or people. A petty fault-finder and stickler for trifles, devoid in youth of any wide designs on life, fond only of the more mechanical side of things, yet drifting as it were involuntarily into the possession of a world formula which by dint of his extraordinary pertinacity he proceeded to apply to so many special cases that it made him a philosopher in spite of himself.

James also criticises Spencer's work in philosophy. He has not changed the view he expressed years ago when he referred to it as "this sort of chromo-philosophy."

One turns with eagerness to the chapter entitled, "Final Impressions of a Psychic Researcher." The final impressions are indefinite enough, but that only shows James' good sense.

He says there are facts of psychic research not explained by normal laws. But "I personally am as yet neither a convinced believer in parasitic demons, nor a spiritist, nor a scientist, but still remain a psychical researcher waiting for more facts before concluding."

PLAIN TOWNS OF ITALY: THE CITIES OF OLD VENETIA.

By Egerton R. Williams, Jr. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

After an interval of some eight years, Mr. Williams adds a companion volume to his *Hill-Towns of Italy*. Four years of residence and work in Italy have enabled him to give to the present work that greater care and wider relationship which old Venetia demands for the proper exposition of its varied treasures. Both well-known cities and little visited towns tax the resourcefulness and the patience of the writer who aims "to enable the fireside reader to see the whole of the lovely Veneto." As an elaborate and scholarly supplement to Baedeker for those who wish to go thoroughly into what is in some respects the most interesting section of Upper Italy, the volume is a satisfactory piece of work, giving us little to criticise or to desiderate. To travelers endowed with more fervor than discrimination we commend the author's comment on the suburbs of Treviso. "These brand-new villas were so extraordinary in design and ornamentation, so exemplary of the awfully misguided taste of the modern Italians, that they were worth walking miles to see; such a nameless patchwork of walls, pavilions, recesses, chimneys, flat-roofs, pent-roofs, archways, mansards, in no style nor method ever known to man, with brick here and stone there, plain stucco here and rough stucco there, glaring each in half-a-dozen frightful, discordant colors, daubed from eaves to basement with every sort of discordant ornament (forgive the name!),—they were an abominable concatenation that would shake the nerves."

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ITALY. By W. W. Collins, R. I. Illustrated by the author. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3.50.

Mr. Collins' book is one to be read with satisfaction and recommended with enthusiasm. He is as skilful and discreet in describing historical background with his pen as he

is original and alluring in painting great monuments with his brush. Just enough is said, just enough pictured, to make the reader understand and to make the observer desire. The volume is about what the layman would need in order to visit with profit and delight the chief Cathedrals of Italy. It is not, of course, a history of art, neither is it a guide-book; but it is a beautiful and practical key to knowledge that the average, well-educated American will, as a rule, reasonably but in vain, seek to acquire in a single volume.

SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT. By Scott Nearing, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Social Adjustment contains chapters on Education, Standards of Living, Congestion, Working Women, The Family, The American Home, Overwork, Dangerous Trades, Child Labor, Unemployment, Legislation.

Of course a person of Professor Nearing's intelligence and experience cannot discuss the problems set before us here without saying much that is useful and much that is interesting. Yet persons who possess the powers of discrimination which, we hope, are characteristic of his readers, will hardly turn a page of this volume without something like mental irritation. The sweeping generalization, the hasty final verdict, the lofty scorn of what has been, the serene satisfaction with what now is, the prophetic description of what is about to be—these and a dozen other forms of gratuitous blundering have made the judicial-minded and scientific-tempered writer on social reform a rare specimen nowadays. Professor Nearing is of the many. In the social sciences, as in the book before us, there are great and wonderful lessons to be learned. By what right are the facts of the case so commonly confused with a superficial philosophy and brought into discredit by a dogmatic tone?

Professor Nearing has chosen for discussion a vital topic and with regard to a thousand things that bear upon it he is undoubtedly well-informed. His discussion of maladjustment and possible remedies will be of no little value to the reader who can disentangle truth from prepossessions and, for the sake of an author's real merits, overlook his blattering ineptitude.

THE EDUCATION OF CATHOLIC GIRLS. By Janet Erskine Stuart. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

No subject is fraught with greater interest for society and the Church than the education of Catholic womanhood, for it is to woman that the future must look so largely for the persistence of the religious ideal in life. The Church, ever desiring the best for her children, has ever denied that education to be best which ignores or impugns God's right to be known, and the soul's right to be led into His knowledge. She not only proclaims this two-fold right, but places before the world for its realization a definite content of spiritual teaching. The sacred duty of so using this treasure as to obtain the highest result in character and will, is the inspiring motive of Janet Erskine Stuart's *Education of Catholic Girls*.

The opening Chapter on "Religion" merits the careful study of all within whose province it comes to speak to children of the things of God. The far-reaching effects of first impressions are pointed out, "the grievous wrong done to children by well-meaning but misguided efforts to 'make them good' by dwelling on the vengeance of God." "God has a right to be set before them as worthily as our capacity allows, as beautifully as human language can convey the mysteries of faith. . . . The child has a right to learn the best it can know of God since the happiness of its life not only in eternity but even in time is bound up in that knowledge." The teacher must "live the life as well as know the truth, and love both truth and life in order to make them loved," for truly "only one who is constantly growing in grace and love and knowledge can give the true appreciation of what that grace and love and knowledge are in their bearing on human life." To be grounded in right and clear thinking on the great truths of religion is essential to leading others to right thought and practice and the noble friendship of God and of His Saints. We must rear a race virile and intelligent in faith, fearless and independent in practice, for "now, as in the earliest ages, the faithful stand in small assemblies or as individuals amid cold and hostile surroundings, and individual faith and sanctity are the chief means of extending the Kingdom of God on earth." The time has gone by when the faith of childhood might be carried through life unassailed by questionings from without.

Scarcely less important are the two chapters on "Character." In her diagnosis of temperament and prognosis of development under given influences Madame Stuart shows keen and unerring spiritual science. She follows, in the main, the familiar classifications of temperaments but her personal division into "yes and no," "Catholic and Nonconformist" children throws new light upon many an unsolved child-problem.

The power of habits, acquired by training, to engrave upon the temperament the stamp of character is shown, but temperament is still reckoned with, as the underlying basis, constantly reasserting itself and only yielding fully to the mastery and transforming grace of the sacramental life.

The educational value of Catholic philosophy and the fundamental influence of Art and Manners are carefully presented. In the Chapter on "Mathematics and Natural Science," we seem to detect a lack of sympathy with these studies because they do not bear so directly upon character issues. But, while the taste of the few is somewhat disregarded, the proper scientific attitude of humble, patient waiting for proven results is inculcated.

The author is at her best when unfolding the lessons of history with the synthetic power of the Catholic view-point. To English, as their natural medium of absorption and exhalation, is given the "central place" in the education of English-speaking girls; and Modern Languages have a more than surface value, for the "particular educational gift to be found there is width of sympathy and understanding." Since "it is almost uncouth for us to grow up without any knowledge of the language of Holy Church," Latin becomes a *sine quâ non* in the Catholic girl's curriculum.

To manual training is given great importance. Nature study also has its appeal,—it is of "greater value to a child to have grown one perfect flower than to have pulled many to pieces to examine their structure."

The far-seeing eye which makes Madame Stuart's work generally so admirable would seem to be an exaggerated apprehension in the chapter on "Lessons and Play." Her protest against the purposeless Golliwog and the omnipresent Teddy Bear are not to be wondered at, but we doubt whether the Golliwog will ever become an exemplar, or the Teddy

Bear be responsible for anything more bearish in the nursery than the hugging of himself. We would also suggest in defense of the mechanical toy its stimulating effect on the inventive mind, and its service in familiarizing the child with mechanisms common in daily use. Food for thought is to be found in the author's suggestion that, however valuable, organized play is questionable as a relaxation from organized work.

The child's love of "real people" sounds the key-note of "the highest quality for a teacher of girls, great sincerity," for "to be honestly one's self is more impressive for good than to be a very superior person by imitation." Professional mannerisms are to be avoided. Sincerity begets sincerity.

We can but regret that, despite these great principles, Madame Stuart begs the question so vital to-day of "anticipated instruction in the duties and dangers of grown-up life." Why, if to arm faith "we must be able to speak truth without being afraid of its consequences," should we not protect morals with a like sincerity? Cowardice of parents and teachers has too long exposed girls to the dire results of ignorance, or left them to learn the great secrets of life from corrupting companions, or from the distorted views flaunted abroad in the press and on the stage. Mary, the "Lily of Purity," fresh from the Temple, was not thus ignorant of life's duties or its dangers. Morbid interest hangs around the unknown, and is blown away by the knowledge which co-relates life's duties and dangers with the "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" of God's law. To extend the teachers' sincerity into this field would efface morbid curiosity, and even "girls of a school-room age" might be trusted to show personal conscience in their selection and rejection of reading, and so live up to the rules of the Archbishop of Westminster."

To parents considering higher education for their girls, we would invite attention to Madame Stuart's rule of fitness: "To be fit for higher education calls for much acquired self-restraint. and, unfortunately, it is on the contrary, sometimes sought as an opening for speedier emancipation from control. Those who seek it in this spirit are of all others least fitted to receive it, for the aim is false, and it gives a false movement to the whole being . . . the higher education of women has flowered under Catholic influence, it has had a strong

basis of moral worth, of discipline, and control to sustain the expansion of intellectual life." Outside the Church it "has tended to one-sidedness, to non-conformity of manners, of character, and of mind, to extremes, to want of balance, and to loss of equilibrium in the social order, by straining after uniformity of rights and aims and occupations."

Madame Stuart's whole book witnesses to her love of knowledge and of children so essential in a teacher. She lays no claim to having solved the problem, but she has pointed the way towards solutions and lifted the ideal heavenward for both teacher and pupil.

"Life tries the work of education 'of what sort it is.'" The woman who stands the test shows a quiet of mind "removed from stagnation, unswayed by excitement"; and a "firmness of will" manifested in reserve and self-devotion.

Such a book as this should yield us more abundantly the perfect product of Catholic education, "that particular orientation of mind which is independent of this world, knowing the account which it must give to God."

INDUSTRIAL CAUSES OF CONGESTION OF POPULATION IN NEW YORK CITY. By Edward Ewing Pratt, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.

Vol. XLIII of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

Dr. Pratt's monograph is a patient, discriminating, conscientious piece of research, creditable alike to his character and his intellect. Conceived in a thoroughly scientific spirit, the study examines, with most laborious and careful method, such data as could be brought to bear on the relation between the location of New York manufacturing plants and the distribution of population. Five chapters present valuable statistical material—largely original—and the final thirteen pages discuss conclusions and remedies. The interesting and extremely useful account of the author's gradual elaboration of his method of investigation will be especially profitable to students doing research work in related fields.

Briefly, the chief remedy for congestion is city planning, which will both segregate factories and forestall improper suburban tenements. Dr. Pratt's deductions from his carefully

sought data are modest and reasonable—a good object lesson to the type of student that investigates little and suggests much.

THE SPIRIT OF SOCIAL WORK. Addresses by Edward T. Devine. New York: Charities Publication Committee. \$1.

If the printers had not substituted a "decorated" for a plain, ordinary type, this volume might have been a very good specimen of their work, for otherwise it is a well-made book. It presents nine addresses on topics connected with the movements of modern philanthropy, by the Editor of *The Survey*. Mr. Devine says truly: "we are all culpably, incredibly ignorant of the very things which it would be most to our advantage and most to our credit to know." Now, when philanthropic practice of some sort is supposed to engage everybody's attention, it is more than ever necessary that benevolent intentions should be rightly guided; so if these addresses are theoretical rather than practical, they are none the less timely and useful. Mr. Devine's appeal is for greater interest in the *hindrance* of crime and misery, for more decision in dealing with those whose greed begets them, for more stringent laws in relation to housing, to women's and children's labor, and for "a determination to seek out and strike effectively at those organized forces of evil, the particular causes of dependence and intolerable living-conditions which are beyond the control of the individuals whom they injure and destroy."

"The Problems of the Police" "The Dominant Note of Modern Philanthropy," and "The Religious Treatment of Poverty," are the most important of these papers. In the last named, Mr. Devine touches upon a consideration too frequently ignored by modern philanthropists, namely: the moral, spiritual and religious education and preparation necessary for those who would rightly do good works and the advantage to those endeavors of a religious basis. In "The Conservation of Human Life," Mr. Devine urges for it the same claims which have been applied to the duty of conserving our natural resources. "The Tenement Homes in Modern Cities," is somewhat unsatisfactory since it only deals with what might be called "the decent flat," which is bad enough, to be sure, but worse remains behind.

In "The Substantial Value of Woman's Vote," Mr. Devine though professing himself a convinced suffragist, in summing up what woman's vote would do, makes the queer mistake of attending to scarcely anything that woman couldn't do without it.

"The Next Quarter Century" is a hopeful view of possibilities. Nevertheless Mr. Devine recognizes as we all must, that there are tremendous rocks ahead, political, industrial and anti-social, and that by far the most difficult as well as the most vital reform to persuade mankind to make, is that which as Thoreau says, "begins before I unlock my door in the morning."

UNDER WESTERN EYES. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper Brothers. \$1.25.

We have here a minute study of Russian character, particularly in relation to political and national aspirations. Mr. Conrad was born in Russian dominions and passed his early childhood in Siberia, and he seems to have imbibed an intimate knowledge of not only the manners and customs but of that indefinable atmosphere which characterizes and differentiates the various races of the world. This, with his great ability for synthetic writing, helps to bring him through a work which would prove an impossibility for most contemporary writers. He bases a well-proportioned book on the frail incident of one student's visit to another.

The one, Haldin, a revolutionist and successful bomb-thrower, drops in unexpectedly to the room of Razumov, a quiet, hard-working student. Haldin confesses that he is the slayer of the high state official whose death, the same morning, has caused terror in Russian society. He asks Razumov to obtain his escape by visiting a drunken car-driver whose usual fares are thieves and revolutionists. On finding the driver drunk to insensibility Razumov thrashes him unmercifully. While going homewards he decides to betray Haldin to the police. This done, the story begins to move onwards.

As in all his other books, Mr. Conrad rejects the conventional construction adopted by novelists. He plans and erects after his own genius which leaves a stamp of originality on every page. His character-sketching is done with a masterly hand. Razumov is one of those creations of imagination

which live with a living, palpitating heart. Mr. Conrad is to be congratulated on this fine study of human nature, a study that will rank near that of Lord Jim. The peculiar thing about *Under Western Eyes* is the vein of anticipation which runs through it, and which draws on the reader page by page, holding his attention through many a long paragraph of psychological speculation. This sense of anticipation is not obtained by any mere trickery of a literary craftsman, but by the slow, logical development of the story. From whatever standpoint the book may be viewed it must be described as a remarkable piece of work.

THE SUPERSTITION CALLED SOCIALISM. By G. W. de Tonzelmann, B.Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott \$1.50.

The author of this volume, who has published several volumes on Electricity, has the advantage of writing from the standpoint of personal contact with Socialists and of debate among them. He frankly states that he offers us a book "written primarily to meet the requirements of the anti-socialist speaker." He shows much familiarity with socialist literature and tactics, and consequently writes with much confidence in his positions. Since the economic and political features of the author's views are, on the whole, similar to those found in anti-socialist literature, they require no particular mention in this notice. The volume will be of value to those—and may their number grow—who feel called upon to enter actively into the campaign against Socialism. The color of English politics and social conditions found throughout the volume, adds somewhat to its interest. The author works in association with the English anti-Socialist Union.

It may be doubted whether or not this treatise will help us very far on the way toward social peace. Many social students feel that Conservative leadership is not measuring up to the demands made on it. We are moving ahead in spots. We are moving too slowly in those spots. We are moving ahead at too great cost of time and effort. Such is the constitution of things that separately and unrelated, statesmen, judges, legislators, scholars and clergymen, as well as labor leaders, admit abuses, decry them, admit the shame of them, and yet they cannot or will not get together in proportion to their indignation and remedy them. Meantime, babies die,

children are robbed of childhood and innocence; women and girls slave for wages that shame us, and industry sends disease and death among our laborers, because prevention of them would reduce profits. We are moving ahead, but too slowly. The author's chapter on "Social Progress," tells us what ought to be done. Who is to blame that these things are not done? Our share of blame for the rise of Socialism Should receive attention.

MONA: A DRAMA. By Brian Hooker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Some two years ago the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, offered a prize of \$10,000. for the best Grand Opera written by an American. The work now before us has gained this prize, the *libretto* being by Mr. Brian Hooker, the music by Professor Horatio Parker. So very many unkind things have been said about operatic *libretti* that we fear *Mona* cannot escape adverse criticism. In theory a high standard is set for this kind of writing, but in practice the lowest grade of literary work is accepted. *Mona* is not a striking work, either from the point of view of originality or of literary skill. As one reads one cannot help thinking that the same ideas have been expressed before. The story is commonplace, and the manner of working it out equally so. The author sometimes does not appear to perceive that his words are capable of more than one meaning; while the selection of good vowel sounds—singable words—is very poor indeed.

The story is set in Britain in the first century of the Christian era. A young girl, Mona, a direct lineal descendant of Boadicea, is in love with Gwynne (Quintus) the son of the Roman Governor. Gwynne has become a Bard of Britain. He leaves nothing undone to bring about peace between the British and the Romans. On this hinges the plot of the book. A thirst for revenge and national independence seizes upon the British. Caradoc, the Chief Bard of Britain, discovers to Mona her relationship to Boadicea. She is urged to take her lawful place in the nation, to lead her subjects. Fired with enthusiasm she goes from place to place, stirring up the British to revolt against the Romans. Gwynne follows her everywhere, endeavoring to have peace kept and protecting her

(without her knowledge) from death at the hands of the Roman soldiers. The attempt of the British to surprise the Roman camp fails so signally that Mona brands Gwynne as a betrayer of the British plans; he having known them previously but having sworn the secrecy of a Bard. He protests his innocence and his good intentions. In reply Mona treacherously murders him, only to learn that all he said was true.

THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate of London (represented in this country by Messrs. Henry Holt & Company) have projected a series of books which to all appearances, if we may judge by the volumes now on our table, will be of considerable value for the promotion of knowledge. While we say this off-hand it may come to pass that we may have to find fault from a Catholic standpoint with the treatment of certain questions. So far, however, we have found nothing but what is liberal and free from anything antagonistic to what Catholics cherish. The series is called *The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge*. Each volume is bound in dark brown cloth and well-printed, and costs 75 cents.

In *Evolution*, by Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thompson we have a book written in a very moderate tone and devoid of those wild assertions based on the researches and theories of Darwin so frequently found in literature. The two distinguished Professors who have written the work bring forward an amount of interesting material, but no one can peruse their pages without seeing that at times they are hard pressed to fit in existing evidence with theories of what was in being in past ages. And we cannot help saying that occasionally a touch of absurdity enters into their arguments. This, however, is to be expected when so much theory and so very little evidence is presented. On p. 66 we find an honest confession—which many a flippant popularizer of science should take to heart.

"In this case (the writers are speaking of Mendelian experiments) and throughout all consideration of 'evidences,' it must be remembered that the evolution idea cannot be logically demonstrated. It is not a simple induction from particulars, thoroughly as particulars support it. It is a way of looking at the becoming of things; and it is the only

scientific model interpretation that has been suggested. It is a formula that fits the facts, and all the facts it fits are its 'evidences.'"

The Animal World, by F. W. Gamble is full of interesting matter on the structure and distribution of animals, their quest for food, their color, senses, association and mode of living. Professor Gamble's references to insect life are the most attractive portions of the book. It is not often that an *Introduction* to a small book deserves special mention. That of Sir Oliver Lodge prefixed to this one is a mixture of science and philosophy. He makes some references to life which are of a pitiable, childlike simplicity. If he is waiting for a biologist to teach him what the meaning of life is, he will be a sad man on his death-bed. "Every year," he writes, "no doubt, brings them (biologists) nearer the solution, but to all appearance that solution is still far away." Yes, indeed, for biologists as such, but a Catholic priest will enlighten the learned scientist if reason be listened to.

Dukinfield Henry Scott, in *The Evolution of Plants*, first states the problem of evolution and then proceeds to heap fact upon fact without any apparent great relevancy to the problem required to be solved. In the course of the chapters there is much information that is welcome, having the additional commendation that it is stated generally in clear language. In his last chapter he sums up the results of science and their bearing upon the evolution of plants. Just as in the Geddes-Thompson volume, here also we find evidences of the helpless condition to which scientists are led by evolutionary theories. A few citations will be illuminative:—

"When we get back to the Devonian period, a veil falls, and all the earlier course of evolution (immensely the greater part of the whole history), remains hidden. Scientific men, however, are not always deterred from theory by the absence of facts, . . . " (p. 221). "Within the period from the Devonian age to our own time organization is not shown to have 'largely advanced,' though there may have been changes" (p. 229) . . . "It appears that there has been very little change in European plants since glacial or even pre-glacial times" (p. 232) . . . "The whole problem of Descent is in fact extraordinarily complex, and we are now only at the beginning of the investigation" (p. 237).

THE MASS AND VESTMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. Troy, New York: Troy Times Art Press.

It is the aim of the author to present a volume on the Mass and vestments which will be of some service to Catholics. To ensure this end he has adopted—in opposition to the advice of friends—a catechetical method. Throughout the five hundred pages of the book questions are asked on the various matters presented for consideration, and are answered—sometimes with extreme brevity, at other times with a touch of prolixity. We are of the same opinion as the author's friendly advisers: we would desiderate the older but better form of book-making, one from which greater unity could be obtained. The answers are, as a rule accurate, and the book presents in a form that will no doubt appeal to many, much practical information. In a few places the style is so loose that the meaning is capable of being twisted out of shape.

Altogether there are over forty chapters dealing with the Mass, its ceremonies, and the vestments used. The general scheme is, first, a consideration of the Liturgy in general, then the different kinds and forms of the Liturgy, the Sacrifice of the Mass, its efficacy, fruits and their application; the structure of the Mass; the altar and its adornments; the sacred vessels; the vestments and articles used in conjunction with the Mass; and a supplementary chapter on various other vestments. Is there such a term as Solemn High Mass? Journalists have coined one, but that is no reason why it should creep into a technical treatise on the Mass. To us the term Simple High Mass is also new; we have always heard it called *Missa Cantata*.

The publishers are to be congratulated on their share in the work. They have produced a splendidly printed volume, easily read and accurately printed.

ADRIAN SAVAGE. By Lucas Malet. New York: Harper Brothers. \$1.35.

Lucas Malet, the author of *Sir Richard Calmady*, and, since her conversion to the Church, of that more admirable novel, *The Far Horizon*, has recently published her latest book, *Adrian Savage*. It is surely worthy of serious praise. The author has written thoughtfully and carefully, yet not without

an attractive, light grace of manner. Her treatment of modern social questions is thoroughly sound.

Adrian Savage, the son of an English father and a French mother, is of a temperament which blends happily the romantic and the practical. His experience, like his heredity, is cut in two by the English Channel. In Paris there is the *Literary Review*, of which he is successfully the editor, and there is Gabrielle St. Leger, the young widow of whom he is, not so successfully, the lover. Gabrielle, essentially a child of the age, "with the strange, unrestful wind, the wind of modernity, blowing upon her face," has a decided inclination to feminism, and an accompanying disinclination to marriage. Both perversities Adrian sets out to conquer, and his love-scenes with Gabrielle are of a dainty formality that makes a relieving and pleasant contrast to the strainingly erotic fiction of the hour.

In England Adrian's experience is more painful. Summoned thither to settle the estate of a relative, Montagu Smyrthwaite, he meets as co-executor the elder daughter, Joanna. This woman, with her straight, yellowish hair, pasty complexion, and pale, anxious eyes, with her morbid habit of introspection and her narrow conscientiousness without religion, misinterprets Adrian's cousinly courtesy, and falls passionately in love with him. After years of repression she fastens on him her starved hopes for life and happiness. When she learns of her self-deception, of Adrian's love for Gabrielle, and of their approaching marriage, she kills herself. The extracts from the diary in which poor Joanna tears apart the emotions of her tortured soul are remarkable, not only as showing the author's almost painful character-realism, but also as affording a tacit, inevitably deducted proof of the social value of the convent. Women of Joanna's type, who cannot fulfill themselves as wives and mothers, are forming a distinct social problem; without faith, "denied by man, denying God," what are they to do?

For the characters of the provincial English in the story the author has taken a quietly ironical pen, and its short, pointed strokes make sketches of exceptional cleverness. All the character-drawing, in fact, is good, and the construction of the story is remarkably correct. The only adverse criticism would counsel the omission of the lengthily unpleasant scene between Challoner and Mrs. Spencer.

IRISH NATIONALITY. By Alice Stopford Green. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 75 cents.

Irishmen and their descendants have to express thanks to Mrs. Green for this book which does so much justice to the Old Land. In recent years there has not been, perhaps, any book published capable of producing so much good as this one. And this simply because it will reach a class of readers notoriously ignorant of everything appertaining to Ireland, and equally remarkable for their narrow prejudice against the country and its people. Belonging to the *Home University Library*, a series that is attracting the attention of the literary world, Mrs. Green's book, will on this account, find its way into many homes there to uproot prejudice and create a sympathy for the land of sorrows. For this reason the Editors are worthy of the highest praise for obtaining the aid of Mrs. Green, and for inserting her book among some of the first of the series.

Irish Nationality is a small book, yet full of good things. It is well-written, impartial, and just. Unlike some other modern writers on the same subject, the author is in sympathy with the people. This is neither a mere pose, nor a touch of feminine sentimentality, but a true expression of human kindness begotten from an intimate knowledge of what the Irish have suffered during the past centuries. She shows in her first chapters the general condition of culture in ancient Ireland, the remarkable system for the preservation of law and order, and the general trend of the Irish idea of nationality. By contrasting the tribal system of the country with that in vogue in England and on the continent, the author depicts also the wonderful strength for defensive purposes which lay in the national system of the Irish. While all Europe and England and Scotland lay squirming under the heel of the Roman, Ireland remained free and unconquered.

In discussing the various phases of Irish society, Mrs. Green is rather unsatisfactory when there is question of the Church. There is a want of clearness in her language which may—and we feel will—leave a mistaken idea with some persons that Rome played no part in the religious life of the nation during the centuries immediately succeeding St. Patrick's time. We do not dream, for an instant, of imputing to the author a desire to rank herself with those dilettantes in Irish matters who for purposes of theological controversy make every en-

deavor to eliminate the Pope and Rome from the history of Ireland. To be specific, we find fault with pages 84 and 94, where so much insistence is placed upon a national and independent Church, but where no mention is made that Rome was first and uppermost in the thoughts of the Irish, as is instanced in the Council of Rate-Breasil (of which Mrs. Green makes no mention) presided over by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, and Papal Legate in Ireland; neither is there any reference to the national Council of Holmpatrick in 1148 when the Holy See was petitioned for the palliums, which were afterwards brought in 1151 by a Cardinal specially sent by the Pope to confer the insignia on the Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel and Tuam. The slightest notice of these facts would have removed the misunderstanding which the author's words now make possible. Practically the same objection may be taken to pages 49 and 50 where those hoary, immortal difficulties about the tonsure and Paschal celebrations are lightly sketched. The author has also, we think, missed a point in her insistence that the love of the Irish for St. John the Evangelist came from the tradition that Christianity in Ireland was obtained in the first place from the saint. The history of virtue in Ireland shows why the virgin Apostle was beloved by the Irish, and the idea of the eastern origin of the Irish Church is not seriously considered by scholars, nor was such an idea even entertained by the peasantry. It is one of those theories thought to be of value in discounting the authority of Rome in the country.

These are all the faults we have to find in this remarkable little book. It would be an injustice to the author to gloss them over. All the other pages we read with great pleasure. And it is with pleasure that we commend the book, wishing it Godspeed, and hoping that it will have a wide circulation.

MEMOIRS OF THEODORE THOMAS. By Rose Fay Thomas.
New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$3.

The impression left by this memoir is less that of having read a book than of having had a vision of a full, useful and noble life. Mrs. Thomas has done her work with clearness, simplicity and taste.

This life shows how foolishly mistaken is the popular idea

that there is a necessary connection between artistic power and loose-living. It shows that health of body and mind and purity of spirit eminently assist artistic growth and excellence. "A musician," Thomas says, "must keep his heart pure and his mind clean if he would elevate instead of debasing his art. . . . Those old giants said their prayers when they would write an immortal work." Even as a young man he was careful not only of words and actions but of his thoughts, and Mrs. Thomas says "that he prepared himself for a performance of the ninth symphony, with such seriousness and reverence, that it resembled some high religious festival."

It is, perhaps, as a contribution to the history of music in this country that Mrs. Thomas's book is most valuable, for Thomas was our earliest missionary of serious music and was identified with all the efforts for its cultivation from Maine to California. He was the pioneer who made all our present richness of opportunity possible, and with painful toil and loss he blazed the trail which is now so easy to follow that we forget how much we owe him. All who read this record of his work will have a new sense of gratitude to Theodore Thomas.

The book is well-printed and interestingly illustrated. The contents of chapters are fully given but there is no index.

STUORE. By Michael Earls, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.

Michael Earls, S.J., the author of *Melchior of Boston*, has published a volume of short stories under the title of *Stuore*. "Stuore," it appears, is the old Italian word for mats; three centuries ago a learned Italian Jesuit, Padre Menochio, who employed his scant leisure in writing, just as the early Basilian monks employed theirs in weaving mats, gave that name to his literary productions, and it is now similarly used by the author. The seven stories which the book contains are well worth reading; originality and realism give them interest. In particular, the story called "Dasey," which tells of the miraculous return to sanity of a dying lunatic, by the efficacy of his sister's prayers, is unusual and memorable. Under other authorship the book might be dismissed with such praise of its undoubted worth, but from Father Earls we admit we had expected better things. These stories, above

the ordinary though they are, do not at all fulfill the promise of his earlier work, *Melchior of Boston*. They have its defects, with but few of its merits. Father Earls has not yet realized that he can avoid the pedantic and the too obviously didactic in his work without impairing the serious and the spiritual. He has not yet attained the ease and grace of style by the addition of which *Melchior of Boston* could have been a really great book. Nor can he hope for literary completion as long as his work remains unleavened by humor. It is very possible, however, that the stories in this volume are casual writings, casually collected, and that the author has in preparation a more representative book, one which will justify our belief in his talent.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST, by Gerhart Hauptmann. (New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50). This is announced by the publisher as "a weighty, almost monumental study in the religious emotions of Protestant Christianity," but it is hard to see that any purpose is served by this tedious, painful, morbid and uninteresting story of a poor visionary who comes to believe himself, and to be accepted by his "disciples" as Christ come on earth again. It is another of those many futile attempts which only a perverse misunderstanding of the Divine Life makes possible, an attempt to construct a character which shall re-enact the life of the Son of Man, and then show the hard and unchristian behavior of Church and State in not accepting the fanatic at his own valuation. It is difficult to guess to what class such a book appeals. It is too exclusively occupied with religious monotony and too dull to please a novel-reader, it contains nothing for intelligent or intellectual persons, nothing for any who are really interested in religion. The translation from the German seems to be carelessly done.

ESSENTIALS OF SPANISH GRAMMAR, by Samuel Garner, Ph.D. (New York: American Book Company. \$1). Dr. Garner's small volume, containing mere rudiments of Spanish, will be appreciated by that unduly large class who desire a hastily acquired and permanently superficial knowledge of the grammar. "Unduly large" and yet not despicable is that group which is impatient of grammatical refinements and philo-

logical researches. It also very often puts its knowledge to good practical use. And if such pupils study this book under a strenuous teacher they will make considerable progress in a little time.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN IN RELIGION, by George Hodges. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50). Dean Hodges' contribution to the literature of religious education consists of fifteen chapters devoted to suggestions that may enable fathers and mothers and teachers to perform their duty with a clear mind and good results. It is a reverent and sensible book, although not needed by the well-instructed and loyal Catholic parent.

NORA'S MISSION, by Mary Agnes Finn. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents), is a mediocre story of Irish life. The author's purpose is without doubt sincere and lofty, but her execution is not praiseworthy. Though Nora's mission in life was a noble one—nothing less than the conversion to Catholicity of an entire family—it is a pity it were not told to us in a better and more convincing way.

THE LITTLE COUNT OF NORMANDY, by Evalcen Stein. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25). In the story of Raoul we have a fair enough account of the life of a well-born boy in feudal times. The boy flies the falcon, serves as page, falls into the clutches of a robber-baron just exactly as a boy should do in any orthodox tale of thirteenth century Normandy. The story is smoothly told, but the author has not been fortunate in the choice of her illustrator.

OUR DAILY BREAD, by Walter Dwight, S.J. (New York: The Apostleship of Prayer. 50 cents.) To the readers of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and to numerous others the writings of Father Dwight are well-known and always welcome. Simple and unaffected, at times brusque and business-like, they always carry conviction. In his new book, *Our Daily Bread*, (new in the sense that these discourses appear for the first time in book form)—his message is the practice of frequent, and, if possible, daily Communion. The author looks at the question from all sides and from every point

of view. The chapter, "The Senior Partner," will appeal to the business man. The children's needs are treated in the paper entitled "The Magic Bread." It is to be regretted that there is no index and that no titles are given to the excellent illustrations.

STUDIES IN INVALID OCCUPATION: A Manual for Nurses and Attendants. By Susan E. Tracy. (Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows. \$1.50). This interesting book is the outcome of actual experiments in the Training School for Nurses of the Adams Nervine Asylum, Jamaica Plain, Mass. The Superintendent of that Institution, Dr. Fuller, contributes a convincing introduction on the need of teaching nurses the art of providing employment for the idle hours of patients. Nurses and physicians who are not as naturally ingenious and resourceful as would be desirable, will find this volume worthy of careful attention. Typical patients are considered in separate chapters and the resources of clothespins, paper, cloth, cardboard, wood, raffia, pine-needles, eggshells, and the like, are suggestively demonstrated.

CIVIC BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR GREATER NEW YORK. Edited by James Bronson Reynolds for the New York Research Council. (New York: Charities Publication Committee). Mr. Reynolds has edited a book helpful to students of social conditions in New York. It will serve to start them on the road, but it can hardly be said to attain its rather ambitious aim "to give them access to all important material in print in their several lines of work or investigation." Its fifteen sections comprehend Population, Economic Conditions, Transportation, Housing, Correction, Charities and Education. The references include eleven libraries. The oversight which left "A" as an abbreviation unexplained has been repaired by the preparation of a printed slip which may be obtained on application to the publishers and inserted as a corrigendum.

AN unambitious, but clever story is *Alias Kitty Casey*, by Mary Gertrude Williams, (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 85 cents). A girl of position and refinement decides, under peculiar circumstances, to go as chambermaid to a summer hotel. Comical situations naturally follow, but pathos

creeps in, too, and once even stumbles to the verge of tragedy. The author writes with skill and humor.

THE MARLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY of Boston has just brought out a new edition of the *Tales of Mt. St. Bernard* by the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J., to which has been added a short story by Lady Georgiana Fullerton—*The Handkerchief at the Window*. The "Tales" by Father Anderdon are supposed to be told by the travelers snow-bound in the hospice of an Alpine monastery. Like Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, which they of course recall, these stories gain in interest by their diversified theme and style, and they make a very pleasing volume. The story by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which completes the volume, needs beyond its author's name no further surety of originality and worth. (Price 75 cents).

BENZIGER BROTHERS, publish *The Old Home*, a book of short stories—simple, graceful tales, written by Dr. Chatelain, and translated from the French by Susan Gavan Duffy. (75 cents).

THROUGH THE BREAK IN THE WEB, by Stevens Dane, (New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents), is a story of a London solicitor and his stenographer—a rather weak story, but pretty and pathetic.

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH, by A. Borini, (New York: Benziger Brothers. 30 cents), is a well-meaning story, but its boring qualities cannot be overstated.

THE clever stories of Marion Ames Taggart have won her a sure place on the list of Catholic writers for children. Under the title, *Nancy, the Doctor's Little Partner*, (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50), Miss Taggart has published the third story in "The Doctor's Little Girl" Series. All three books make pleasant and recommendable reading for children.

HONEY-SWEET, a new story for little girls, by Edna Turpin, (New York: The Macmillan Company \$1.25), is pleasant and wholesome; also more sensible than the title would indicate.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (11 Nov.): "Cardinal Gibbons."—"The Titles of the Hierarchy." "The creation of two new Archbishops has not occasioned any alarm in the minds of the general public. Nobody regards the action of the Pope in the light of a menace to the Church of England, as by law established; a sufficiently significant indication that times have changed, and changed in our favor."—The Benedictine Abbot of Ealing recently exposed the latest "Escaped Nun" myth, together with the names of those persons who abetted the fraudulent lecturer.

(18 Nov.): One of the latest official acts of the French Government is the eviction of the Little Sisters of the Assumption from their houses in Lyons and Paris. The Sisters nurse the sick poor in their own homes, yet with no greater crime to their charge than this, these few remaining religious must go.—An International Catholic Institute is to be founded in Rome, to serve as a centre of union for Catholics from all parts of the world.—A Canadian correspondent attributes Sir W. Laurier's defeat in the constituencies of Ontario to the prejudices excited by the publication of the "Ne Temere" decree.

(25 Nov.): University College, Dublin, has just entered on its second academic year as a member of the new National University. Its progress in the past year was so satisfactory that its success seems assured.—The Russian Minister of the Interior, in a circular to the Roman Catholic Bishops in the Empire, forbids all teaching of prayers and doctrine outside of the authorized schools and churches. As most of the parishes are very large—"more than forty miles across"—the "children are allowed to grow up—forced to grow up—absolutely like heathens."

The Month (Dec.): "The Ne Temere Decree," by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, describes the agitation caused by this decree in Protestant circles. The author then defends and justifies its legislations on the question of marriage.—Virginia M. Crawford in the article, "The Ethics of Shopping," strives to awaken the social conscience of

her readers in determining the conditions of labor.—Under the caption "The Sign of the Cross," the Rev. Hubert Thurston, with numerous quotations from the Fathers, some as remote as the second century, traces the history and development of the practice of making the sign of the cross.—"The Word of God: Pagan and Jewish Background," by Rev. C. C. Martindale, is a study of the word *Logos*, and shows that the original languages which enshrine divine revelation, can convey meanings which elude the most accurate of translations.

The National (Dec.): "Episodes of the Month."—In writing of "Welsh Disestablishment," the Right Hon. F. E. Smith urges Welsh Nonconformists to unite with the strongest religious institution in their country—the Established Church in Wales—in order to resist the advancing forces of indifference.—"Italy's Friendship," by E. Capel Cure. Italy asks of England "the calm weighing of cause and effect, of motive and of action, the serene application of praise or of blame, sympathy if sympathy is due, and, above all, justice."—"Germans versus Scandinavians," by a Wayfarer, shows that Germans are unwelcome visitors in Scandinavia.—Paul England in "A Plea for English Song," offers some suggestions to those who wish to forward the cause of opera in English.—"The Little River," by Edgar Syers, presents the author's reminiscences of the Thames above Oxford. "It is appreciated by such only as study to be quiet—its peaceful beauty is too good for any but 'anglers or very honest men.'"

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Nov.): Rev. James MacCaffrey describes the origin and aims of the recently-organized "Catholic Record Society of Ireland." At present its efforts are to be directed mainly to the publication of hitherto unpublished original records. A journal is to be established for that purpose.—"Concerning Hugh Peters in Ireland," by J. B. Williams, sets forth the "true history" of this Cromwellian Colonel prominent in the Drogheda and Wexford massacres. The paper is partly based upon the publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Le Correspondant (10 Nov.): "The Fleet Victim—Powder 'B'

and the Catastrophes of the Sea, is an unsigned article dealing with the causes of the catastrophe to the French battleship *Liberty*, off Toulon, September 26, 1911. The article contains five cross-section cuts and deck plans of the *Liberty*, with one cut of the different kinds of powder in use to-day.—“Count de Chambord, William I. and Bismarck,” by Francis Laurentie, is an article concerning the troublesome days of 1870, based on hitherto unpublished letters which passed between these important personages.—“The Investigation of Life,” by George Blondell, deals with the economic question of the high costs of living, and its causes in France and other countries.—“Our Deputies,” by Elie Geneste, gives the reasons advanced by the different candidates for their election and the promises they intend to fulfill on their election.—“The Chinese Revolution and Its Causes,” is an unsigned article dealing with the history of the agitation for reform raised by Reformist Parties of China, and tracing the most serious uprisings to the numerous secret societies which abound in that country.—“The Thefts in the Museums,” by De Lisle, describes the thefts committed during the past ten years. The article contains a detailed list of the robberies from the different museums of France, of paintings, jewels, statues, money and rare manuscripts. (23 Nov.): “The Elections in Alsace-Lorraine,” by E. Wetterlé describes the results of the last election in this Franco-German province.—“The Budget of 1912,” by Louis Cadot discusses the gradual increase of the national debt of France from 1870 to the enormous debt published in the present budget, describing two methods of liquidating the debt.—“Our Churches in Danger,” by Max Doumic, describes the lamentable condition of the churches of the district of Jura.—“A Minister of the Navy Under Napoleon,” by Victor Martel, describes Admiral Duke Decrès, as a model Minister of War. His most important letters are published in this article.—“The Historical Authority of Renan,” by Michael Salomon, describes the chief points in Renan’s character as advanced by his principal biographers and critics.—“The Lesson from the Italian State Rail-

way," by Daniel Bellet, is a note of warning to the French Government which is anticipating a national ownership of railways.—"The Clergy of Paris During the Revolution," by de Lanzac de Laborie, describes the conditions of the Parisian clergy from 1789-1802. "Feminine Mutuality," by Louise Zeys, describes the societies formed by wealthy women of Paris for relieving the distress of their indigent countrywomen.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Nov.): E. Vacandard brings to a close his sketch of "The Latin Church from the Fourth to the Fifteenth Century."—L. Cl. Fillion contributes a study *A Gospel Romance*, a new novel by M. Gerhart Hauptmann. The story tells of a low-born peasant who imagines himself to be Christ and goes through all the developments which, according to the most advanced hostile critics, Christ went through in His life. Words and scenes from the Gospel are introduced into His life in such a way as to insinuate a purely natural and pathological explanation of the Gospel narrative.—J. C. Broussolle writes "On the Discovery of the Primitive Germans," *vis.*, the earlier German artists.

(1 Dec.): J. Bricout gives a historical sketch of "Christianity from the Reformation to Our Day."—"Some Thoughts of Mgr. Darboy," by H. Lesêtre is a selection from the famous martyr-bishop, of passages on the needs of the Church and people of his time, of the evils threatening, of the false relations between science and religion, of the social obligations of Christians, and other matters.—L. Venard reviews among other works on Biblical subjects, the following: "A Commentary on the Proverbs," by J. Knabenbauer, S.J.; "Commentary on the Book of Genesis," by M. Hetzenauer, O.C.; "Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism," by H. M. Wiener.—"The Social Value of Christianity" is a discourse by Mgr. Sobbedey, Bishop of Arras, to a recent Congress of Catholic lawyers.

Études (5 Nov.): Alexander Brou relates the difficulties which Christians meet with in their schools in China. The favor of the government is uncertain; Catholic teachers are scarce and money also.—Joseph Boubée explains

the Church's attitude towards war and tells the story of the late General Baron de Charette.—Though M. de Lantivy advocates the distinct legal unity of Brittany, Joseph de Tonquédec fears that the territorial divisions have not ties of history, customs and manners, close enough to cause them to fuse naturally.

- (20 Nov.): Jules Grivet expounds and criticizes Bergson's "Theory of Personality." Bergson holds personality to be only a condensation of one's history, a purely psychical *élan* like memory, which is its principal constituent. He reviews cases of double personality and explains the amnesia as a weakening in the subject's power to make his memories real.—Joseph de Ghellinck concludes his study on the mutual borrowings of "Theology and Canon Law in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," treating especially Gratian, Peter Lombard, and the influence of Abelard's method on the former. In canon law, notably as regards the Sacraments, he sees a fruitful field for theological research.—On the elevation of Father Billot to the Cardinalate, Jules Lebreton regrets his loss as a teacher of Theology. His intellectual temper is said to be that of the thirteenth century rather than the keen controversial spirit of the sixteenth. In contrast with his predecessor, Franzelin, he cares less for positive theology than for speculative.—A chapter from a forthcoming novel by Henry Bordeaux, glorifying the ideal of a French Catholic wife.—X. M. Le Bachelet, S.J., has published Bellarmine's correspondence, previous to his becoming a cardinal, and also an original brochure defending Bellarmine's part in the edition of the Sistine-Clementine Bible.

Revue Pratique D'Apologetique (15 Nov.): The initial article is a discourse given by Mgr. Baudrillart in the chapel of the Catholic Institute, at the Mass of the Holy Ghost. Nov. 3, 1911. "Piety" is the subject of a discourse. Piety should be threefold. It should be the principle of our action. It should be intellectual, neither cold nor proud, nor superstitious. It should be filled with love.—"The Eucharist in St. Paul," by E. Mangelot. The following are the points considered: (a) The traditional account of the institution of the Lord's Supper

in the Epistle to the Corinthians. (b) The origin of the account. (c) The content and signification of the account.—The article, entitled: "The Apologetic Method of Immanence," by H. Getitot, points out the good of this method of apology, its restrictions, and wherein Immanence in its proper sense differs from the use made of it by Modernists. The second half of the articles analyzes the method of orthodox Immanence—(1) that necessities of our will demand and reveal necessity of the Supernatural; (2) the discovery of a truth is work of intellect and will.

La Civiltà Cattolica (18 Nov.): "Oppression of Catholicism in Russia" recites the conditions still existing several years after the so-called "ukase of toleration," and is depressing reading. The present outlook is, humanly speaking, very dark.—A first article on "A National Agitation for Liberty of Education" describes the dangers threatening Catholic education in Italy at the present time and the chaotic condition of the law with respect to schools.—The decisions of the Biblical Commission are given with regard to the Gospel of St. Matthew with an interesting commentary thereon.—"Letters of Giome Carducci" are reviewed; the reviewer likens him to Dante's Capaneo.—Other books noticed are *Bellarmino Before His Cardinalate* (Le Ba-chelet, S.J.) *Poems of the Virgin* (Barbieri) and *Mont St. Michel*, by Paul Gont.—The Holy Father's letter to Cardinal Rampolla, Protector of the St. Cecilia Society, cordially blesses the Higher School of Music opened in 1911 by the Society in Rome.

(2 Dec): The leading article by A. Vaccari, S.J., discusses the "Odes of Solomon" in the light of the literature provoked by Kendel Harris's work on this subject. Very interesting extracts are given from a number of the odes taken from Harris's Syriac text.—The series on the "Genesis of Luther's 'new learning'" is continued. It is made clear that Luther did not at all foresee the consequences of the principles that he preached and that Melancthon and Lutherans generally have abandoned these teachings.—"A National Agitation for Liberty of Education," in conclusion preaches the

necessity for united action on the part of Italian Catholics to protect the parental rights and break the chains that the state seeks to rivet on the schools.—Henri Joly's book *L'Italie Contemporaine*, is reviewed at length. It is an interesting study of social conditions in Italy which shows a marked increase in crime, suicide and bad conditions of family life.—Other books reviewed are *Miscellanea Ceriani* a volume prepared in honor of Antonio Ceriani, fifty years connected with the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, and *Conferences* of Professor Fedeli of the University of Pisa.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): "A Painter—Eugene Carriere," by L. Canet, is at once an appreciation of the painter and his biographer, Gabriel Seailles. Canet, feeling that the latter has shown unusual delicacy of analysis and understanding of art, synthesizes some of his pages, wherein is lauded Carriere's fidelity to the natural in art.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (10 Nov.): J. Overmans, S.J., writes on "German Literature and the Jews." He shows how Jewish wealth is exerting a tremendous influence upon the theatre and the press. Many authors are of Jewish extraction and the fact that Jews are so numerous in the legal, medical and teaching professions, from which the great mass of the cultured reading class comes, gives them a dangerous power over all literary productions.—"An Historical Find in the Library of the Imperial University at Tokio," by J. Dahlmann, S.J., describes the discovery of a catechism partly in Chinese and partly in Japanese, printed in 1610 by the Jesuit press in that city.—Von Dunin-Borkowski, S.J., contends that belief in a supernatural order can be scientifically demonstrated. Physical science can prove that such phenomena as miracles transcend the natural order.

Biblische Zeitschrift (4 Nov.): Professor Max Meinertz re-examines the various arguments for and against the presence of Judas at the institution of the Blessed Sacrament and concludes against it on the strength of the Gospel narratives.—Joseph Sickenberger treats the decree of the Biblical Commission on the Gospel of St. Matthew.

Recent Events.

France. The Franco-German Agreement
as to Morocco has met with a more
favorable reception from the French

people, than it received from the German, although there are not a few who dislike the cession of territory in the Congo. There are those, too, who think that in Morocco itself France has not secured so free a hand as at first sight appeared. The general opinion, however, seems to be that France has reason to congratulate herself upon the result as being distinctly if not completely advantageous to her. The Premier declares that the agreement secures to France a country more vast, more fertile, more populous, than Algeria and Tunis added together, a country destined to become the fairest jewel in their Colonial crown. A not inconsiderable result of the negotiations has been to strengthen the *entente* with Great Britain. This is due to the support given to France by that Power.

Considerable time has been devoted to the further investigation of the scandals in the administration which had been previously brought to light. A new commission has had to be formed to inquire into certain charges made against the Chief Official of the Foreign Office. This inquiry has resulted in the complete vindication of the accused. Duels still continue to be fought; and there has been another railway accident. But acts of *sabotage* do not seem to be so frequent. Promises of further social legislation to remedy existent evils were made by the government at the opening of Parliament.

In addition to the bill for opening shops for the sale of meat and bread, as a means of counteracting the high prices which have caused so much distress, the government proposes to prevent another abuse of private enterprise. A Bill is to be introduced to combat "corners" in provisions and every kind of merchandise. Any individual, or association of individuals who even without employing fraudulent methods, but with the intention of illicit speculation shall have brought about the rise or fall of the price of provisions or merchandise above or below the price which would have been determined by the natural and free competition of commerce, is to be punished by imprisonment and fine. Illicit speculation is

defined as speculation which is not justified by the requirements of the speculator's stores, by the covering of his operations as a merchant, or by the exercise of legitimate industrial or commercial foresight.

It may be well to state more precisely than was done last month, the terms of the settlement of the Moroccan question which, after the long protracted conversations was at last made. France is left free, so far as Germany is concerned, to give its assistance to the Moroccan Government for the introduction of all the reforms which may be deemed necessary. The complete liberty of action of France for the future in this respect is recognized, nor will Germany impose any obstacles. Complete liberty is accorded to the action of the police forces of France in Moroccan territory and in Moroccan waters. The foreign relations of the Shereefian Government will be left entirely to the control of France, and no objection will be offered to France's taking over the representation of the interests of Moroccan subjects abroad. In military matters the French right of occupying the country after coming to an agreement with the Shereefian Government is recognized. When a judicial system has been established, it will take the place of the existent Consular tribunals. The lists of *protégés* is to be revised. In matters of trade and commerce and concessions for unions Germany is to have the same rights as are given to other nations. In return for these concessions on the part of Germany, France has ceded territory in the French Congo comprising from 180,000 to 250,000 square kilometres, with a black population estimated at from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000. Germany cedes to France a district of some importance amounting in extent to about 14,000 square kilometres. Mutual concessions are made for the facilitation of free transit over the territories of the two Powers. The new Agreement has freed the whole of Morocco from every encumbrance which rested upon it in the shape of German claims, demands or ambitions. At a time when the movement to settle disputes by arbitration has just received so disheartening a set-back, through the action of Italy, it is satisfactory to find, that the Agreement between France and Germany makes recourse to arbitration obligatory in case of disputes arising as to the application of any of its provisions. All

such questions are to be submitted to the Hague Tribunal. This is the first time that Germany has shown herself so willing to have recourse to this means of settlement—a means generally considered to be repugnant to German sentiment. It is of special importance, also, in this case; for it shuts the door to any attempt to reopen the question, on the ground of differences as to the meaning of the Agreement, and thus gives, so far as such a thing is possible, finality to the settlement.

The path of France, in dealing France, Spain and Morocco. with Morocco, is not yet quite clear. Spain for centuries has had possessions in Morocco, has long had ambitious designs to extend her control over the country, and within the last few years these claims have to a certain extent been recognized by a Treaty concluded with France. Even if no Treaty existed the spirit of the Spanish people has been so thoroughly roused, that any attempt on the part of France to set aside her claims would have been resisted by force of arms. In fact, before the conclusion of the Franco-German Agreement, Spain had occupied two towns in Morocco which were looked upon by the French people who were then ignorant of the secret Treaty of 1904 as outside of the region rightfully under her influence. France's agreement with Germany included provisions that she should be left free to negotiate with Spain for the settlement of all questions between the two countries, Germany also to be left free to obtain of Spain, if the latter consents, the cession to Germany of Spanish Guiana and two small adjacent islands.

The secret Treaty between France and Spain which was made in 1904, laid down with precision the extent of the rights of France in Morocco by reason of her Algerian possessions, and of Spain by virtue of her possessions on the coast. A somewhat larger extent of territory was assigned to Spain under this Treaty than the public opinion of France had ever recognized. In particular a Spanish zone was made to intervene between Fez the capital and Tangier the chief seaport. The question which has now arisen between France and Spain is, whether Spain's sphere should be increased, or diminished; France's claim is that it should be diminished, because by freeing Morocco from German influence, and this by means of concessions in the Congo, a service has been rendered to

Spain and at a considerable sacrifice on the part of France, inasmuch as Spain's share was rendered more valuable, and also because she would now receive absolute control of the part allotted to her. The negotiations are still going on, and there is every prospect of an amicable and reasonable settlement. Most of the Powers less interested than Spain in Morocco, but parties to the Algeciras Act, have given their assent to the new arrangements. There is reason to believe that the condonation of Italy's aggressive action in Tripoli, which seems to be characteristic of French public opinion, is due to the desire to secure the sanction of its government to the Moroccan Protectorate. There has been less criticism of Italy in France than in any other country.

The end of the "conversations"
Germany. with France, and the Agreement

in which they resulted, led to a

series of incidents in Germany. No small dissatisfaction was manifested, and the way in which it was shown was somewhat surprising for a country which is looked upon as so well disciplined. The resignation of the Colonial Minister, because of his dissatisfaction with the settlement that had been made, was denounced as a departure from the established tradition that the Secretaries of State are mere subordinates, whose business it is to carry out the policy dictated by the one and only responsible Minister—the Imperial Chancellor. Horror was expressed in Conservative circles at the display of independent responsibility on the part of an irresponsible Minister. Their opponents, the Radicals, argued from the fact that so worthless an Agreement had been made, that the present system of government, especially as regards the management of foreign affairs, clearly stood condemned. Hence, they maintained it was necessary that the consent of the Reichstag should be made a necessary condition of future territorial changes. Perhaps the most remarkable of the manifestations of discontent with the Agreement, was that of the Crown Prince, whose feelings of disgust were so much beyond control, that he had to make them manifest in public during the speech of the Chancellor in the Reichstag. Never before, it is said, was a speech by an Imperial Chancellor so coldly received. There was dead silence when he began, and dead silence when he sat down. The only interruptions were the

laughter of the Social Democrats, and the prolonged applause which greeted the allusion to the recalcitrant Colonial Secretary. Herr von Bethmann Hollweg declared that the sending of a warship to Agadir had for its object solely the protection of the life and property of German subjects, and was in no way meant as a provocation or a menace. The negotiations were initiated in France before the ship was sent, and had been entered upon because France had become, owing to the expedition to Fez, practically master in the land. The chief point of interest in the speech was the part taken by Great Britain. Writers in Germany have been asserting that it was the English Government that had compelled Germany to abate her pretensions. In the Reichstag itself the leader of the Conservatives refused to accept the Chancellor's account of Mr. Lloyd George's speech as accurate, which was to the effect that there was nothing in the speech that could not have been said by any German statesman, and that the importance it had acquired was due to its having been wilfully misinterpreted by a Conservative press. The German spokesman ridiculed this account, and expressed the view that it was the duty of German people to give a German answer to their real enemy—Great Britain. "The German people now know who it is that wants to hold universal sway, when Germany desires to expand in the world. I have here to declare that we Germans are ready to make the necessary sacrifices." This clear intimation of the desire to make war upon Great Britain, naturally made the world eager to hear that country's account of the matter, and to learn what was the attitude it would assume. The British Foreign Secretary's explanation was anxiously awaited, for upon it depended the relations which the two countries are to hold in the future one to the other. It may be well, on account of this, to give a summary of Sir Edward Grey's statement, especially as it contains a succinct history of the whole affair.

First he gave an account of the recent misunderstandings. When Germany sent the *Panther* to Agadir, notice was duly given to the British Government. On July 3 Sir E. Grey saw the German Ambassador, and told him that the situation must be discussed at a meeting of the Cabinet. On July 4 he again saw the Ambassador, and told him that the government was of opinion that a new situation had been created, and that Great Britain must take a part in any settle-

ment. This was followed by a long silence on the part of the Germans. The government then learned that the German Government had made inadmissible demands with regard to the French Congo—demands that France was bound to refuse. Sir E. Grey, on July 21, intimated to the German Ambassador that he was anxious about the situation, and that British interests might be endangered. No satisfactory reply was given; and then Mr. Lloyd George, after consulting the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, made his famous announcement at the Mansion House. Three days after, the German Ambassador came to see the Foreign Secretary, and told him that Germany had never thought of creating a naval port in Morocco, and never would think of it. On July 25 a very stiff communication was received from the German Government. In Sir E. Grey's words: "The German Government had said that it was not consistent with their dignity, after the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to give explanations of what was taking place at Agadir. I said to the Ambassador that I felt the tone of their communication made it inconsistent with our dignity to give explanations of the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Then the German Ambassador came on July 27 and made a pacific statement. He said that British interests were not to be touched, and that it would be better if there were no criticism or interference from England. Then Mr. Asquith made a statement in the House. After that there was no further difficulty about the Morocco negotiations.

Such is the most authentic account that has yet appeared of a series of events which almost brought the two countries to war last summer. What will be the effect on the future course of events? The British Minister anticipates that the clouds will pass away; the German Chancellor's tone is peaceful and pacific. He has denounced the German Conservatives and won the approval of the Socialists. But among a large section of the German people there is a fierce feeling towards Great Britain. In view of this the determination of Great Britain is to keep France on her side, and to maintain the *entente* with Russia, a course which has, unfortunately, necessitated the support of the unjust action towards Persia. Above all, the demands for the maintenance of an ever stronger Navy are to be granted.

The new First Lord of the Admiralty recognizes that Brit-
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ish naval supremacy is the whole foundation, not only of the Empire and, of its commercial prosperity, but also of the freedom of the country; he is, therefore, ready to compete with any naval programme that Germany may propose. Whether he will go so far as to build two battleships for every German battleship, and three cruisers for every German cruiser, as is asserted in Germany, remains to be seen.

The effect produced in Germany by Sir E. Grey's speech was of so mixed a character that the prospect of any improvement of the relations between Great Britain and Germany are by no means bright. But one thing is certain—the expectation, or at least the desire, of some Germans and of not a few English Radicals, that the British Foreign Minister might be forced to resign, and that Germany may supplant France in an *entente cordiale*, Germany agreeing to reduce her armaments, and Great Britain conceding to Germany one of the colonies with which she is said to be saturated—this expectation or hope stands no chance of being realized. The policy of Great Britain remains fixed—the *entente* with France, and the understanding with Russia; peace with Germany, if Germany so wills; readiness for war should such be Germany's decision.

Early in December the Reichstag was dissolved; a new House is to be elected at the beginning of the incoming year. An opportunity will then be offered to the electors to pass judgment not only on the recent Agreement, but on the projected increase of the Navy. The situation is at present in a state of extreme confusion. The normal supporters of the government—the Conservatives—are now its bitter opponents, while the Radicals and Socialists give to it a more or less warm approbation. The Centre—the Catholic party—seems on the whole to be on the side of the government. The result of the election will be awaited with interest.

Italy and Tripoli.

Little can be said about the progress of the war in Tripoli, because small progress has been made, and the news that is allowed to be circulated is so strictly censored as to be unreliable. But it would appear that the Italian troops have really succeeded, after two months, in doing what they thought they had done within the first two days after their landing; they have secured full pos-

session of the oasis of Tripoli. It is worthy of note that aeroplanes have proved practically useful in order to observe the movement of the enemy. Tripoli has been formally annexed, so far as this can be done by a paper proclamation. There is at present little prospect of mediation on the part of any Power, there being no common point of agreement between the combatants.

Spain. When a Republic was proclaimed in Portugal, expectations were formed that it would not be long

before an attempt, at least, would be made to overthrow the Spanish Monarchy. In fact, there are not a few who think themselves wise enough to predict that the advent of a Republic is inevitable, and give for this prophecy of theirs reasons more or less cogent. More than a year, however, has passed, and the Spanish Monarchy still stands. The municipal elections which have recently taken place seem to show that it is more firmly established than was thought. These elections are said to be a better criterion of the trend of public opinion, than are the Parliamentary elections, for they are not "made" after the usual Spanish fashion by the party in power. They resulted in a sweeping victory for the Monarchical parties; 2,567 Monarchist Councillors having been chosen, as compared with 414 Republican. In every part of the country the Monarchists gained, although not, of course, to the same extent in all. But even in Barcelona, Señor Lerroux will no longer have a majority over the Conservatives and Regionalists.

The reason for this victory is, in the first place, the fact that the Monarchist parties are now united, while the Republicans are divided. In the second place the question of Morocco, and the necessity of presenting a united front to the foreigner, in support of the patriotic action of the present government, affected the feelings of large numbers. The result will be an immense accession of strength to the ministry of Señor Canalejas. Nor were the recent labor disorders without effect upon the minds of the people, the firm action of the government in this crisis having met with general approval. The conflict with the Moors in the region of Melilla, which seemed likely to involve Spain in serious difficulties, appears to be on the point of settlement. The chief outstanding question, therefore, is that of Morocco as a whole, in view

of the new position which France has secured. To this fuller reference will be made elsewhere.

Portugal.

The Republic still survives, although it has had to contend with many foes both internal and external. The ministry of Senhor Chagas lasted only a few weeks. Although the hopes of united action on the part of all Republicans had to be abandoned almost from the first, the Premier in taking office as the representative of the more moderate section, declared that if he did not meet with the support of the deputies as a whole, he would no longer continue in office. The crucial question between his government and its Radical opponents, was the Separation Law which had been passed by the Provisional Government during the interval which elapsed between the declaration of the Republic and the adoption of the Constitution. This law was so harsh and unjust in its treatment of the Church and its property, that even Protestant governments took the strong step of intervening in behalf of their citizens who were affected by its provisions. Many supporters of the change from a Monarchy to a Republic, soon came to recognize that a great political mistake had been made in the way in which the decree had been passed. For the Bishops, very soon after the proclamation of the Republic, declared that they would not interfere in the political affairs of the country; they accepted the *fait accompli*, and expected that the new *régime* would respect the rights and interests of the Church. Instead of fulfilling this expectation, the Provisional Government deprived it of all its property, and reduced it to a state of servitude, even subjecting it to such an insult as to offer to the clergy pecuniary inducements to marry. This rendered it necessary for the Bishops to offer active opposition to the law, and although in the large cities they met with but little support, the rural population throughout the country was as a body on their side. It was this dislike of the Separation Law which gave to the Royalists their chief reason to hope for success.

The late Ministry, recognizing as well the injustice of this law, and its political inexpediency, resolved to urge upon parliament, when it should meet, the repeal of some of its worst features. This, as well as other questions, led to division in the ranks of the supporters of the Ministry and Dr.

Costa, the leader of the Radicals, was able to deprive the Cabinet of one group of its supporters—for already have the Republicans split into several groups. The Cabinet at once resigned before the opening of the Session.

The new Cabinet while it numbers among the eight members, of which it consists, five who were supporters of Senhor Chagas, includes three followers of the Radical leader. It is thus a Coalition Cabinet, but its constitution is looked upon as a victory for Dr. Costa, and its policy will have to be made acceptable to the extremists, the Socialists and Radicals. In consequence the proposed alterations in the Separation Law have been abandoned. In fact the speech of the Premier at the opening of Parliament promised the pursuance of an Anti-Clerical policy, and the expulsion from his diocese for two years of the Bishop of Guarda, and from his palace of the Bishop of Portalegre, shows that, what it has promised in word, it means to carry out in deed. The other chief point of the new government's proposals was the reform of the education system of the country. The Budget shows a deficit, although an effort has been made to effect economies.

The attempts of the Royalists to overturn the Republic have so far signally failed. The mass of the people seem to be indifferent to everything political, and only wish to be left alone that they may earn an honest living. Large sums of money, it is said, had been placed at the disposal of the assailants of the now-existing institutions; nor is it quite certain that the success of the Royalist attempt would have led to the restoration of King Manoel. There is another claimant to the throne. The attitude of Spain towards these attempts was not quite satisfactory to the Portuguese Government. The Royalists could not have made an assault upon the frontier of Portugal, had there not been something like connivance on the part of the Spanish Government. It is an open secret that the King of Spain is not in favor of the Republic.

The trial of the imprisoned Royalists is on the point of taking place. In order that prompt punishment may be meted out to them it has been felt necessary to suspend the so recently made Constitution. A special session of Parliament was called for this purpose. There are some 2,000 prisoners to be tried. The way in which these trials are conducted will show the spirit by which the new Republic is actuated.

Persia.

Among the many interesting movements that are now taking place for a better form of government, that which has been going on in Persia holds a high place. This movement is of a special interest for this country, inasmuch as an American has been called upon to take a leading part in its promotion. To many it seems impossible that the old countries of the East, the inhabitants of which have suffered themselves for so many centuries to be dominated by vicious and greedy despots, should have enough of manhood left to shake off the degrading shackles by which they have so long been bound; and if the desire to effect this deliverance should arise, it is not to be expected, so it is thought, that effectual means will be found to accomplish the desire.

To Persians the desire has come, but it is still doubtful whether it will be realized. Since the adoption of the Constitution, and the expulsion of the Shah who, having disregarded his oath, tried to destroy it, the *Mejliss*, as the Parliament is called, has shown very little constructive ability. Trying to do too much, it has done scarcely anything. Even the ordinary security necessary for trade and commerce has not been maintained, especially in Southern Persia. Here robbers have rendered all the roads unsafe. One reason for this want of success has been the excessive vanity of the Persians. Like the Greeks and the Italians and several of the small States in the Balkans, the fact that they have had a past more or less glorious prevents them from being satisfied with moderate achievements in the present. The Greeks aspire to re-establish the Byzantine Empire; one of the reasons given for the aggressive action of Italy in Tripoli is that this district once belonged to the Roman Empire. In Persia this vanity took the form of a desire to be self-sufficing; so they tried to adopt the constitutional method of establishing law and order, by means exclusively of men who had been accustomed to the old methods of personal rule, under which the caprice of the autocrat was the dominating factor. The ill success, however, which attended this effort had begun to show the necessity of seeking the help of experienced guides. This led to the appointment of Mr. Morgan Shuster, a countryman of ours, who has had experience in the Philippines, and was recommended by the President. To him was given the complete control of the most important department in the government—that of

Finance—and under him there was to be placed an armed force, for the collection of the revenue. Mr. Shuster proceeded to carry out his duties without fear or favor—a thing unheard of before in the annals of the Persians. Rich men and nobles had been quite unaccustomed to pay their taxes or to obey any laws which did not suit them; the Premier himself refused point-blank to submit to taxation. But no obstacle deterred the new Treasurer-General. Every one without exception was made to pay, and hopes were beginning to be entertained that at length a solid basis for further reforms had been found. Here a new complication arose. In the course of his duties Mr. Shuster had to seize the property of the brother of the ex-Shah. This brother had aided and abetted the efforts which Mohammed Ali has been making to regain the throne, and had in consequence been judged guilty of rebellion, and his property was to be confiscated. Russia, however, stepped in, and under the pretense of a lien on the property, claimed a right to have it protected from seizure by Mr. Shuster's agents. Different accounts, indeed, are given of this incident. It does not much matter which is the true one, for even if the Russian is accepted, it is clear that what occurred was only a pretext for Russian interference. This action made the Treasurer-General so indignant that he accused Russia, and Great Britain as well, of systematic efforts to prevent Persia's attaining to a strong position, the ultimate object of the two Powers to keep her weak and ultimately to partition the country between themselves. He supported this charge in a letter written to the *Times*, in which he gave a number of instances, of which no other explanation, he maintained, could be given. How far this accusation is justified or what will be the outcome it is not easy to say. It cannot be doubted that there is a large number of Russians who would be glad to take at least a part of Persia, and to force the hand of their government in order to secure this object. How far in this direction the Tsar, and his immediate advisers, are prepared to go, is doubtful.

The agreement between Great Britain and Russia, defining their respective spheres of influence, affirms the desire of both Powers that the independence of Persia should be maintained. But the Russian Minister who made this agreement is no longer in control of foreign affairs; and in other respects circumstances have changed. Recent events seem to render

it at least probable, that Russia has purposes in view that bode no good to Persia. As to Great Britain, her policy is at the present time, in view of the supposed danger from Germany, so bound up with the *entente* with Russia, that no effectual resistance can be expected on her part. More than that, if Russia should act in the north, corresponding action in the south of Persia would be taken by the British Government. In fact, notwithstanding the protests of the Persian Government, troops have been sent from India to protect, as is alleged, the consulates in several towns in the south of Persia.

The unwarrantable demands of Russia for an apology for the conduct of the Persian officials were at first resisted by the Cabinet. Rather than submit to so unjust a claim it resigned. The new Prime Minister, however, felt it the less of two evils to yield to greater force, Russia having intimated its intention to send four thousand troops into the north of Persia and to charge to Persia the expense of maintaining them. No sooner, however, had this concession been made, when a further claim was made by Russia, which cannot be called anything less than insolent. This was the instant dismissal of Mr. Shuster. Coupled with this was a second demand that, for the future, Persia should consult and be guided by the advice of Russia and Great Britain in her choice of foreign advisers. Thirdly, there must be paid an indemnity for the expenses of the Russian troops in Persia. Forty-eight hours were given for compliance. These have long past, and Mr. Shuster still remains at his post, although it does not seem likely that he will be able to maintain it long. It had been hoped that our government would have intervened to protect an American unjustly treated, and, as a consequence, to prevent a people from being oppressed by violence. It is time that these high and mighty Powers should be taught that the weak have some rights, and that they are not altogether without defenders. But it is to be feared that our government has no *locus standi* in this matter. These occurrences, however, will make the people of this country the more determined to defend the rights of their own fellow-citizens dwelling in Russia, and to teach its government that although it may triumph over the weakness of Persia, it must learn to show respect to the only thing to which it seems willing to listen—power greater than itself.

With Our Readers

THE following poem by Father Robert Southwell, S.J., is well worth reprinting in honor of the Feast of Our Lady's Espousals which occurs next month, January 23.

OUR LADY'S ESPOUSALS.

Wife did she live, yet virgin did she die,
Untouched of man, yet mother of a son ;
To save herself and Child from fatal lie,
To end the web whereof the thread was spun,
In marriage knots to Joseph she was tied,
Unwonted works with wonted veils to hide.

God lent His paradise to Joseph's care,
Wherein He was to plant the tree of life ;
His Son, of Joseph's Child the title bare,
Just cause to make the mother Joseph's wife.
O blessèd man ! betrothed to such a spouse,
More blessèd to live with such a Child in house.

No carnal love this sacred league procured,
All vain delights were far from their assent ;
Though both in wedlock bands themselves assured,
Yet straight by vow they sealed their chaste intent :
Thus had she virgins', wives' and widows' crown,
And by chaste childbirth doubled her renown.

CARDINAL MANNING AT PLAY.

(WRITTEN IN 1893 BY LIONEL JOHNSON.)

IT is probable that this little book, Cardinal Manning's *Pastime Papers*, came as a surprise to many. Those who had not the honor and joy of intimacy with the late Cardinal have been wont to see in him, his life and his work and his writings, something stiff and stern, a dogmatic severity, a lack of generous ease and sympathy and lightness. He stands in their memories, vested with the robes and ornaments of sacerdotal and episcopal authority : gaunt, austere, commanding, not quite human ; priest and prelate, and prince, infinitely dignified, but aloof from the world in his asceticism. They knew him to be cultured, a true son of academic Ox-

ford, courtly and urbane, yet he had an air of exclusiveness and reserve, which only his piety saved from seeming proud: a combination of St. Thomas à Becket and St. Charles Borromeo. It is an impression which Mr. Hutton's careful biography does not do much to modify. Throughout that work Manning is a dictatorial dogmatist, delighting in rule and discipline, law and order, sentence and decree: not pleasantly pliant and malleable, not graciously flexible and versatile, but rigid and hard and grim. Compare, they will say, Manning's *Petri Privilegium* with Newman's *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*: see how magisterial is the one, how persuasive the other. This imagined Manning never unbends, never relaxes; a man to revere rather than to love.

But turn to Manning's friends: study the Manning of the Metaphysical Society, as drawn in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Dr. Ward*, or the Manning of this book. He was far from worldly, in the most innocent sense of the word; far less so than the secluded Newman. No man was ever wittier than Manning's brother-in-law, Bishop Wilberforce; no man less humorous. Manning had no wit, but a vast deal of humor. And it was his peculiar genius that, while he noted the way of the world with ready observation and dexterous look, marking its amusements, follies, sins, together with all that is great and good in it, he never laid aside his religious character, because in that was his life. Upon various sides of his nature he resembled both his friends, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone; he was both subtle and sincere. Of late years he became more widely understood, through his attitude towards social questions. It was seen that, like the reigning Pope, his ascetic detachment from the world did not imply either lack of knowledge or lack of heart. Yet even so, the epigrammatic summaries of Manning's character pronounced him a man of imperious will and rigid temper: the "proud prelate," dear to melodramatic historians, just softened and subdued by the "sweet saint," dear to gushing hagiologists. He puzzled people: they knew his patriotism, his love for imperial England: they saw in him strong traces of the typical English cleric; but they did not get a complete and satisfactory view of him. There have been those who lauded Newman to the utmost, but who dared whisper rather loudly that there was a streak of the actor, the charlatan, about Manning: they never accused him of hypocrisy, but they spoke of something in his temperament not quite frank and open and ingenuous. His sincerity, piety, uprightness, were not called in question; but Roman officialism, Vatican policy, ultramontane excess, so we were told, found a congenial nature in Manning upon which to work. All the old foolish traditions about cunning Jesuitry, about the pious credulity and holy imbecility so pleasing to heaven, about

Roman arrogance and Italian ignorance, about the bigotry of the seminaries, about modern Tridentine Catholicism, about modern hysterical piety and agitated devotion, about the delusions or impostures of modern miracles: all these dreadful things were too much, men said, for the good Archdeacon of Chichester. Exulting with the fervor of a convert, he threw himself blindly into this unwholesome atmosphere, this Roman fever, and his mind was infected, his taste corrupted. For most men, behind Cardinal Newman lay a long, pathetic history, the struggles of a great soul: he represented the Oxford of days that have now the enchantment of romance. Behind Cardinal Manning most men saw no pathetic history, no glamor of romance: nothing but the wiles of Rome and the diplomacy of the Vatican. If controversialists thought that they detected historical error in Newman they pointed it out with half-regret; if in Manning, they talked confidently about unscrupulousness and the desperate straits of Roman theologians.

These parodies and travesties of the truth are now but little heard; but it is profitable to consider them again. Primarily, they were the result of honest bewilderment, due to ignorance, Newman, by the compulsion of circumstances, took the world into his confidence; in prose and in verse, he told the secrets of his soul. As the leader of a great movement, he became the fair prey or property of the public: the state of his mind in 1830 or in 1840 was a thing for literary discussion in 1860; no one could write upon the history of religious thought in the century without investigating his daily life, his early training, his Oxford career. Living away from the public view to extreme old age, he became a classic in his lifetime: men wrote of him, as they might have written of Shelley and Byron; they never saw him; he took no part in public affairs; London knew him not; editors did not ask for his opinions on strikes, or temperance, or imperial federation; he did not belong to the Metaphysical Society, nor attend Royal Academy dinners, nor was he a member of the Athenæum. But scholars, historians, theologians, critics knew the story of his spiritual travels and adventures. All this was reversed in Manning's case; the world saw him and heard him. He was the indefatigable official, the untiring ruler of a great diocese, the unfailing friend of all philanthropic and national movements: he had relations with the world upon all sides, and was well in touch with his contemporaries. But the man himself remained unknown, save to his immediate friends; no one could anywhere read the story of his soul. No poems, no sermons, no personal revelations, full of yearning and affection, and sorrow and faith, gave him a place in the hearts of strangers; instead, they only knew a few hard, external facts, nothing intimate, nothing spiritual, nothing "psychological."

And so, Manning was the energetic organizer, the man of practical policy, the ecclesiastic of administrative genius; the world almost forgot the man in the archbishop. The world wrote and spoke of "John Henry" Newman with a tone of half-familiar admiration and love; "Henry Edward" was but an official signature, not the name of a friend. Manning deliberately suppressed himself: he disliked and distrusted many things in modern life and thought, but nothing more than self-display, even of the harmless sort untainted by vanity. He relied absolutely upon the objective strength of the Faith, as guarded and taught by the living authority of the Church: he was careful to present the Faith, not as it was to himself in the recesses of his soul, but in the clear, strong, definite outlines common to all the faithful of all the ages. *Secretum meum mihi*: he never wore his heart upon his sleeve. Now and again, so great was his horror of any approach to egotism, he seemed, in outward manner, to repress his emotions, lest his words of counsel or of warning should be valued rather for his own sake than for that of his high office. And apart from all religious motives, he was by nature of an austere habit: he impressed his hearer as the greatest of great nobles, the finest of fine gentlemen, according to all the highest traditions of courts and salons. Lord Chesterfield would have honored a man so perfectly gracious, courteous, with that absolutely unforced distinction which is a fine art. But this refined bearing is always marked by a certain reticence and reserve: it is never profuse and lavish of itself. Newman, Hurrell Froude, Ward, one and all, were men of less natural and inevitable dignity: dignified, each in his own way, they were; but their natures were more expansive and less discreet. Mr. Pater writes of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai:

Certainly it was worth while to have come so far only to see him and hear him give his pontifical blessing, in a voice feeble but of infinite sweetness, and with an inexpressibly graceful movement of the hands. A veritable *grand seigneur*! His refined old age, the impress of genius and honors, even his disappointments, concur with natural graces to make him seem too distinguished (a fitter word fails me) for this world. *Omnia Vanitas*! he seems to say, yet with a profound resignation which makes the things we are most of us so fondly occupied with seem petty enough.

There is a touch of sentimental unction, in a good sense, about that: a not uncommon mark of the French hierarchy and priesthood. But though Manning had greater strength than appears in Mr. Pater's portrait of Fenelon, it well suggests that singular hieratic dignity, added as a last grace to a nature always dignified, which distinguished the late Cardinal.

Such a man is easily misinterpreted. His friends, his col-

leagues, his associates understood him : he was not careful to make the world understand. His public actions he would, if called upon, defend in the interests of the Church ; otherwise, with a kind of noble pride and humility in one, he let the insinuations, the misconstructions, the malice, and the gossip, go by. His writings, almost the whole of them, express this character : he had other things to think of than himself. He would write of "the Infallible Magisterium of the Supreme Pontiff," in a way that exasperated many. Newman, preaching and teaching the same doctrine, clothed it in all manner of persuasive graces ; showed, in most winning manner, what it meant to him, his own apprehension of it ; explained how he had considered it at different periods of his life. The result was not always conviction on the part of his readers, but always a fresh submission to the golden words, the magical charm of Newman. *Cor ad cor loquitur*, heart to heart speaketh, was Newman's motto and Newman's method : Manning, by an instinct equally gracious, hid himself away from his readers, and did but lend his voice to the living Church. "I am of Paul, I of Apollos," was hateful to him, and he refused to run the risk. At the same time, a man and his style are inseparable : and Manning wrote always with a certain stately beauty, a grave and chastened simplicity, measured and academic. But he had no modern ingenuities. In these days, Addison and the great Augustan writers seem deplorably uningenuous ; they never tortured a thought into contortions ; they were simple and unashamed. Manning was no more afraid of a truism than Sophocles or Horace : truisms are probably the truest truths, the best attested in the world. But the word indicates our longing for some new thing ; and he who will invert a truism into a paradox passes for the happiest and most refreshing of wits. A magazine article by Manning, with the latest cleverness on either side of it, had an old-world air : he wrote not as the scribes.

Now, by the devotion of a loyal editor, we have a little volume of essays. Had they been published ten years ago, the public would have understood Manning somewhat better. For they are not controversial, nor dogmatic, nor theological, nor historical ; they are moral, social, ironical, secular. Thackeray might have written them, using the precision of Aristotle and the brevity of Bacon. They deal with such matters as Honor, Consistency, Courage, Pride, Vanity, Popularity, Selfishness, Gossip ; they touch upon Journalism and Criticism ; they conclude with a dissertation upon the Dæmon of Socrates. They show the writer treating of these things with a light hand, a shrewd head, and a full heart. For the most part he is examining society, social standards and ideals, with equal humor and seriousness, according as folly and merriment, or wicked-

ness and sorrow, are the dominant topics. They are at least masterpieces of the *lucidus ordo*: each little sketch is complete, methodical, systematic. Bacon tells us that revenge is "a wild kind of justice"; it is much in that manner that the Cardinal searches out the origin, nature, moral affinity of each social fault or characteristic. It is done with no heavy scholastic implements, yet in the scholastic spirit; the logic of moral theologians underlies the satire, and the irony, and the scorn. The reader cannot but see that Manning had a supreme satisfaction and delight in the whole teaching of his Church, in its Aristotelian inheritance, in all its traditional ways and aspects. Usually, upon taking up a modern book or article, I find my author begin by saying white, proceed to say black, and end in saying grey. There is a generous air of seeing all sides of the case in this bewildering style; but it only means that my author has not seen his subject steadily, nor seen it whole. Scepticism, so spelled, may be a most sacred thing; but it sometimes produces a most maddening and mystifying style. My author may preach to me the doctrines in religion, philosophy, politics, art, that I most abhor; but if he will do it methodically and coherently, I will be grateful. Aristotle and his ethics are not the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but their manner is magnificent and immortal. Manning allowed nothing to lie outside the reach and range of his principles; the smallest silly fashion, the most trifling social pretence, is traced by him to its radical home in the conscience and will. You may resent and dislike his principles, but you confess he has a view of life, intelligible if unacceptable. Dante, perhaps Manning's favorite poet, wrote so; Aquinas wrote so, as Mr. Patmore has reminded us; the Mystics, whose very name stands, with some, for confused obscurity, wrote so. "Grandeur of ideas," said Blake, "is founded upon precision of ideas"; it was the constant principle of his life and work. A vast and vague sublimity is possible to the dreamer, but never to the artist: and it is profitable to remember the influence of numbers and ideas of numerical relation upon Greek thought, metaphysical and aesthetic.

Dissimilar in so many things, the two Cardinals were alike in this, that neither of them wrote for pleasure. Newman, in a letter to Ward, describes the physical pain of writing, which he felt to such a degree, that "I have hardly written anything unless I was called to do so." Almost the whole of their volumes, some seventy in number, were undertaken as a duty. The present volume is, indeed, the fruit of Manning's rare leisure; and even these *Pastime Papers* "drive at practice," and have a moral bearing. In the excellent introduction by "J. O.", Manning is happily portrayed in just those touches which make portraits live. I have quoted neither

from this, nor from the essays. The whole book is too delightful, too much of a single piece, to allow of very effective or fair quotation. I have preferred to dwell upon its writer; it is as useful, as it is uncommon, to be able to dwell upon a man thus at unity with himself:

“ Whose faith and work were bells of full accord.”

THE result of the recent elections in Los Angeles, California, the first elections at which women were allowed to vote, gave undeniable proof that the women used the franchise intelligently and capably. Socialism had determined to make a strong fight at this election. Its party was well organized and it carried on a campaign worthy of a better cause. Money was poured into the city from many sources to defray its expenses. Speakers came from all parts of the States to preach “ the cause.”

IT is to the women of the city that the credit of an intelligent counter-campaign must be given. With a systematic thoroughness that surprised many of the doubting men, they organized Political Leagues; opened headquarters; urged privately and publicly a campaign of education; established schools of instruction where the uninitiated were taught how to vote; urged all the women to register and, later, to vote, making use of every means that would promote their cause.

THE victory against the Socialists is due to the women of Los Angeles. And one of the most effective agents in moving them to action and in guiding intelligently the action of the people, was the Catholic journal of Los Angeles—*The Tidings*.

ON the day of election the women worked energetically, side by side with the men; and their presence lent dignity to the work and the place. Although it was a campaign in which feelings ran high, not one instance of the slightest indignity or lack of consideration was offered to any woman. Indeed, many of the old-time objectionable features of the polling-places were eliminated. It is remarkable, also, that when the final count was made, it was ascertained that the women had voted ninety-five per cent of their registration.

IT was a noteworthy election, and we cannot but hope, in the words of a correspondent, “ that the dawn of a better industrial day is at hand, in which this election in Los Angeles will have played no small part.”

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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Meditations for Every Day in the Month. Translated by Francis A. Ryan. 75 cents net.
With God. A book of prayers and meditations. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. \$1.25 net.
The Queen's Promise. By Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cents net. *Agatha's Hard Saying.*
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The American People. By A. Maurice Low. \$2.25 net

ROBERT APPLETON COMPANY, New York:

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol XII.

THE EQUITY PRESS, New York:

Christ's Christianity. By Albert H. Walker.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:

The Fool in Christ. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50 net.

CHARITIES PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, New York:

The Spirit of Social Work. Nine Addresses by Edward T. Devine. \$1 net.

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Memoirs of Theodore Thomas. By Rose Fay Thomas. \$3 net.

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SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

I.

NO thoroughly English character has been more beloved or more misunderstood than that of Sir Thomas More. He is beloved, because no one who has studied his life can refuse him affection; he is misunderstood because people in our own day find it so difficult to understand the times before the Reformation and the principles which guided them. Macaulay points to him as one of the choice specimens of human virtue and wisdom, but marvels at his belief in transubstantiation: a faith, he tells us, which will stand that test will stand any test. Others cannot reconcile the Sir Thomas More who wrote the *Utopia* with the Sir Thomas who wrote the *Confutation of Tyndale* and resisted heretics to the death. "He set forth on life in the vanguard of the advancing army of contemporary progress," writes Sir Sydney Lee, "but destiny decreed that death should find him at the head of the opposing forces of reaction. Sir Thomas More's career propounds a riddle which it is easier to enunciate than solve."

I think a great deal of this misunderstanding comes from the fact that his character is judged as if he had been born,

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educated and trained after the Reformation instead of before it. His biographers, for the most part, are far more anxious to set before us the new incidents and opinions which were so rapidly arising both at home and abroad, than to give us a clear understanding of the old principles and convictions which must necessarily have guided his moral and mental life. The new order of things was not as yet assimilated into the national life and character; the old order had not been overthrown. It is false as well as unjust to represent that the learning and principles of Catholicism were the outworn tissue of his early manhood and were giving place to something newer, better and more progressive. Sir Thomas More was always a Catholic; his whole organic life was that, and it was never so vigorously Catholic as in those last sad years when he laid it down in heroic sacrifice. Biographies of More written by non-Catholics, however excellent in parts, are necessarily deficient in that main part which should set forth his essentially Catholic nature. It will be the main effort of this paper to give in its national setting the great Catholic tradition into which he was born, under which he grew up, and to the defense of which he consecrated his best energies.

At the end of the fifteenth century there were, and there had long been, two great powers in England and, indeed, in every country of Europe—the Temporal and the Spiritual. These two powers, though in constant intercourse, were obvious and distinct. The temporal was national and at the time of which we speak tending more and more in the direction of absolute monarchy; the spiritual was Catholic and universal in its manifestations. There had been, through the centuries, many differences between them, but each in its usual course had recognized the rights of the other and its necessity to the stability of society. Each had its sphere of work and influence, and as long as these were mutually recognized all went well. The claims of the Church were extraordinary, but they were accepted by all. It was a divinely-established institution, though operating through human, and, therefore, imperfect, agents; its teaching was infallible and it was a channel of sufficient grace for the salvation of men. God, indeed, was everywhere and His power infinite, but He chose to localize His operations and to use, as His instruments, priests consecrated for the purpose of preaching the truths of the spiritual

life and administering the sacraments. There were churches up and down the land, and every church was a radiating centre from which went forth the same spiritual truth and the same divine assistance.

It is by no means easy [writes Abbot Gasquet] to realize (in our own days of religious doubt and dissension) the influence of a state of affairs when all men from the highest to the lowest, in every village and hamlet throughout the length and breadth of the land, had but one creed, worshipped their Maker in but one way, and were bound together with what most certainly were to them the real and practical ties of Christian brotherhood. It is hardly possible to overestimate the effect of surroundings upon individual opinion, or the influence of a congenial atmosphere, both on the growth and development of a spirit of religion and on the preservation of Christian morals and religious practices generally. When all, so far as religious faith is concerned, *thought the same*, and when all, so far as religious observance is concerned, *did the same*, the very atmosphere of unity was productive of that spirit of common brotherhood, which appears so plainly in the records of the period preceding the revolt of the sixteenth century.

There is every reason to believe that the English parish was thoroughly and actively religious right up to the eve of the Reformation. The evidence of a foreign visitor and of Cranmer himself (who objected to the practice) is that attendance at daily Mass was the habitual rather than the occasional custom of the people.

At the close of the fifteenth century, church-work was in every sense of the word a popular work, and the wills, inventories and church-wardens' accounts are the best proof of this. By gifts of money and valuables, by bequests, by collections and by the proceeds of parish-plays and parish-feasts, money was generously and habitually raised up and down the country for the purposes of church-building and adornment. The inventories of English parish churches show that they were far better furnished than those of Italy. The Venetian traveler, quoted before, seems astonished at the benefits bestowed upon the churches by Englishmen of all ranks. Such parish accounts as remain, all tell the same story of keen and

intelligent interest. The parish church was the centre of village life, and it was the business of all to look after it. Meetings of the whole parish were often called to decide upon some matter of church repair or improvement: a peal of bells was required, or the organ needed renovation, or new altar-plate was wanted, or vestments were thought necessary. And all this keenness and piety were as characteristic of an upland parish on lonely Dartmoor as it was of town parishes possessing such magnificent churches as St. Peter Mancroft, at Norwich, or St. Mary's, at Taunton.

The immense treasures in the churches [writes Dr. Jessop] were the joy and boast of every man and woman and child in England, who, day by day and week by week, assembled to worship in the old houses of God, which they and their families had built, and whose every vestment and chalice and candlestick and banner, organs and bells and picture and image and altar and shrine, they looked upon as their own and part of their birthright.

The village church was the centre of social as well as of religious life. Here all disputes and offenses were dealt with such as now are matters for local magistrates or petty sessions or even judges at assize. The pulpit of the church was not only used for Sunday preaching, but for the publication of all notices of public interest. It was here that witnesses were cited, and accused persons warned of approaching justice; wills were declared, debtors admonished and thieves called to make restitution; those guilty of calumny or detraction were ordered to restore the good name of those they had defamed; scandals between married people were settled and reconciliations effected. "God's house was a practical reality and God's law a practical code in the ordinary affairs of life, and gave religion a living importance in the daily lives of every member of every parish throughout the country."* There was no call to end such a state of things as this; and the wisest, as well as the most spiritual, laymen of the time may well have been at pains to defend it.

We come now to another manifestation of the spiritual

* For further information on Medieval Parish Life, see Abbot Gasquet's *Parish Life in Medieval England*, his *Eve of the Reformation* and Dr. Jessop's *Before the Great Pillage*.

power—the monasteries. It is well that we should recall to our minds the intentions of St. Benedict, the founder of western monasticism. His Rule was drawn up for *laymen* who aspired to the highest type of life as set forth by our Lord in the Gospel, and although in later times a clerical character was super-imposed upon them, the Benedictines, and especially the Benedictines in England, always retained the impress which St. Benedict himself had put upon them.* Mr. Brewer goes so far as to say that it is as laymen and not as clerics that we should judge them, “as laymen who had set up for themselves a grand ideal attainable by a few, and demanding a sustained degree of religious fervor and self-devotion which few men reach, and still fewer are able to maintain.” He pertinently remarks that whatever their spiritual shortcomings they not only reached but also sustained an ideal very far above that of the times in which they lived. If we compare their work and its effect with that of their contemporaries in every other walk of life, we shall better perceive its unique, religious and social quality. When they came to England they found an Anglo-Saxon race which, during the hundred and fifty years of its occupation, had made no progress whatever. “Their paganism had grown coarser, deeper, darker; their political confusions and convulsions more hopeless; their tendencies more savage and restless; their culture an absolute blank.” But the monks changed all this. They taught the English race a life of co-operation and free labor, a life of obedience, order, regularity and economy, a life which was nothing other than an unconscious imitation of monasticism itself: how to farm and drain the land, how to build colleges and maintain them, how to regulate their domestic and political affairs, how to practice punctuality and despatch. They impressed upon our rough and hardy ancestors a gentler manner and breeding, new duties of respect to themselves and others. They taught them the meaning of justice and charity. The discipline of life as set forth by the monks

reached from the highest to the lowliest duties of man, as if all were bound together in one indissoluble union. It allowed no fervor of devotion to be pleaded as an excuse for neglect, or waste or untidiness; no urgency of labor as a set-off for

* See *Catholic Encyclopedia*: *St. Benedict*, by Abbot Ford.

want of punctuality ; no genius or skill of rank as an exemption from the tribute of respect, consideration and kindness that is due to others. The broken fragments of their frugal meal were as carefully gathered up to be given to the poor, their clothes washed, mended, and put away, their kitchen utensils and linen, their spades and implements of husbandry kept in as trim order and ready for use, as if their spiritual advancement depended upon these things. We recognize the value of such habits now . . . but the lesson familiar to us all was new to our forefathers. . . . The Court, the great lord and landowner, the universities, the city company, the merchant with his ledger, the farmer, the architect, the artist, the musician and author, owe just so much to the monk as is the difference between the rude untutored efforts of the savage and the disciplined and developed powers of cultivated genius, energy, taste and imagination.

Nor were all forms of manual labor, in a lower degree, without their obligation to monasticism. The stone-mason, the jeweler, the worker in brass and iron, the carver of wood, the joiner, the glass-maker, the weaver and embroiderer, the malster, the brewer and the baker, even the hedger, the ditcher and the gardener, learned each the lesson of his peculiar craft from these societies of well-bred and educated men, who took their turn at the trowel or the dungcart, and were deft and skilful alike in the kitchen, the brewhouse, and the bakehouse, in the workshop and in the field, as they were in illuminating manuscripts, in choral music, in staining a glass window, or erecting a campanile. Talk, indeed, of the aristocracy of labor ! Why the very notion of such a thing was inconceivable to the old world, as it would have been to us, but for the disciples of St. Benedict.

Monasticism was not only the practical teacher of the arts and crafts of civilized life: it was the familiar friend of rich and poor alike, and it bridged all class-differences. To its earnest, serious, spiritual side there was a cheerful, a healthy, a natural reaction. It had its sociable, its humorous, aye, its convivial aspect. Its hospitable welcome was extended to as many and as merry types of men as we find among Chaucer's pilgrims. These guests did not invade or destroy the monastic regularity and discipline, but there were places and times for joy and merriment ; there were comfort and kindness and assistance for all who came in spiritual or temporal need.

The myth of the "fine old English gentleman" who had a large estate and provided every day for the poor at his gate, was a reality in their case, and in their case only. The baker, the cordwainer, the tailor, the carpenter, the porter, the stableman, the cowherd, the cooper, and the laundry-woman with many others, had their bread and beer in the great hall of the abbey, with a snack from the larder as occasion required; and offerings besides at Christmas and Easter. . . . The sole depositories of news, the only places of entertainment, when kings and nobles visited their estates; without the monasteries a country life would have presented to men, especially to the laborer (very much what it does now), one dreary round of unalloyed and hopeless drudgery; of fasting days without festivals, of work without mirth or holidays.*

It is strange that such an account of monastic life as this, given us by a non-Catholic historian, is not to be found in our school books or even in more dignified works of history that are easily accessible.

As an example of the feelings and convictions of those who lived under monasticism and loved to recall its memories after it had been swept away, one may point to the evidence of what is known as the Cole manuscript which was written in 1591 and agrees entirely with the statement of Robert Aske written fifty years before and also with those of other contemporary writers.

The monks [he says], taught and preached the Faith, and practiced the same both in word and deed . . . they made such provision daily for the people that stood in need thereof, as sick, sore, lame or otherwise impotent, that none or very few lacked relief in one place or another. Yea, many of them, whose revenues were sufficient thereto, made hospitals and lodgings within their own houses, wherein they kept a number of impotent persons with all the necessaries for them, with persons to attend upon them; besides the great alms they gave daily at their gates to every one that came for it. Yea, no wayfaring person could depart without a night's lodging, meat, drink and money; it not being demanded from whence he or she came and whither he would go.

* *Giraldi Cambrensis Opera*. Vol. iv. edited by J. S. Brewer, pp. xxxiii. sqq.

They taught the unlearned that was put to them to be taught ; yea the poor as well as the rich, without demanding anything for their labor, other than what rich parents were willing to give them of mere devotion.

In confirmation of the monastic services to education we may note the weighty conclusion of Mr. Thorold Rogers that the extraordinary number of foundation schools established after the Reformation "was not a new zeal for learning, but the fresh and very inadequate supply of that which had been so suddenly and disastrously extinguished."

The Cole manuscript then proceeds:

There was no person that came to them heavy or sad for any cause that went away comfortless. They never revenged them of any injury, but were content to forgive it freely on submission. And if the price of corn had begun to start up in the markets, they made thereunto with wainloads of corn and sold it under the market price to poor people, to the end to bring down the price thereof. If the highways, bridges, or causeways were tedious to passengers that sought their living by travel, their great help lacked not towards the repair and amending thereof; yea they amended them on their own proper charges. . . .

They never raised any rent, or took any incomes or garesomes of their tenants; nor ever took in or improved any commons; although the most part and the greatest was ground belonging to their professions. . . . Yea, happy was that person who was tenant to an abbey. . . . And thus they fulfilled all the works of charity, round about them to the good example of all lay persons that now have taken forth far other lessons, that is *nunc tempus alios postulat mores*.

It is not without historical justice that the Reformation has been called a rising of rich against the poor, a rising which made the rich richer still and the poor still poorer. I do not say that the relief of poverty and distress at the end of the fifteenth century was all that it might have been, but it was something far better than the relief which succeeded it. It prevented that widespread destitution which is the scandal of our modern days, while its ministrations to poverty were informed by that deep, religious conviction which recognizes

all men as belonging to a human brotherhood. In the old Christian system of relief there were elements of mercy, of kindness, of compassion, of delicate human respect which no later state organization has succeeded in re-capturing to any extent. The Protestant doctrine which decried the value of human efforts towards virtue, had terrible consequences for the poor, for it taught men to forget the practical and social necessity of charity; the springs of unselfishness were dried up; the lust for accumulation took its place. The modern doctrines of selfish commercial immorality are the practical outcome of the doctrine which denied the necessity of good works.

One last word about the monasteries and that from Abbot Gasquet, a statement which sums up a ripe and judicial experience gathered from long and patient research, a statement which has yet to be refuted :

The religious of the sixteenth century had passed through many difficulties dangerous to their spiritual no less than to their temporal welfare. Yet while their moral tone had probably been lowered by the influence of the spirit of the times, the graver falls were certainly confined to individual cases. *Anything like general immorality was altogether unknown among the religious of England.* This much is clearly proved by the testimony of the acts of episcopal visitations, as well as by the absence of any such sweeping change, till it became necessary for Henry and his agents to blast the fair fame of the monastic houses in order the more easily to gain possession of their property.*

At this time the spiritual power was weak and the temporal power strong, at their most vital point of contact, Henry VIII. and the bishops of England were unequally matched; with the exception of Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester there was no man among them of the lineage of St. Dunstan, St. Anselm or St. Thomas of Canterbury. How came this Tudor monarch to have and to exercise such great power?

Henry VII. having finally established himself on the throne, did all in his power to make his position secure. He kept out of any serious foreign entanglements in order to attend to

* *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, popular edition, p. 11.

domestic policy. After a long period of civil strife the country was naturally in a state of disorder and insubordination. The royal hand must needs be firm and into that hand must needs be gathered all the reins of power. He distrusted the great barons and had no favorites; his chief ministers were Archbishop Morton, the early patron of Sir Thomas More, Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, and Sir Reginald Bray, with those much maligned lawyers, Empson and Dudley, to do the disagreeable work. With the institution of the Star Chamber, the royal tyranny, however necessary at the time, became supreme. On the other hand, Parliament grew more and more subservient and was hardly necessary to the royal purposes. Its old power of the purse was flouted by a monarch who had other and sufficient ways of getting money. People, seeing how powerless it was, became indifferent to it—a great change from the ceaseless vigilance for its rights and privileges which had marked the days of Plantagenets and Lancastrians. Henry VII. succeeded in accumulating enormous resources both of money and despotic power, and these he handed on to his son Henry VIII. who had all his father's brains, and all his grandfather's (Edward IV.) passions. Henry VIII. was

capable of going to almost any length in pursuit of the gratification of his ambition, his passions, his resentment or his simple love of self-assertion. Yet, however far he might go on the road to tyranny, he had sufficient cunning, versatility and power of cool reflection, to know precisely when he had reached the edge of the impossible. . . . It was the most marvelous proof of his ability that he died on the throne after nearly forty years of autocratic rule, during which he had roused more enmities and done more to change the face of the realm than any of the kings that were before him.

Bishop Stubbs, indeed, holds that the break-up of the old feudal form of society was the moving force of the Reformation both at home and abroad.

Neither religious disaffection and the disintegration of the weak church organization by the growing strength of absolutism, nor the ideas of the new learning, nor the rivalries of political rulers fostering abroad forms of discontent which they persecuted at home, nor the lust of enlarged territory, nor the

coveting of ecclesiastical wealth, nor the envy of the unprivileged classes, nor the new power of the press, would alone have sufficed to do the work that was done. Who could have reckoned on the coincidence of the Indulgence agitation in Germany, the divorce agitation in England, the growth of Huguenotism in France, the rising up of men like Luther, Zwingli, Calvin and Knox in such rapid succession, and with such marked differences, and such diverse contributions to such a complex result? There was unquestionably, in conjunction with the yearnings for spiritual change, a deep and strong impulse for the breaking with the past; breaking with national traditions and with religious traditions.*

The English Episcopacy of that time was hardly in a condition to resist or even oppose such a man as Henry VIII. with such forces in unconscious conspiracy to help him. Before Luther had nailed his theses to the church door at Wittenberg, the old attacks on the clerical rights of jurisdiction had been resumed in England; but with the exception of Fisher and More no single-minded champions were forthcoming to resist the attack. The Court had captured the bishops; the higher clergy had become, in Wycliffe's phrase, "Cæsarean." Pluralism, nepotism, simony and other abuses were unchecked. Spiritual offices were held by royal favor or temporal influence and in moments of crisis the men who held them did not hesitate to support the king against the Pope; bishoprics were awarded for political services; to foreigners were given English sees as the price of supporting royal schemes at Rome. Bishops preferred political occupation at Court to residence in their own dioceses, and the newer nobility were rightly jealous of them. When the great assault was made upon the Church and made by the autocratic *fiat* of the king there was no resolute, organized opposition. The two figures that stand out in heroic isolation among the eminent of their time, as the defenders of the spiritual power in its first hour of need, are Fisher and More. What they were fighting for has been well expressed in quite unecclesiastical language by a non-Catholic writer. The issue is defined in such a large and simple way that I venture to recommend it to the serious attention of my readers.

* Stubbs, *Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History*. P. 232.

The great historic drama of the Middle Ages turns on the long struggle of the universal Catholic Church to rescue the appointment of pastors and teachers from emperors, kings, nobles, and politicians (*i. e.*, the Temporal Powers), and maintain it in the hands of one representative, European authority resting not on force but on moral influence. In this, the most momentous of historic endeavors to liberate the Spiritual from the Temporal power (*i. e.*, to try to make the thinker, the preacher, the artist, the woman, independent of the man-at-arms and the man-with-the-money-bags), far-sighted and public-spirited citizens were naturally on the side of the Papacy. If the king or the nobles appointed their bishops, what was to prevent such patrons from appointing puppets of their own? Sir Thomas More is one of the central figures in this world-drama of the moral, against the material, order. In sacrificing his life for Papal Supremacy, he gave up place and power, fortune, friends and family, for the moral ideal of citizenship. His execution by Henry VIII., though it did not seem to delay the victory of the Temporal Power in England (with its lasting train of evil consequences), yet secured the sanctification of the martyr, and thus More by his supreme act of sacrifice becomes one of the most potent symbols in European history for the transmission of the civic ideal of spiritual freedom.*

* I owe this paragraph to my friend Mr. V. V. Branford.

A SCHOLAR'S DEATH.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, Ph.D.



THE parish of St. Thomas in the southwestern corner of Newfoundland, follows a straggling coast line of seventy-five miles. It stretches across broad bays and harbors, and makes its way into the tiniest coves and indraughts, where the fearless fisher-folks wrest from the bosom of the deep a scanty and precarious livelihood. Inland it does not extend at all for there is the wilderness primeval—uncharted reaches of forest and marsh and moor tenanted only by partridge, deer and half-wild cattle. The sea is the principal highway of communication between each little fishing village. Should that prove impracticable owing to fog, ice or storm each one must blaze a path for himself through the brushwood. It requires an iron constitution to stand a pastor's life in the cruel cheerlessness of a Newfoundland wilderness where sick-calls of fifty and sixty miles are of constant occurrence, and where a single call may mean a week's, and even a fortnight's, absence from home. No small degree of fortitude is required to put up with the hardships and privations such a life entails; the long hours spent in open boats with the spray and the waves dashing over them, the exasperating delays at the mouths of harbors, the unwholesome food, the poor quarters which are still the best the fishers have to offer—all these things are very trying indeed. And yet, there are men—but they do not wield a pen—who have lived that life for close on half a century, and who are almost as buoyant and jaunty to-day as the first day they entered on the mission. Over and over again they have taken their lives in their hands to visit the sick and give the sacraments to the dying; every recurring winter they face hardships that are severe enough to produce fatal results; but still they continue doing their work in a business-like, matter-of-fact way, and in the wildest flights of their imagination never dream there is anything heroic in their actions.

Dr. James O'Connell had been appointed to the parish of St. Thomas immediately on his return from college. He reached the village in the teeth of a hammering November gale, pale and thin from hard study, and with a miniature library among his otherwise scanty *impedimenta*. He got drenched to the skin while landing, and one of his precious cases, freighted with the lore of Europe, nearly went to the bottom. Finally, however, he reached the little presbytery safely, and for a few days he lost interest in everything but the joy and wonder of first housekeeping. He entered into possession of his domicile under the protection of "Aunt Teresa," who was admitted by all to be a prudent and "knowledgeable" woman, whose tact and "management" were invaluable in embarrassing situations.

Far back in the dreamy, shadowy past she had ministered unto a certain venerable Dean, long since called to his reward, and for more than twenty years she had kept house for the successive pastors of St. Thomas.' The new incumbent gave her *carte blanche* to do as she pleased about the house, but stated that he himself would fix up the study, and that he did not want any books or papers disturbed no matter how much their chaotic disorder might offend the ethics of correct housekeeping. The pastor's study was a pleasant little room, low-ceilinged and cozy, with a bay-window that looked out on the turbulent Atlantic, and rattled to the thunder of its surf. In this lightsome recess he placed his writing-table; a revolving bookstand by its side contained the volumes he required for immediate use. The remainder of his books he disposed on shelves around the walls of the room.

There they were—a goodly array gathered in the book stores of half a dozen European cities—theology, philosophy, scripture, canon law, liturgy, general literature, with an odd volume of lighter vein for moments of weariness or leisure. The pastor intended, God willing, to make some original contributions to Catholic philosophy, and had already begun to gather material for a lengthy paper on "The Neo-Platonic Elements in the Thomistic Philosophy." He recognized, very soon, however, that such a study might be almost indefinitely prolonged, but it was a goal to look forward to, a spur and incentive to work, an intellectual pursuit to keep his mind from rusting, and losing the painfully acquired knowledge of years.

In the meantime, more immediate and pressing matters

claimed his attention. The preparation of his weekly sermons made considerable inroads on his time. Again, his parish needed a new church, and the question of ways and means had to be thought of and provided for. So, though nearly every mail brought him some books to aid in the production of his *Magnum Opus*, many of them remained unread. The pastor of a poor and struggling parish on the bleak coasts of Terra Nova can scarcely be a scholar, though certainly it is well to aim at such a desirable ideal.

For many weeks Dr. O'Connell had been counting the mails and had been on the watch for the coming of a long-expected German Monograph on Plotinus. At last the precious volume arrived, and the pastor sat down to devour its arid pages with all the zest of a hungry school boy for a feast.

He was deeply absorbed in trying to disentangle the ideas of the *Enneades*—which were not made clearer from being seen through Teuton glasses—when he received a sick-call from a distant part of the parish. The person was old, and there was need of haste. He and his guides left for their destination in a small boat during the early afternoon. The weather was fine, the wind favorable, and in a well-manned boat they ought to reach their objective point in seven or eight hours. But the wind fell suddenly, a thick curtain of gray fog closed down like a pall over the waters, and twenty-four hours later they crept into port utterly exhausted. It was a hard experience for the young priest. He had often heard of such things; he knew these were the difficulties to be encountered, but with youthful in consequence he never thought seriously of them before, of the suffering, the danger, and the hardship. When he reached the sick person's bed-side he had just energy enough to administer the sacraments before he fell fainting by the patient's side.

It took him three days to recuperate. A week later he was back in his little presbytery, physically a wreck, mentally indomitable, spiritually rejoicing that he, too, had been called upon to suffer something for the sake of Christ.

An Easter fair realized five hundred dollars with which Dr. O'Connell intended to start his new church, and in spite of many interruptions and setbacks his treasured manuscript was slowly growing. By this time the little study was more than gorged with books. They hid the walls, filled the chairs and win-

dow-ledges, struggled for uncertain foothold on the table and lay around the floor in disorderly heaps. Such atrocious misplacement of matter scandalized the decorous taste of Aunt Teresa. But on this point her easy-going master was stern and inexorable; he would not permit his beloved volumes to be touched by any profane hand. These dog-eared tattered volumes, these stained and withered-looking folios were dear and precious to him. Yet in spite of his studious habits and the intellectual resources within his reach, he did sometimes feel desperately, over-poweringly lonely. There were days and days when no one came near the presbytery, and when a sick-call would be in one sense a boon to break the dull, stupifying monotony. Sometimes, in rebellious mood, he used to ask himself what was the good of his superabundant education? What use the languages, the knowledge, the book and world-lore he had acquired? No one in St. Thomas' knew or cared anything about these things; their horizon was limited to the crops, the fisheries and local chit-chat. He hungered for someone that he could talk to on a footing of equality. He longed to discuss the books he read, the thoughts he thought, the dreams and hopes he indulged in, with someone capable of understanding and appreciating them. And then, in penitent mood, he shook himself free from these murmuring melancholy imaginings; he recalled how much he had to be thankful for, how his lines had fallen in pleasant places far above his deserts, that the love and affection of his people far outweighed whatever difficulties he had to encounter. No doubt he had troubles in his present post but he should meet them everywhere, and if his Lord wished him to tarry there until He came, it was well. After all he was a soldier; he had freely chosen a soldier's part, and it was not for him to repine at his service nor murmur against the yoke.

Dr. O'Connell's second Christmas at St. Thomas' was to be a gala occasion. For weeks before he had been training the choir and making ready for a grand celebration of the festival. No trouble was spared by anyone to make the event as joyous and historic as possible. The men had gone as far as fifteen miles into the country to secure the finest boughs and evergreens for the decoration of the altar and the crib. The pastor spent nearly all of Christmas Eve in the church over-

seeing his co-workers, and putting the final touches to things with his own hand. Late in the evening he went home to rest before the midnight Mass. He was half dozing before the fire and looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the next day when he received a telegram to go quickly to one of his outlying stations—a parishioner was dying. It was a deep disappointment to have to leave the greater number of his people without Mass on such a feast, and also to have all the trouble of preparation thus go for nothing. But a priest does not permit personal feelings, or thoughts of convenience or expediency to stand in the way when a dying person calls for his ministration. The night was too windy to venture on the water, and so the priest with two companions, a pony and a rough sleigh locally known as a "catamaran" set out on their journey through the pathless country. The land was deep under a mantle of snow. The most familiar landmarks had vanished under the white pall. Even the high hill-tops assumed the most bewildering and fantastic shapes and seemed to mock at the tiny mites who toiled along under their crests.

After traveling for some hours they came to a large, open expanse of country as level as a table; it might be the alluvial meadows called "the flats," or it might be one of a chain of lakes that bisected the country in that direction. In this latter case they had deflected six or seven miles to the south of their proper course. The guides differed in opinion, the elder holding they were on a lake, the younger on a meadow, and, indeed, it was well-nigh impossible to tell what lay under that deceitful carpet of snow. The priest took no part in the discussion, being too weary and dazed to open his lips. But while the guides argued, there was an ominous crack; the ice, for ice it was, gave away under them and they were plunged into the freezing water. Under the first sheet of ice there was a layer of water and then a second stratum of ice, a "double deck," so nothing worse than a very unpleasant wetting resulted. They got off the treacherous lake as quickly as possible, and took what they presumed was the right direction. They had still, so they calculated, some twenty miles to go, and they hoped with good luck to do it in five hours. With the dawn the wind died away rapidly and tiny snow-flakes began to fall. They looked at

one another meaningly but spoke no word. If a bad snow storm overtook them in that shelterless wilderness it meant death. The snow continued to fall gently at first, then more thickly until at last, seated on the catamaran, they could not see the horse's head. The priest's face was ashen gray and he swayed helplessly to and fro to the side-swing of the sleigh like a drunken man.

"Jack" said the elder guide to his companion, "if we don't soon get shelter somewhere the doctor will die on us. Make him take a drop of that French brandy you have." They besought him to take a mouthful or even a taste of the liquor but without avail. If God wanted him, he said, he was not afraid to die, but he would go before his Maker with his pledge unbroken. To rouse him from his increasing lethargy, the elder man took him by the arm and walked him after the sleigh while the younger led the horse's head. But he could not keep up the pace at all, and fell helplessly at every third step. Then the brave fellows, not thinking at all of themselves, took off their coats and covering him tenderly with these, tied him on the sleigh, and while he lay unresisting, unconscious in their hands, they forced some of the brandy through his tightly-closed lips.

Late in the afternoon when the guides themselves were almost exhausted, they thought they saw through the growing dusk the gleam of lights and heard faint shouts far away to the right. It was a party of searchers from the little village, who had come to meet the priest and his companions on the way.

Willing hands lifted him from the sleigh and carried him quickly to the house, where, under the influence of heat and restoratives, he revived. His first thought was for the sick person he came to attend and he insisted on administering the sacraments immediately. But the effort used up whatever little strength he had left and as he finished the ceremony he collapsed completely. He was undressed and put to bed and one of the men watched through the night at his bedside. The people of the house did not think their pastor was seriously ill, but they wished to do all in their power for his comfort. Towards morning he awoke and looked around in a dazed kind of way not seeming to recognize the strange room and surroundings.

"Where am I," he gasped feebly. Then catching sight of his guide of yesterday, everything came back to him. "That was a hard day we had yesterday Jack, but my work is done."

"We'll have many a day together yet, doctor, please God you'll be all right to-morrow."

"There's no to-morrow for me Jack, I'm near eternity now. Lift me up. How dark 'tis getting! I can't see you now. . . . Jesus, Mary, Joseph. . . ." A gray shadow passed over his face—he was gone.

The sun rose in glory out of a cloudless sky as blue as purest indigo, and it shone into a poor little room where a dead priest lay a martyr to his duty. His face was wreathed with a smile and about him was that peace which passeth all understanding.

THE SECOND PRESENTATION,

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

SHE treads the way like Abraham of old
Up the steep hill to immolate her Son.
Around her silent heart deep shadows fold—
The sacrifice of ages is begun.

Like Abraham—but lo! in all the land
None but her Son can save our fallen race;
No white-robed angel stays her upraised hand,
No victim waits to take her Infant's place.

THE SANCTITY OF THE CHURCH.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.



HE sanctity of the Church depends not upon the moral character of her members; nor does the validity of her means of grace depend, as the Donatists contended, upon the worthiness of her ministers. The full benefits and privileges of the Church are, of course, for the pure of heart, and for them only; and a priest who administers the sacraments while in a state of grievous sin adds sin to sin. But neither can evil members deprive the Church of her sanctity, nor can unworthy priests deprive the sacraments of their virtue and grace and their sanctifying effects upon the worthy recipient.

The sanctity of the Church is derived, not from her members, even though they be saints, but from her Divine Head and Founder, since by Him she was established and is sustained. From Him likewise, Who is the source of all grace, and not from the worthiness of the priest who ministers them, is derived the grace of the sacraments, which, as in the case of the Church, have been instituted by Him, and not by man.

At the same time, it is true, of course, that, though the action and effects of grace are for the most part secret and hidden, the sanctity of the Church shines forth and is everywhere manifested by virtue of the holy lives and good works of multitudes of her members, both priests and people. By means of the sacraments they show forth the life of union with the Author and Giver of all grace. In the lives and writings of the canonized saints—martyrs, confessors, doctors, virgins, and, above all, in the life His holy Mother—the unique sanctity of His Church is pre-eminently manifest. Moreover, He Himself in His Risen Body ever abides on the altars of His Church, the centre and meaning of her worship, sanctifying her sanctuaries, and communicating Himself from thence to her members. And furthermore, in accordance with His

promise, the Holy Spirit dwells in her, as truly as does man's soul in his body, teaching her and proclaiming by her all truth, and maintaining her in being; "for in one Spirit were we all baptized into one Body," and chosen "unto salvation, in sanctification of the spirit, and faith of the truth."

The Church is holy. But that does not mean "not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing," or "without blemish" in her visible portion on earth. Under the law of probation here below she necessarily consists of good and bad, and, indeed, is likened to a field in which good grain and weeds grow together until the harvest; to a net which gathers of fish good and bad; to a vine cumbered with fruitless branches; to a wedding-feast in which not all the guests are clothed in the wedding-garment of charity. It is her very office to carry on her Divine Founder's work of salvation, to reclaim sinners, to effect and to renew the purity of heart which, for His sake, she requires of her children. Like Him she teaches, indeed, hatred of sin, but mercy, love, patience, towards the sinner. She watches and waits for the sinner's repentance; rebukes, warns, exhorts. When he turns from evil and repents, she receives and reinstates him by means of the divine mysteries of which He has appointed her the steward. And herein, again, does she manifest the note of sanctity. If she received sinners without repentance on their part, if she administered absolution to the impenitent on the mere confession of their sins, as her enemies aver that she does, then, indeed, would she sin against this note. But, on the contrary, she makes repentance, which necessarily includes a firm purpose of amendment, the very condition of a valid absolution. She teaches that to approach the altar without such repentance is an act of sacrilege. She insists that to have part in her sanctity the sinner must forsake sin and be made holy. It is ever her endeavor by all her means of grace to reclaim and restore, to save and heal, to cleanse, sanctify and clothe with "the first robe." She aims at nothing short of the sinner's sanctification, since for this, and nothing short of it, was she commissioned and empowered by her Divine Founder in His Name and by His merits and grace. She is holy, therefore, because she teaches the doctrine which He delivered, and administers His means of grace in accordance with the purpose for which He bestowed them, namely, that we may forsake sin, be cleansed

from its stain, fulfill His commandment, and persevere in His grace to the end.

When we look out upon the world of men we see, indeed, "a vision to dazzle and appall"—a vision which "inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution," and we are perforce driven to the conclusion that "the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity" and "is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator." The mutual alienations and conflicts of men, their jealousies, cruel wars, atrocities, persecutions, spoliations; the defeat of good, the success of evil; physical pain, disease, mental anguish; the shortness of life, the anticipation of death; the prevalence, intensity and horrors of sin; the many idolatries, the babel of sects; the dreary, widespread, hopeless irreligion, as of individuals so likewise of nations; the incessant and virulent attacks of civil governments upon the Church of God, because, forsooth, she reminds them that there is an Authority higher than theirs—an Almighty Being above them, to Whom they are subject and will have to render an account. Such are the considerations which force upon us the remembrance that we live in a sinful world, that man has fallen from his original estate and is enduring the consequences of his rebellion against his Maker.

So evident, indeed, is the sinful and, humanly speaking, hopeless condition of the human race, so overwhelming and bewildering the contemplation of it, that scarcely need we be surprised that in the era known as the Protestant Reformation, men who denied that the Catholic Church is of God, and that her sacraments are divinely given means of effecting man's renovation, regarded human nature as a mere mass of hopeless evil, utterly depraved, irreclaimable, and incapable of any good thing. Nay, it may even be said, they dispossessed part of human nature itself, since they denied to it free-will, which surely is as much of the essence of human nature as is the human reason. Luther, for instance, who denied that the grace of justification means sanctification, compared man, under the action of what he understood by grace, to "a trunk or a stone." The Calvinists, certainly, on the other hand, admitted that man was active as well as passive under the influence of what they called grace, but, as they held such grace to be irresistible, they denied that man is free to accept or reject it.

The grace of justification in the Protestant view—speaking generally—means no more than the *imputation* of Christ's righteousness to one who remains still guilty, still in his sins, these being but covered, not removed, and Christ's righteousness in no way *imparted*, but only imputed. There is obviously no place for repentance, as Catholics understand the word, in such a system of doctrine; and anything in the nature of sanctification is likewise obviously excluded. Moreover, if man has not free-will, not only is repentance, which depends upon the exercise of free-will, impossible, but likewise all power, either of supernatural goodness by divine grace, or of natural goodness. The denial of capabilities of natural goodness is necessarily involved also in the notion that human nature has become a mere mass of hopeless corruption.

The results of such teaching have been, and are, but too painfully evident in every country in which Protestantism has sway. If human nature cannot be rescued from its sin, cannot be renovated, made pure, chaste, sanctified, why believe in any such thing as the provision of means to such an end; why believe in the efficacy of the sacraments as the instruments of such supernatural grace, or that any grant of any kind whatsoever has been vouchsafed for the purpose? And thus it has come to pass that Protestantism unites with the world, not only in denying the grant and power of sanctifying grace, but, as a consequence, in making little of the sinfulness of sin, For if nature cannot rise above nature, if its tendencies and inclinations have not been subjected to a law which both requires and enables us to live a life above its fallen level. why should the indulgence of such impulses and propensities be, after all, so very sinful, provided it be but private and personal, and does no harm to others, or to one's own mental, bodily and temporal well-being? So argues the world, and Protestantism is at one with it in its disbelief in sanctity, and in regarding those who enter upon the narrow way as pretenders and hypocrites, and their aspirations as but romance and fanaticism; in scoffing at the special creations of God's grace, slandering the profession of celibacy, and libelling those who are dedicated to Him in the religious life.

The social virtues and interests such as temperance, honesty in human affairs, popular contentment, order, tranquility,

progress, plenty, prosperity—these are the things that Protestant efforts have, to a large extent, principally in view; and that country which abounds most in material prosperity is esteemed the highest in God's favor, and as possessed of His chiefest blessings—as, for instance, England under Elizabeth's reign of temporal prosperity, despite its irreligion, the corruptions of her court, and the cruel persecutions and barbarous slaughter of Catholics! As to faith, that, in the Protestant view, is but a subjective and personal apprehension of the Savior. There are no special doctrines necessary to be believed in order to be saved; each man has a right to his own religious opinions, to his own rule of faith, his own worship; and if a number unite to form a church, this is but for the sake of brotherhood and convenience. In an American Protestant attempt to discover "The Coming Creed"—as though, forsooth, no revelation of Divine Truth has as yet been vouchsafed to man—the author gives what his reviewer describes as "a study that may prove helpful to those who are engaged in shaping a creed for their church." The reviewer then quotes:

One of the most significant features of the present religious situation is the growing discontent with the dogmatic ideal of church life. The feeling is widespread that the creeds, which in the historic orthodox churches stand for Christianity, are in their present form the survival of a thought world which has been outgrown, and that they are consequently a hindrance to faith rather than its bulwark. The writer profoundly sympathises with this feeling.

The reviewer then proceeds: "So says the author, and in his interesting discussion . . . he leads up to 'A Suggested Creed.'" This reviewer then takes up another book, which he describes as:

A pragmatic book, in which religion is brought to people not in dogmatic form, but in pragmatic; not as a dogma to be accepted, but as a reality to be tried, experienced and explained, if ever explained, after experienced. . . . Here again is not belief, but practice; not talk about life, but experience of life; not dogmatic assertion, but test that brings demonstration in the actual working out of life in the making of life, so that religion is wrought into character.

But as to the nature of this life, its growth and its fruits, no reference is made to the influence of a sanctifying grace from on high; all is subjective—"a mass of thought and suggestion, developing through the twelve chapters" concerning it, and we are assured that "no one can follow this array of scientific fact and careful reasoning without feeling an exaltation and a power worth all that it has cost." "Philosophic Protestantism"—the late Professor James' term—is the best term for it. Dr. Schiller names it "Humanism," a term equally applicable, since it substitutes for truth revealed by God and taught by His Church, and for God's sanctifying grace, fancied truths of man's own making, and the experiences of his fervid imagination and elated feelings. Truth under such a system is regarded as purely subjective and personal; each man makes it for himself; that is true to each, which each believes to be true, and what is true to one need not be true to his neighbor. Therefore, there is no such thing as a true religion or a false. And if man is thus sufficient for himself in relation to belief, why not also in relation to moral conduct? If his reason, which is the eyesight of his mind, needs not a light from without to discern truth, why should his moral nature be dependent upon supernatural grace? Thus do men deify and worship human nature, make themselves the measure of all things, and deny the necessity and grant of a sanctifying grace from on high. And since without such divine grace sin cannot be removed, and without its aid is unavoidable, its guilt therefore is disregarded, overlooked, and even sometimes denied.

How strange are the inconsistencies and contradictions of Protestantism! Human nature, in its view, is a mere mass of corruption, incapable of good, incapable of sanctification; and yet, forsooth, each individual of the race is considered capable of shaping for himself a religion out of the pages of a book by means of his private judgment, or by virtue of his ideas, sentiments, feelings, emotions; as also of ordering his life to his own and his neighbor's satisfaction in relation to moral and social conduct.

Very different from all this is the teaching of the Catholic Church. She recognizes, indeed, that man has fallen from his first estate, and, by reason of his rebellion against his Maker, has forfeited the grace that was bestowed for the supernatural

end for which he was created: that, with the loss of divine grace, he lost his adoption as the child of God, forfeited the right to heaven, and with the guilt of sin incurred its punishment also both in body and soul; that, with the loss of grace he lost, indeed, the *integrity* of his nature and thus incurred, with a memory clouded, an understanding darkened, and a will weakened, ignorance, and the concupiscence of the flesh. But while she thus recognizes that by his fall from grace man lost, together with all else that depended on grace, the *integrity* of his nature, she maintains that he lost nothing of that which pertains to the *essence* of human nature; that as he lost not reason, so neither did he lose *free-will*, nor capabilities of natural goodness, nor yet the power to respond to the grace of repentance.

She denounces sin as rebellion against God, and, *therefore*, as of all possible evils the greatest, and her initial doctrine in consequence is an emphatic protest against the existing state of mankind. But she will not allow, in fact, she denies, that human nature is a mere mass of hopeless evil, and irreclaimable. She maintains that it has upon it the promise of great things, and that she is sent for the very purpose of renovating it.

But she does not imagine that man's restoration can be brought about simply through certain outward provisions of preaching and teaching, even though these be her own; still less by his reading and private interpretation of a book, even though it be the Bible. She maintains that it can be brought about only from an inward spiritual power or grace imparted directly from above, and of which she is the channel; and hence her insistence upon the necessity of the sacraments as being the divinely-appointed means of that renovating grace which she has been commissioned to dispense to those who sincerely desire to be saved from sin and to be sanctified.

She holds, indeed, that the unaided reason of man does, when correctly exercised, lead to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution. But she insists that reason is but the eyesight of the mind, and that just as in the physical order we need, besides eyesight, a light from without to see—since not the keenest eyesight will avail us in the dark,—so in like manner do we need, besides the exercise of reason, a gift from above—the light of faith—to

discern divine truths. Moreover, so puffed up with pride is man in his fallen condition—and it was in consequence of the sin of pride that he fell—and so perverse is his will, that his reason tends ever towards misbelief and unbelief in matters religious. Of this we have abundant actual and historical proof. It is significant that, when our Lord came on earth, it was precisely in those portions of the pagan world in which the intellect had been active and had had a career, that the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times were all but disappearing; and history is but repeating itself now wherever the intellect is active. Freedom of thought, though in itself one of man's greatest natural gifts, needs, in truth, a divine provision "to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses."

It needs the provision of a power invested with the prerogative of infallibility to preserve in the world a knowledge of its Creator, to declare the truths which He has revealed, and to obtain for them that assent of faith which transcends reason and is more than opinion. For faith admits not of the least shadow of doubt concerning revealed truth, since such truth is not of man, but of God, and therefore, is as absolutely true for all time as God Himself is true. We cannot at the same time both doubt and believe, be sure and yet not be sure; faith makes us certain for good and for all—certain of divine truth, because it is divine and is vouched for as such by an Authority divinely provided; and as the truth thus believed in is a divine gift, so, likewise, is the faith by which we believe it. Hence, the Church is holy as being the authority divinely invested with the prerogative of infallibility to declare truths which are holy because divine, and as being the means by which we obtain the divine gift of faith and manifest it in the life of obedience to its requirements. For faith requires of us not only to believe divine truth, but to seek also deliverance from sin, sanctification in body and soul, and perseverance in the life of obedience to the divine commands; to seek such grace by means of the sacraments, since these are the divinely-appointed channels of the supernatural grace which *imparts*, not merely imputes, to us the righteousness of Christ. And thus the Church is holy for the further reason that she possesses and ministers the means of effecting in us real holiness of life.

Naught but return to "the old paths," to the divinely-

appointed Teacher and Guide, can avail to unite men in religious belief; naught but the divinely-appointed means of grace (where they may be had) can effect that "holiness without which no man shall see God." No human expedient can effect so divine a work—no "World Conference on Faith and Order" among the hundred and fifty denominations of Christians; no mere insistence upon "the great things, God and character and service;" still less "new statements of faith and duty, revision of the creeds of other generations," or any "coming creed." All such human shifts—to say only this concerning them—are but calculated to make confusion worse confounded, as experience has again and again conclusively shown.

Let us pass over the early and later heresies into the history of which we have not space here to enter, and consider for a moment what has come of the Protestant appeal to "the Bible and the Bible only," interpreted by man's private judgment in place of the divinely-appointed Teacher. The hundred and fifty denominations testify to the fact that, thus handled in a way which never was intended, the Bible, though divine, does not serve to unite Christians against a common foe; far from it, it becomes in their hands, on the contrary, a weapon of attack upon one another; and now at length we see the attack directed even upon Holy Scripture itself, upon its very structure, contents, and text, until in the hands of its critics there is little or no Bible left! Again, in the countries which separated from the Catholic Church at the time of the Protestant reformation, the necessity of some form of religion for the interests of humanity being still generally acknowledged, the expedient adopted was the establishment of religion, material, legal and social. But nationalism in matters religious has, apart from the fact of establishment, signally failed as a bond of religious union; has robbed the nations of Europe of a centre of Christian unity; and has provoked resistance to state domination in a sphere which Catholics and many Protestants alike feel belongs to a higher jurisdiction.

If, then, Christians would be united in religion, if human nature is to be lifted on to a higher than its fallen level, and sanctified, such unity and sanctification must be sought for where they have all along been divinely provided;—they must be sought for in the Catholic Church, which has seen the rise of all the heresies and schisms that ever were, and is destined

to outlast all that now are, or may in future time arise. "Stand ye on the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it: and you shall find refreshment for your souls."

The Church contemplates, not society in the first place, but in the second place, and in the first place individuals. She looks beyond the world and "detects and moves against the devil who is sitting in ambush behind it." She has a foe in view, and a battle-field, to which the world is blind. Her battle-field is the heart of the individual, and her foe is Satan. She has it in charge to rescue those who are "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them because of the blindness of their hearts," to enlighten and sanctify them, that they may enjoy the blessings of "faith and a good conscience." She would "war in them a good warfare," that they may vanquish the world, the flesh and Satan, and having "put on the new man, who according to God is created in justice and holiness of truth," may attain to the "full reward" of "the sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints."

And, at the last, when death stares us in the face, then especially, are the results of the divine gift of faith, on the one hand, and of private judgment, on the other, observable. The Catholic is possessed of a gift of which not even sin deprives him. He may, alas, have cast himself out of God's favor and for a long time forsaken the means of grace and practice of religion; but he has within him an instrument of recovery; seldom, or never, or only after a miserable effort, does he lose his faith. In the Divine mercy, faith comes to his aid in the hour when most he needs it. It reminds him of the way of repentance, forgiveness and restoration to his former estate, upon which his salvation depends, and he knows exactly how to obtain from his Savior all that he so sorely needs. With the Protestant the case is different; he has but his private judgment, which creates only human opinion, and when he is faced by a sense of his guilt he is afraid and bewildered, or he presumes, having at best but his view of justification, and that a false one, to fall back upon; and, as an expression of his fear, or of his presumption, he asks, perhaps, for a portion of Scripture to be read to him, without knowledge of what Scripture contains concerning repentance, forgiveness and sanctification unto salvation.

So far as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, [writes a Protestant], the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. They have an expert by them, armed with spiritual specifics, in which they, both patient and priestly ministrant, place implicit trust—Confession, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction. . . . If Cowper had been a good Roman Catholic, instead of having his conscience handled by a Protestant like John Newton, he would not have died despairing, looking upon himself as a castaway. I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their deathbeds, and it has always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by, than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it.*

The faith which justifies is more than the personal trust which precedes it; it is "the faith of the Gospel"—"the faith that cometh by hearing," the faith for which St. Paul gives thanks on behalf of those who are "chosen unto salvation, in sanctification of the spirit, and faith of the truth." It is the faith of "the Gospel of the Kingdom," of which our Lord Himself declared: "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony to all nations"—the gospel of his *visible* kingdom therefore, since it is for a testimony, or *witness*, to all nations.† Such is the true nature of justifying faith. "The prayer of him that humbleth himself shall pierce the clouds," and obtain it.

The Catholic Church, then, is holy, *because* she is of God, having for her head Christ our Lord, Who abides ever upon her altars, pleading His Sacrifice, and nourishing His members unto everlasting life; because she is indwelt by the Holy Spirit, the Life-giver, Sanctifier, Teacher and Guide; because she teaches a doctrine unto sanctification of life, and by ministration of the sacraments, which have been placed in her hands as the means to this end, is ever engaged in the saving work of man's renovation; because, as the result of her labors, she manifests the life of sanctity in so many of her members particularly in such as are dedicated to God in the life of religion, and pre-eminently in the saints of her calendar.

* Dr. O. W. Holmes, *Over the Teacups*, p. 250. Ed. 1894,

† Cf. *Thess.* ii. 10-14; *S. Matt.* xxiv. 14.

CONSEQUENCES.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER I.



HE regulation hospital-bed seemed too short to accommodate its present occupant, for his knees were bent, making a miniature mountain-slide of the snow-white counterpane, while his nervous fingers built little ridges in the steep descent as if he were preparing a safe track for a venturesome toboggan.

The hands that busied themselves thus were transparent, soft, tapering—eloquent hands of a scholar, an artist or an idler. The man's face was lean and ascetic-looking, in spite of the unkempt growth of beard, a necessary result of a long, delirious illness, but a positive disfigurement.

The room possessed none of the ornate luxuriousness with which some of the hospitals surround their private patients. The floor was bare, the white walls held but one picture, a cheap engraving of one of the famous Madonnas; the two high windows, with their long, green shades, boasted no drapery, but in an ill-shapen, china pitcher on the enameled bureau, a great bunch of American beauties doubled their number in the blue mirror against which they leaned for support.

Seated in a chair by the invalid's bed, was a handsome woman of middle-age viewing, with some show of complacency, the flowers she had just arranged.

"They are a spot of color in this whited sepulchre," she said. "I foraged this small town over for those roses. I was determined to get red ones and nothing else. Of course, I know that people are trying to prove that colors have a direct effect upon our dispositions, and red wall-paper is supposed to make us irritable, but crimson—crimson roses ought to have a cheering effect, and you must get well, dear, as soon as you can, for I must take you home with me."

"Home!" he repeated vaguely.

"Home, of course—where else? You've been such a wanderer all your life, you don't know the meaning of the word. To be sick in this little muddy town is terrible."

"I like it," he said, with a wan smile, "I wish you would go without me."

"*Like it!*" she repeated in amazement. "My dear George, that's the most characteristic thing you have said since my arrival. You like anything—anything that's different—you would enjoy a grass hut in the tropics or an igloo on an ice-*cake* temporarily."

He settled himself more comfortably on his pillows. "I believe I prefer this to either of them just now, but it's hard on you. I wish you would go home."

"Never," she said, with great determination, throwing back her long coat as an added proof of her fixity of purpose. "We have drifted apart too long. Do you realize that we are all that are left of the family—the only ones left to save the name of Bainbridge from extinction."

His eyes twinkled faintly in their sunken sockets. "It seems to me you extinguished the feminine Bainbridge some time ago."

"Oh, well, of course, I married. You know you wouldn't care for an old-maid sister. Widows are always preferable. They know men and don't expect much of any of them."

"Don't they?" he said hopefully, the amusement in his face still visible.

"Marriage teaches most women that," said his sister reflectively, "though I confess I never started life with many illusions. When Cedric Dandrey proposed to me I knew he had been in love with half a hundred girls before me. I never knew my poor, dear mother-in-law, for she died when Cedric was a baby, but I've always believed she was a foolish woman. No boy could be called Cedric and escape being a sentimentalist. I knew if I refused him he would fall in love with half a hundred more."

"And you were quite sure that marriage—"

"Oh, my dear George!" she interrupted him, "no one can say that Cedric was an unfaithful husband. I will acknowledge that at times his temper was unbearable and he drank dreadfully for some years before he died, but I tried

to be patient. The rapidity with which people get divorces nowadays has always seemed vulgar and rather disreputable."

"I suppose virtue is more respectable," he agreed drily, "but I've been lying here for weeks thinking of the different gradations of goodness, and I've come to the conclusion that I have never done anything good in my life."

"Now, dear, don't be humble," she protested, her face showing real alarm. "No Bainbridge was ever known to suffer from that fault before. Remember you've been delirious. I do believe your mind has begun to wander again."

"Not this time. I'm quite normal; but I've been lying here for days thinking that I was going to die. I tried to get over the notion of immortality and I—couldn't. Every now and then I would ask one of these Sisters of Charity, who have charge of this place, something about the hereafter—fool-questions I suppose—but my fever made me dreamy and speculative, and she would answer me with such surety, as if dying was the beginning of all things—the real life—the life that mattered you know. Then I began to think what sort of a chance I should have in a spirit-world when there had never been anything spiritual about me. I tell you I've been altogether selfish, I never did anything good in my life."

"Oh, I'm sure—sure when we used to have church fairs you used to contribute most generously."

He laughed aloud. "Because some pretty girl held me up like a highwayman. I tell you I couldn't look back on anything that could be credited on the other side."

"Don't, don't say that," said his sister in some dismay. "Think dear, I'm sure there must be something—something good."

"Well, perhaps," he said, meditatively, "one thing, but it's a most troublesome thought, and I put it out of my mind because it seemed to worry me more than my sins. If I had died I should have been free from the responsibility, but now that I am getting strong, it's a question that has to be reckoned with."

"Oh, dear," she said, with sisterly solicitude, tucking the covers a little closer. "Do you really think you ought to talk about your worries?"

"I must. You are the only person on earth who can help me."

"Then let's hear it by all means," she said cheerily. "I came to help you and I have been of little use so far."

"It's a long story," he began, "but I'll try to abbreviate as much as possible. There may be some way out, and you'll have to bring your woman's wisdom to bear on the situation for it's the story of a woman."

"Now George," she protested weakly, "I hate entanglements."

"My dear sister, be patient a moment. This is really the story of a child. It happened this way. It was during one of my many trips to Paris—I think about thirteen years ago. I met an American by the name of James Tully. I think he came originally from California, but he was singularly silent about his own affairs, and, of course, I never questioned him. He told me once that he was married, but he never made any further allusion to it, so I fancied his domestic relations were not happy, for he never invited me to his home, he never took me into his confidence, which puzzled me because we grew to be fast friends. Then some one hinted to me that his matrimonial experience had been most bitter—wife deserted him, I believe; this seemed to explain his silence. You remember I was playing at painting pictures that winter, and had a studio. He used to spend a good deal of his time with me. He worked spasmodically, only when he had to, I fancy. He was a brilliant fellow, a journalist by profession, and the papers were always glad to give him space. I believe he was on the editorial staff of one of them, but I'm wandering far away from my point. One day I was sitting reading at the club when he sent for me to come upstairs. I found him in one of the club-bedrooms. His face was the color of ashes and he was shaking in every limb.

"‘I tried to dress to go down stairs,’ he said, ‘but it was no use—I’m dying—and I know it.’ There was the dread of the unknown in his eyes.

"I helped him back to bed and started for the telephone to ring up a doctor.

"‘Don’t,’ he said, ‘the doctor has just been here. He has told me the truth—I am dying.’

"I asked him a number of questions. He then told me that he had Bright’s disease for years and endured agonies in silence. This was the end that he had been expecting so long.

"‘I would have spared you the recital,’ he said, with a pitiful attempt at his old gayety, ‘but I couldn’t. I believe you are the only genuine friend I have on earth. I am dying a pauper—hardly enough money left to bury me. I make you my executor. I want you to take my child.’

"‘I had never known that he had a child. ‘But—her mother,’ I suggested, hesitatingly, for I could see that every word he uttered was an effort.

"‘She is dead,’ he said.

"Then a paroxysm of pain seized him and he never spoke again. I stayed with him all night; he died towards morning. Well, I believe it was two days after the funeral that the child appeared. I had not been able to get any trace of her. A fat, French woman brought her to my rooms one morning and demanded a month’s board for the orphan. ‘And I will not keep her another day’ she declared. ‘I tell you, monsieur, she is too terrible; there is bad blood in her veins, that I know. Her mother was an actress.’

"I confess the child was not prepossessing: small, anæmic-looking, very plain, with a lot of straight, black hair falling about her shoulders.

"‘She lies’ said the child stamping her foot. ‘Because my father has no money to pay you that is no reason why you should say such things about my mother who is an angel in heaven.’

"For a moment my sympathy supplanted my judgment. I paid the woman what she demanded and, without asking her name, I told her to go at once, that the child was my ward and that I would look after her. Now can you imagine anything more asinine? You see, I cut myself off from any possible information that this woman might have had as to the child’s relatives. As soon as I comprehended what I had done I tried to call her back, but it was too late, she had disappeared, and then I realized that I should never be able to identify her even if I should meet her on the street. To me she was but a type of the more prosperous peasant. I had not individualized her.

"Now you can laugh if you want to. Here I was a helpless bachelor, facing the terrible child. My first idea was to amuse her temporarily, while I planned some way of disposing of her. I called a cab and, driving to a toy shop, I purchased

everything she fancied. Then I had a brilliant idea. I decided to put her in a convent, feeling sure that her father would want her educated.

"The interview with the mother superior was embarrassing. Here I was with a ward, absolutely ignorant of everything concerning her. I did not even know the child's name. I did not know her birthplace. I knew nothing of her past training. My manner, I am sure, was suspicious—my attitude that of a kidnapper. I was not surprised when the mother told me, politely but firmly, that they could not accommodate my charge. I left the place in a state of indignation, but I had learned something. I put the child back in the corner of the carriage and I catechized her until I found out all that she knew.

"Her name was Jane. She had always lived in Paris but she spoke English perfectly. She had never known her mother but she had a picture of her standing dressed in beautiful clothes, where there were hundreds of lights which seemed to shine out of the floor. She adored her father and asked me when he would come back.

"I want to tell him that I have not been happy with that last nurse he got for me. I would rather have some one who could teach me things.' Then I found that she had never been to school. She was not very strong and the doctor had advised fresh air and she had been sent away to the country place not far from the city. She was very vague as to names and distances. But after half an hour of questioning, I felt that I might venture into another convent; they seemed so much more comprehensive for my need than any other school. This time I talked quite glibly until the superior asked me to what religion the child belonged.

"I have no definite religion myself,' I had to admit, 'but I think women are happier with it. Bring her up in your belief and give her all the accomplishments you can.'

"That nun or abbess—I'm not quite sure as to her proper title—had some sense of humor, for I remember she smiled and said :

"'Would you call religion an accomplishment?'

"'Most certainly.'

"'And you also want her taught art, needlework, music, vocal and instrumental?' she asked.

"'Everything' I said.

"Now that's the end or, perhaps, it is just the beginning. The child was six, I believe, when I left her in that convent.

That was thirteen years ago. I have never seen her since, I have occasionally had a stiff little note from her announcing her progress in her studies, but that is all. I have paid her bills and now she has finished—graduated, and the mother superior writes that she is now ready to take her place in the world."

"Oh my dear George," said Mrs. Dandrey, who had been listening with breathless interest, "it all sounds very romantic, but the child has no place."

"Then it's my mission to make her one," he said grimly. "Her father was my best friend. I thought you might be willing to share the responsibility. Wouldn't you be interested in a daughter?"

"My dear boy," she exclaimed in some dismay, "if she were beautiful or aristocratic or a genius I might agree to it, but an anæmic person by the name of Jane would tax all my powers as a match-maker. She would never find anyone to marry her. She would be on our hands forever. Don't, don't you think we could make her into—a nun?"

"A nun," he repeated, grasping at the idea, "how do you make a person a nun?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she answered, "but women do become nuns."

"Very handsome ones sometimes," he said reflectively, "but there is no hope in this case. I suppose the superior thought I might have some such thought, for she wrote me that the child had no vocation. I believe that is what you call it. Here is the letter. It seems to me the last paragraph is put in by way of mild reproof." He fumbled among his pillows and brought forth a closely-written sheet of note-paper. "Listen to this," he said:

"Jane longs for all the beauty and luxury of the outside world. Perhaps, in past years, if you had given her a glimpse of them she would have realized their emptiness and remained with us. I fear you will think she is a strange product for a convent. She is self-willed, impulsive, quick-tempered and possesses a dangerous talent, but, in spite of her faults, we have found her very lovable and we part with her with great regret."

Mrs. Dandrey fell back in her chair.

"What do you suppose is a dangerous talent? Positively, if I were not afraid of the child I should be interested."

"I knew you would," he said, replacing the letter under his pillow with a quiet smile. "And if you are interested the rest will naturally follow. We will send for Jane and take her — home."

CHAPTER II.

No one exactly understood how the Bainbridge family retained their ancestral home through the generations and kept it in repair. The mere fact of possession was not so marvelous—a few of the old families still remained in the county—but that the Bainbridges should have money enough to up-build crumbling walls and fallen chimneys, and paint shutters every two years seemed nothing short of miraculous in this disintegrating neighborhood which had never been able to adjust itself since the Emancipation was proclaimed.

People said that the Bainbridges were managers, for even their severest critics could not accuse them of miserly instincts. They had loyally offered their sons and their money in times of war, and they had contributed generously to church-building and road-making in times of peace. Some hinted that when the family exchequer was exhausted, a son went obediently forth to hunt an heiress. But all this is ancient history; only two of the family now remained, Mrs. Cedric Dandrey, a tall, well-preserved woman of fifty-five, who had once been known as the beautiful Marian Bainbridge; and George, her younger brother, who had lived most of his life abroad, studying art, and accomplishing nothing definite in output.

To-day he lay white and emaciated in a cushioned chair, which had been rolled out on the wide portico, for his greater comfort. A steamer-rug was wrapped carefully about him, and a number of magazines covered the wicker-table at his side.

But the brilliant sunlight brought out the print with dazzling distinctness, and the invalid had no desire to seek the shadow.

He sat there idle, looking dreamily across the changing autumn fields.

The house was built on a hill and commanded a wide view of the Potomac River. Through the trailing smoke of the

brush-fires he could faintly distinguish the glittering dome of the Capitol Library, and the rigid height of the Washington Monument, but they were very far away, and the white government-buildings and the steeples of the city looked like a jagged cloud-line against the brilliant blue of the sky.

Bainbridge had always reveled in this view, the varied greens of the sun-riddled woods, the yellowing meadows, the deep crimson of the oaks and the steely glimmer of the river. But this morning his mind was distracted from the beauty of it all. He was waiting for Jane.

The carriage had been sent to the station an hour ago. He looked again at his watch and wondered what was keeping her.

To his own surprise he felt a certain anxiety to see the child of his friend, his own neglected inheritance; or perhaps, his impatience was only due to the fact that he dreaded the first interview and preferred to regard it in retrospect. He was not accustomed to facing unpleasant responsibilities. His great wealth and the fact that he was almost alone in the world, had freed him from the bondage that other men bear unshrinkingly. In his effort to adjust himself to his present unwilling position he tried to force his mind back to the girls of nineteen that he had known, so that he might have some faint comprehension of the needs *that* age demanded. She would have outgrown dolls and toys, that he realized—providing material things had seemed such a simple way of performing the duties of a guardian. But now all these primitive methods were left behind; she was a woman with all the subtleties of her sex. Truly it was a difficult task for any man. He wished—he did not quite know what he wished. Affection and loyalty to her father, struggled with the natural regrets that he felt he could not exhibit even to his sister now that she had consented to harbor Jane under her roof.

At last the carriage came. He heard the wheels crunching the gravel even while the trees hid the horses from his sight, and then the negro driver drew up before the old hitching-post; the door of the brougham opened, and Jane stepped out.

She was dressed in a long cloak that concealed her figure completely. Her small shoes were square and flat-heeled. Her hat was a strange shape heavily veiled. It was not until

she slipped off her enveloping cloak, which was too warm for the Indian summer-day, that he noticed her dress was extreme—a full overskirt plaited in at the waist, a tight basque with low shoulders and a bit of lace fastened at the neck with a cameo brooch. He rose and went forward to help her with her small valise, but her movements were quicker than his. She ran up the three stone steps and then, seeing him, stopped and said hesitatingly—

“Where can I find Mr. Bainbridge?”

He held out his hand and smiled down on her with a compelling charm that had been one of his chief assets in his manner towards women.

“Have you forgotten me?” he asked.

A puzzled look came into her large gray eyes, “I — I thought you were an old man.”

He sank weakly down in the chair he had just vacated. “Perhaps I am — just at present, if feeling has anything to do with age.”

“You have been very ill —” her voice was extraordinary. There was a peculiar resonant quality about it, that attracted his critical admiration. “The nuns told me that you had been dangerously ill, but now that I am here I can take care of you, and you will soon be better.”

His eyes held a humorous gleam, as he thought of the prompt way in which she had reversed their attitudes.

“I need to be taken care of,” he said gratefully.

“Then why didn’t you send for me?”

Like most direct questions in this circuitous world, it was difficult to answer.

“Wouldn’t that have been demanding a great deal? For after all you are not my — daughter.”

“But my father was your best friend. I do not know anyone else who knew him. I want to talk to you about him. I want you to tell me everything about him and about my mother.”

“I never knew her.”

“That is too bad,” she said wistfully. “Her picture is very beautiful.”

“No doubt. Your father was a critic whose judgment I could depend upon.”

“He was too critical to be happy,” she said.

"How do you know that?"

"Ah, children are keen-sighted," she answered. "I know many things. I'm an erudite person. I have had ten days to think."

Her laugh gave him an uncanny feeling. It had all the joyous spontaneity of that of his dead friend.

"Why didn't you have a pleasant passage? Was there nothing to do but think?"

Her face grew grave. "In some ways it was delightful, but I am glad to get to shore. The sea is so black, so terrible, so overpowering. I can't get the booming sound of the waves out of my ears. You see I felt so alone. I had the fancy that I might die and be buried at sea. In the daytime there were so many people, so much talking and laughing and music that I forgot and was happy. Then some women were unkind to me; they criticized my clothes—I overheard them. Do you—do you think I look very—strange?" She moved a little away from his chair, so that he could get a better view. He noticed that her dress was of rich brocade and that her collar was made of rose-point. He had never been indifferent to clothes, and he knew more about textures than most men.

"It is very becoming," he said.

"But I don't look like other people," she persisted. "I'm sure I don't look like other people."

"Then it is my fault," he said, with a real sense of remorse. "I should have sent you a larger allowance."

"No, no; I had more than I needed. I have three hundred dollars in my purse now. These clothes were my mother's. My old nurse found out where I was, and sent two trunks to the convent; and I have been waiting all these years to wear them. We dressed in black uniforms at school, and I am so tired of gloomy things. My mother had some stage costumes; I think, perhaps, they would look more modern."

Bainbridge looked a trifle dismayed at this announcement. "My sister will help you," he said, detaching himself from this unlooked-for complication. "You have had a long journey. Sit down here on this bench beside me. I have been claiming the privileges of an invalid so long, that I had almost forgotten my doctor told me that I could go to the dinner-table to-night. That means the high road to recovery.

Here comes the wagon now with your trunks. John will tell my sister that you have arrived. I hope you will like your rooms. I chose the color scheme myself. It is the only useful thing I have done in weeks."

"You are very good," she said, and to his amazement he saw that her eyes were full of tears. "It is so sweet to be considered."

Her gratitude hurt him. In his invalidism he had welcomed any kind of distraction from his bodily ills. Directing a decorator as to wall-paper and furnishings for two small, long-unused rooms, had been a sort of artistic amusement in which the future occupant had played little part.

"Perhaps not being a real father, I have no comprehension of what you like," he suggested. "The colors may be too dull—we can change them."

In the momentary silence she had studied his face intently. "My real father would have been much older than you," she said at last.

"There was ten years difference between us," he admitted.

She turned her eyes full upon him. "I am sure the rooms are beautiful—I fancy you know what women like."

Again he did not know how to meet her candor. "Women? yes," he said reflectively. "But half-grown girls!"

She stood up as if to measure herself against the pillar of the portico. The trailing vines of one of the swinging baskets supplied a temporary trimming for the plain, round hat she wore. "I'm five feet four and twenty years old. You didn't think I desired a doll-baby?"

"Not exactly," he laughed, "but I did buy a canary bird."

She clapped her hands with childish joy. "How good of you," she cried; "How I shall love him! How I shall rejoice to hear him sing!"

He leaned back against the gay-patterned rug, wondering a little that he should find so much pleasure in her enthusiasm, and then he looked up to find his sister in the doorway.

Mrs. Cedric Dandrey was a kind-hearted woman, but her expression at that moment was a strange mingling of curiosity, disapproval and dread, as she viewed her visitor. George Bainbridge was amused. He had often told himself that the chief interests in life lay in the undercurrents that most of us

feel subtly, but only the initiated can comprehend. His sister's creed of conventionalities was as real and important to her as the faith of any other zealot; and though she made a point of cultivating a few people who were doing things and whose social traditions were not her own, she secretly judged them and drew her own distinctions. Her love of the small proprieties of life was as unreasonable as her prejudices. She glanced from the girl's dress to the impossible little hat.

"I can't and won't undertake to adopt such a fright," she said to herself. But her inborn sense of hospitality conquered momentarily. She held out both hands and said aloud:

"Is no one going to introduce us?"

Bainbridge struggled weakly to his feet. "My sister, Mrs. Dandrey, Miss Tully," he said.

The girl impulsively put her arms about her stately hostess.

"I am Jane. Miss Tully sounds so formal. Oh, I hope you will like me—love me. Do you know you are the only friends I have in the world?"

Mrs. Dandrey tried to conceal her dislike of this affectionate greeting. "Poor child," she said, with some show of sympathy. "Weren't the nuns kind to you?"

"Oh yes; but the nuns are not in the world; they are in the convent." She added smiling: "We don't call the convent the world, you know."

"They seem to be excellent places—to stay in," said Mrs. Dandrey, unintentionally voicing her thoughts.

"Yes, if one has a vocation."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"I'm afraid a vocation isn't so easy to explain," said Jane. Mrs. Dandrey evidently did not want it explained. She said irrelevantly: "I thought you would speak French."

"Why, yes, if you prefer it."

"Oh no," interrupted her hostess hastily, "my French is very imperfect. It is such a relief to find that you talk English. My brother would otherwise have had to act as interpreter, I fear."

"My father was an American," said Jane, "and there were many English girls in the convent so that I did not have a chance to forget."

Bainbridge looked displeased. His sister had not met his ward as cordially as he had wished. He waited a few minutes

and then suggested that Jane would no doubt like to go to her rooms and rest.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Dandrey appeared alone on the wide, old portico. "George, dear, I know that I am the most long-suffering sister that ever lived. Do you know that I have guests for dinner to-night, and now—"

"And now you have one more."

"My dear, she is impossible; did you notice her clothes. Where—where did she get them?"

"They were her mother's."

"But what will she wear to-night?"

"I'm sure I don't know." Then he added teasingly as an after-thought. "I believe she has some stage costumes; her mother was an actress."

Mrs. Dandrey looked distracted. "Stage costumes," she gasped. "I don't believe the girl is quite right in her mind. Nothing will surprise me now. If she appears in the habit of a mendicant-friar, or as a premier *danseuse*, the responsibility is yours; I wash my hands of her."

"So soon," he said, the teasing light still in his eyes. "I think she is going to improve on acquaintance. Would you suspend your judgment a day or two? Oh the mighty psychology of clothes!"

"They mean everything," she said with conviction.

"Everything?" he repeated, smiling broadly.

"Nearly everything. I'm sure even the church has taken them into account. You can't have ritualism without clothes."

"I suppose not," he said drily.

"You won't be serious."

"Is one's appearance so vital?"

"It is to me."

"Then tell her to wear white—white is always a safe color."

"Color has nothing to do with it."

"Then I give it up," he said resignedly. "To-morrow you can buy her an outfit."

"But to-night?"

"We will have to take chances."

CHAPTER III.

With the help of a negro boy, trained to perfection by the late irascible Cedric Dandrey, George Bainbridge dressed for dinner that night for the first time in many months. The familiar clothes seemed to give him an added sense of returning health and vigor. After days recorded only on fever charts, when events filtered down to cold baths at unseemly hours, and unwelcome nourishment; after monotonous weeks of convalescence which lacked even the excitement of delirious fancy, it was delightful to feel again some interest in life, some definite connection with the world around him.

This morning he had not remembered to question his sister as to the guests she had invited to celebrate his recovery, but now he was anxious to know. What effect would Jane's advent have among them? Perhaps, after all, his new-found energy was due to the fact that his ward seemed to stand in need of a champion. Her child-like faith in him, and that merry laugh, so like her father's, had roused in him a latent sense of loyalty that he did not know he possessed.

Leaning heavily on the balustrade, he descended to the library, and rested in a deep-seated chair by the fire, facing the door so that he might view the guests as they entered.

The room was his favorite one in all the large house. Rare books lined the four walls, seeming to begrudge even the window-space; above the mahogany shelves hung flint locks, muskets, swords that had seen actual service. Mrs. Dandrey's taste for modernity had not invaded itself here; the room was almost austere in its ancient elegance. The founder of the American branch of the family, a satin-coated colonial gallant was set in a niche above the carved stone mantel. The eyes of the portrait seemed to be gazing curiously down upon his one descendant left to pass the honorable name down to posterity.

George Bainbridge was something of an enigma even to a present-day critic. If the daring cavalier above the mantel could have found his agile tongue, he would have pronounced him a monstrosity. The Bainbridge men had been reckless, ardent, virile; they had hacked their way through blood-puddled battlefields, sailed across chartless seas and gone undismayed to find a home in a pathless wilderness. They had

been knighted for their bravery, persecuted for their loyalty, banished for their zeal. Another generation found them upholding the cause of the struggling colonies, defying the House of Burgesses, making fiery speeches to rouse the faint-hearted, exulting over the Declaration of Independence, and fitting out a regiment to join Washington at Cambridge.

In after years in pulpit, in politics, in war, the old fighting instinct and energy had been reproduced. But now here was one confessing himself to be a mere onlooker in a busy world. Half the time people seemed mere puppets who amused him or bored him, as the case might be. He was like a man living perpetually at a play; he watched with apparent indifference the curtains rise and fall, the acts humorous or tragic; the actors needed neither his praise nor blame, his love nor hate. The events of life left him calm, dispassionate. He told no one that he was a keen disappointment to himself; he had expected so much; he had accomplished nothing. He had written poems far above the average, but after repeated efforts to gain the notice of the best publishers, they had found lodgment in the corner of some obscure magazine. He had composed a Greek drama which might have been acted in the time of Pericles—it was so unfit for modern stagecraft. He had painted one or two pictures far better than most amateurs, but failed to receive anything but favorable mention when he succeeded in squeezing them into an exhibit. He was not willing to acknowledge his limitations; but he was too willing to acknowledge defeat. Now, he told himself, he had put all ambition behind him; but his attitude was one of superiority towards those who had not ceased the struggle.

Mrs. Dandrey came hurrying in from the hall, dressed in a gown of black velvet, embroidered in gold. She looked very handsome but her face was flushed with excitement and her hands trembled awkwardly as she tried to draw on her gloves.

"I know I am the most amiable sister that ever lived, and there are times when I feel that amiability is nothing short of mental weakness. Have you seen her, George—have you seen her?"

"Seen what?" The few wrinkles around his deep-set eyes were humorous lines. He had always been able to appreciate comedy, and to-night he was unusually interested in the happenings around him.

"Your ward—Jane. Do you know who else is here?"

"Haven't the faintest idea, but I confess I should like to be enlightened. I didn't know I could take so much interest in a dinner-party. Tell me all about it." As he spoke he rose, and seating his sister in the chair he had just vacated, he knelt beside her and began smoothing on her refractory gloves.

She watched him for a few moments in silence. "You have a way with women, George—there's no denying that. I can't exactly analyze it, but it's a sort of individualizing solicitude that makes a woman believe she's the object of your special brand of affection, when in reality you are as indifferent as a—caterpillar!"

"Now come," he said good-naturedly. "Can't you think of some other comparison less creepy—less fuzzy?"

She gave no heed to the interruption. "It's no wonder that Madge Warden invited herself to-night," she went on. "Of course I've always given her a general invitation to come whenever she felt like it, her mother and I are such old friends; but I notice Madge hasn't availed herself of the opportunity until she heard you were here. I'll do her the justice to say that she's been in the Philippines for the last two years with her father, but then—"

"You could hardly expect her to travel from the Philippines even to stay a week-end with you," he suggested.

She tapped him lightly with the sticks of her spangled fan. "Now, George dear, don't be ridiculous. Madge Warden would make a fine wife for you. She's had so much social experience and, though her father is poor like every other army man, her mother has money."

The tired look came back into his face. "I'll have a relapse. I'll threaten you with a relapse if you try to marry me off this season," he said, fastening the last button of her glove. "Tell me some of your invited guests."

"Mrs. Van Doran."

"What! that delightful old gossip still alive?"

"Lord Alan Hurst."

He smiled hopefully. "Marry him to Madge," he said.

"He would want more money," she said, with reflective seriousness. "He's only a second son."

"Jove! What a mecca Washington is for second sons."

It's a Paradise for all young men who want the social thing without paying for it. Who else?"

"Well, when Madge decided to come," sighed his sister, "I had to send a note to the rector. He's dreadfully intense but he always looks well at a dinner-party. He's so handsome and dignified. You remember him I'm sure, Paul Hartford. Why they sent such a brilliant man to this out-of-the-way country parish, is quite beyond me—I can't understand it."

"Don't try," he advised lazily. "Who else?"

"Well, I have puzzled over it a great deal," she acknowledged. "He lives here alone with his sister. I believe she's queer. I always invite her but she never accepts invitations."

"If refusing dinner-invitations is a sign of insanity," he began.—

"Now don't tease," implored his sister. "I did not say she was crazy. I believe she has some sort of a past history."

"Most of us have. Who else?"

"Senator Wurtemberg."

"Jove! what a name—brewer or baker?"

"Now don't be absurd George. Of course he's German, and I've no doubt he's common, but he's in the senate and that covers a multitude of sins."

"I don't know whether it does or not," he said. "Everyone gets investigated nowadays. We seem to live in a perpetual day of judgment. I've no doubt the dinner will be interesting; and Jane, you forget Jane—"

"Jane? Who is Jane? I did not mean to play eaves-dropper but you people were so intent upon each other—"

"My dear Madge," said Mrs. Dandrey, rising in some confusion as she mentally rehearsed the conversation to find if the newcomer could have heard herself discussed, "I am so glad you came—how long have I kept you?"

"At the door?" the girl interrupted. "Only a moment. If George had been saying unpleasant things about me,"—she laughed, "I didn't hear them. I only heard the word—Jane."

As she came into the circle of the firelight she looked as if she had extended its flame, for her dress of yellow satin shimmered in the glow and her golden hair seemed full of dancing light. The two years of absence had added greatly to her beauty. Her slender figure was perfectly proportioned; her eyes had lost their baby stare; her debutante exuberance

had vanished. She had all the poise and self-possession of a woman who has been greatly admired and who knows how to value her power over men.

"You arrived too late," said Bainbridge humorously. "I am delighted to see you. You are much better looking than when you went away."

"Is that a compliment?"

"I thought it was."

"Then it's very meagre. Please tell me who is Jane?"

He felt that the battle for Jane's place in life had begun. "She is my ward," he said calmly.

The girl's hazel eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Your ward? Since when and where?"

"Her father was a great friend of mine," he answered, striving to hide his irritation roused by her half-laughing tone. "James Tully—he was a brilliant dramatic critic. I met him in Paris. This child has been at school there, and now my sister has promised to look after her."

"She's a child then." He did not notice the strange expression of relief that crossed her face. "I'm devoted to children; I'll try to entertain her. I have never quite outgrown my passion for paper dolls."

"I am afraid she has," he said regretfully, and he turned from her to greet old Mrs. Van Doran who came breathlessly into the room, leaning on the arm of Lord Alan Hurst. The old lady was billowy in outline, and accentuated the spindly, rosy youthfulness of her escort. The rector followed talking earnestly to Senator Wurtemberg.

The Senator's appearance always attracted attention. He was very tall and he would have been called unusually ugly if it had not been for the kindness of his face; his mouth was large and firm-set, and his hair and beard were of that ashen hue peculiar to blondes when they are turning gray. His evening clothes hung loosely from his stooped shoulders. His gaunt frame had been the despair of his tailor until that astute man had learned that his distinguished customer cared nothing for fit or style. The rector was as trig as a fashion plate; his high-cut vest and Roman collar seemed to add to the asceticism of his thin, finely-featured face.

With so many in the room, the conversation drifted to platitudinal generalities—the weather, the journey over in au-

tomobiles or carriages, the height of the river, the congestion of vehicles on the bridge.

Lord Alan Hurst looked bored because he was hungry. He silently counted the number of people, and wondered why they waited when he had been invited for eight o'clock. Then there was a faint rustle in the doorway, and all turned to see the belated guest.

Jane stood there, bewildered by the number of strangers. She was dressed in a white tissue threaded with silver. The flowing sleeves were laced to the elbow and then fell away, displaying her thin arms. Her black hair was parted in the middle and coiled low on her neck. She was undoubtedly dressed in one of her mother's stage costumes but, she had shown great taste in the selection. Her eager, girlish face possessed a charm apart from beauty, as she stood there waiting for recognition.

Bainbridge started loyally forward, but Mrs. Dandrey forestalled him. She rose to the emergency with the grace and tact which had been her birthright. Taking Jane's hand, she led her first to Mrs. Van Doran. The old lady had made and marred many a reputation.

"You must know Jane Tully, Mrs. Van Doran," she said, "our ward. She has been at school in Paris but now she has come home to us."

"What's that," said the old lady adjusting her lorgnette. "Tully—Tully. I once knew a James Tully in Paris."

"He was my father," said Jane.

"Dear me," said the old lady, "how small the world is after all. What a pretty child you are—eyes like your father's. I wonder if you have inherited his wit."

Bainbridge breathed a sigh of relief. Mrs. Van Doran had relieved the situation of every embarrassment, and Mrs. Dandrey's plural pronoun, when she introduced Jane, had filled him with a sense of lasting gratitude.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

BY A. B. PURDIE.

FROM the seacoast inland, over hill and through valley, through shady woods, past hops and glowing corn, one gains at length the encircling heights that hold the ancient city of Canterbury low in their midst. If Kent be the Garden of England, then Canterbury is the Palace in that Garden, and its Sleeping Beauty is the great Cathedral with its lofty towers, the Sleeping Beauty yet heavy in slumber, sleeping—not dead, and awaiting the hour when the Prince of the true Faith, shall at last come to his own and free her from the spell under which Protestantism so long has cast her.

I wish to take the reader with me into the lovely atmosphere of Canterbury's past, when men believed in religion and were not light half-believers of casual creeds.

The fame of Canterbury rests, of course, on the great Cathedral where St. Thomas was martyred on December 29, 1170. That tragedy gave the city a premier position among the great places of Christendom. A triumph more enduring than the petty mastery of kings was achieved by the prostrate, blood-stained body that lay in the still Cathedral in the December dusk. For God rewarded the patience of His servant, and the power which was denied him when living he wielded from the tomb, so that King Henry sought him barefooted and penitent, and the threatened rights of the Church were left intact. It was not many days after the martyrdom that miracles were performed by the dead archbishop and sealed him a saint three years before the Church gave her official recognition. Canterbury took her place among such centres of devotion as Compostella, Rome and Jerusalem. Becket's fame spread far and wide; in England his name became a household word; in Europe every city heard of him, and there was hardly a town in the West that did not show some tribute to his memory.

It is the Canterbury of 1370 that will be the object of our

visit; let the years do their work and suffer persons and events to pay their contribution to history, while we betake ourselves in spirit to the city of the year 1370. Two hundred years have wrought much change; little or nothing remains of the fabric of the earlier cathedral, and a nobler pile has arisen on the old foundation. It is now the third jubilee year of the "Feast of the Translation of St. Thomas," which took place in 1220, and was the occasion of that long succession of pilgrimages that continued for more than three centuries and that inspired the song of Chaucer.

We will travel part of our Canterbury Pilgrimage in this year 1370 in company with Geoffrey Chaucer; we will conjure up the gray past, and take a place among his twenty-nine pilgrims. A wallet apiece will contain our necessary equipment and food sufficient for two days; a little home-made salve compounded of goose-grease, resin and tar must also find a place, to provide against sore feet; two lanyards round the neck secure a large sheath knife and the indispensable pilgrim's earthenware bottle, and armed with staves of six-foot length or so, we are ready to start on our emprise. But as good Catholics we will first seek the blessing of the Church. So, we present ourselves to the good priest after the early Mass, and there he pronounces the customary benedictions. After a petition that God might deign to look kindly on our journey, our scrips and staffs are taken and blessed with holy water; the scrip is then hung round the neck, with the injunction: "Take this scrip to be worn as the badge and habit of thy pilgrimage," and the staff is placed in our right hand with the words: "And this staff to be thy strength and stay in the toil and travail of thy pilgrimage, that thou mayest be able to overcome all the hosts of the evil one, and to reach in safety the shrine of the Blessed St. Thomas of Canterbury, and the shrines of other saints whither thou desirest to go; and having dutifully completed thy course mayest come again to thine own people with thanksgiving."

After many a godspeed from friend and neighbor, we set out briskly on our way, which lies south to London, a distance of some twenty miles. The journey goes pleasantly; our hearts are light and spirits buoyant. All too soon the grassy slopes of Highgate are before us, and an hour later we are in the picturesque streets of London town, where one-storied hovels

of wattle and clay lean against palaces. Our route at first lies down narrow and filthy lanes, foul and noisome; but before long we are walking in the main thoroughfares. And here is London life, indeed! Bells of a hundred churches are ringing on all sides (whether for birth, marriage or death, *tu ne quæsieris*); yonder passes the alderman with his officers, and their appearance argues a victim for the pillory; pack-horses plod along uneven streets; the brawling trumpet accompanies the march of soldiers; the friar hobnobs with the parish priest (and bless them! Wyclif's heresy was scarcely broached), and on the other side of the unglazed window the housewife is busy with her proper cares. And what a revelry of finery meets us here, for the England of the Plantagenets was fond of splendor. We cross the full and broad Thames by the old London Bridge, and ere long arrive at a large and rambling inn—the famous Tabard Inn, and we had chosen it long since as the house of our first night's rest. We timidly enter the well-proportioned archway, but our incipient nervousness is soon dissipated by the easy manner of our worthy host.

As we sit at our repast to which we bring a healthy appetite, we are struck at the variety of the company present:—

. . . by aventure y-fall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
That toward Canterbury woulden ride.

And being young, we are observant almost unto rudeness. What a strange medley! What diversity of character! What a mixture of sobriety, pleasantry and vulgarity! The virtues and vices have joined company for the nonce, and have met to pay a common homage at the shrine of St. Thomas. With the true instinct whereby the shady people of the world find one another out and settle down together in the shady spots of the earth, a little group has segregated itself from the rest of the company—a red-bearded Miller of gross proportions, rough and rude, a Reve (or bailiff to some great landowner), as errant a knave as the Miller, though not his equal in physique, and a cook who is perhaps as expert with the ale-pot as with his culinary utensils; his appearance is hardly added to by a gangrenous sore which affects his left shin. To these are added the lax Friar of “dalliance and fair language,” the be-

pimpled Summoner with swelled face and hectic flush, who, appointed to deal with licentiousness was himself amongst the worst offenders; and the hypocritical Pardoner; a downright blackguard who played on the faith and piety of the good simple folk by foisting off on them false relics and forged pardons:

He said he had a gobbet* of the sail
That Sainté Peter had when that he went
Upon the sea . . .

As we look upon these men, we may, perhaps, wonder how the abuse will end, little dreaming of the awful reformation which even now they are dragging in their train. Near them but not of them is a handsome but shameless woman, who in the course of her talk, which is spasmodic but deliberate, has betrayed a good deal of her own history.

Among the *élite* of the party we find the "very perfect, gentle Knight," who reminds us that chivalry is not yet dead; his son, the Squire, romantic and gay, and solicitous, too, "standen in his lady's grace"; the dapper Merchant; the Doctor of Physic, who "knew the cause of every maladye," but whose "study was but little on the Bible;" the wise, homely Sergeant at Law, "full of rich excellence" and discreet; and the Franklin, a fair representative of the gentry of the day "for he was Epicurus' owené sone." Our party is, indeed, one of contrasts, and we turn with interest to five craftsmen who represent a great power in the land—the power of the guild which regulated labor and saw that the workman had his due—the Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer and Tapiser,† all worthy folk and in comfortable circumstances. But there is one who has continually held our attention. He has an elvish look, but is modest withal and small and fair of face. He is unobtrusive but has had a word with all. He is none other than Chaucer, whose greatness the after years were to mellow. The Manciple who is sitting close by, is probably the steward of some large religious house, and we may read business acumen in every line of his face. Mother Church is well represented, and we see the good side in the gentle smiling Prioress, neat and proper and mindful of the

* Cutting.

† Tapestry-worker.

dignity of her great order. In attendance on her is a nun, quiet and reserved, who has her chaplain, Dan Piers, a "swete preest that goodly man." The poorer element of the assembly, but doubtless the more estimable, comprises the simple Clerk of Oxenforde, more learned in the lore of books than in the ways of the world, and the Poor Parson, who is the ideal parish priest, an ornament of his religion:

A better priest I trow that nowhere none is;
He waited after no pomp and reverence
Nor makéd him a spicéd * conscience
But Christés lore, and His Apostles twelvè,
He taught, but first he followed it himselve.

His brother is a humble Plowman—sweet, honest and pure:

Good was he
Living in peace and perfect charity
God loved he best with all his wholé heart.

He is talking with the last subject of our company, the Yeoman servant of the Knight, clad in coat and hood of green with close-cropped hair, and face embrowned by a healthy out-door life.

The shadows have set in fast, and the fire is blazing rud-
dily for the nights blow chill, and we are thinking of bed.

The pilgrims at length disperse to secure what repose they may. We go to a wide chamber on the first story, and, our couches having been allotted to us, we make our devotions and settle down at length, tired and sleepy.

We are up with the rising sun, and the inn is a scene of bustle and hurry, for an early start has been agreed upon. We breakfast well, then each gathers his few belongings and we are all ready for the road. But alack! of one thing we two have not minded us; we are on foot whereas the rest of the party are to travel on horseback. It were a pity to be cheated of such promised entertainment and the host, seeing our trouble, solves the problem with true courtliness by offering us a rouncy apiece—rough farm-horses, it is true, but the pilgrim cavalcade moves slowly and they will serve us well.

A start is made ere long, and what gayer company ever

* Pampered.

set out from the Tabard Inn? The morning air is fresh and exhilarating, and merrily goes the way, The pleasant rivalry of story-telling is opened, and we listen to tales as varied as the characters of this motley gathering.

The close of the first day sees us at Dartford (fifteen miles from London); the next day we press forward till we break into the beautiful valley of the Medway, and settle down for the night in the shadow of Rochester Cathedral. Thence a journey of seventeen miles through rich country brings us to Ospringe, a village of little historic importance but famous as a resting place for travelers. Here our last night on the road is spent, and on the morrow morn we are progressing over an undulating way till we reach Boughton Hill, from the summit of which we gain an extensive view of the surrounding country, broken to the north by the silver line of the sea. Before we enter the dense forest of Blean, we are joined by two pilgrims who had been riding hard to overtake us; these are the Canon Alchemist and his servant.

We approach the little hamlet of Harbledown by a steep ascent, and leave it by an equally steep descent, at the bottom of which the towers of Canterbury Cathedral in all their grandeur burst upon our view, and the great, golden angel which crowns the uncompleted central spire is resplendent with the glory of the westering sun.

Our party takes on a more reverent tone, and the Poor Parson is appropriately called upon to tell his tale, which is in the nature of a homily concerned chiefly with the seven deadly sins and the means of curing them. As he concludes with a pious epilogue, we are at the Church of St. Dunstan, whence a couple of centuries earlier Henry II. cast aside his royal apparel to walk barefooted in sackcloth and ashes through the city's streets. We turn abruptly to the right and though we have yet a half-mile of suburb to traverse, there is ample indication that the city is thronged with pilgrim-folk.

We move forward through the main street, which is flanked on either side with irregular groups of houses thrown carelessly together with gable against gable and, at times, eaves almost touching eaves. Churches are numerous and there are inns in abundance. We halt at the corner of a busy lane, where most of the traffic seems to converge and

Five
Chapman
Ends

where above the roofs we catch a glimpse of the Cathedral towers. The day is too advanced for sight-seeing, and so we seek lodging in the very old inn on the left corner of the lane:

“At Chekers of the Hope that every man doth know.”^{hite}

After a hearty supper we cross the open court, and ascend by outside stairs to a capacious dormitory.

A heavy wagon jolting over the cobblestones in the adjacent lane calls us from our slumber, and the high eastern window of our chamber is crimson against the dawn.

This day is to see the consummation of our pilgrimage, and a suppressed thrill of excitement runs through the remnant of our party. We hear Mass at the little church of St. Margaret opposite our hostel, and return to breakfast. The pilgrim who lodges at the “Chekers” enjoys the special privilege of a private approach to the Cathedral precincts, and so we are conducted by an underground passage which emerges into the close. The place is crowded with folk of every description. We move slowly and in a more or less compact group towards the southwestern porch of the Cathedral which rises before us in its simple and sweet glory.

A monk of the order of St. Benedict receives us at the entry and offers us the “sprengel” or hyssop dipped in holy water, and, to avoid a crush, lets us through in groups of thirty. Each group in turn is placed under the direction of another monk, who acts as guide and points out the features of interest. The nave had not yet assumed the graceful proportions known so well to later pilgrims, but what it lacked in architectural beauty, it gained in the glorious adornment with which pious hands had arrayed the House of the Lord. *Vere haec est domus Domini!* The roof is a blaze of color; bright hangings are suspended from every arch, and from the ridge of the nave hang richly-worked banners that flash and shimmer in the many-colored light; for the nave is illumined by stained windows of rare design, and purple, red and gold mingle with ever-varying effect on the stone paving. Chantries, statues and frescoes lend to the general impression, and beyond the stone steps at the eastern end lies the holy place, indeed—the High Altar, the Saint’s Shrine, and in the vault beneath, his first sepulchre.

We proceed up the northern aisle as far as the Lady Altar, which is adorned with a statue of the Virgin, snowy white and bedecked with valuable pearls. It stands some few feet above the altar against a column, and it was here, the Prioress assures us, that St. Thomas held converse with the Mother of God. Behind the altar lies the chapel of St. Benedict. Over the doorway is a Latin inscription which Master Chaucer renders into English for our better understanding:

Lo! here the hallowed place all blest and great
Where Sainté Thomas met a martyr's fate.

Note

We gather round a small wooden altar, immediately in front of which is a square insertion in the pavement, marking the spot where the martyr fell. On the altar is an array of relics, the most treasured being a rusted portion of the sword-blade wielded by De Brito with such force and fury that when it had done its deadly work, the weapon shivered and broke on the stone floor. Kneeling down together we kiss in turn the sacred relics, the Knight betraying more than a devotional interest in the fragment of the sword. Our respects paid, we descend in single file some stone steps on the right of the altar, and find ourselves in the semi-twilight of a large crypt. Here we pass into new custody, and a stalwart monk (for there are great riches hereabout) conducts us by massive Norman pillars to a central space, where, between two slender vaulting shafts is a plain sarcophagus or *tumba*. Here was placed the body of the murdered prelate the evening of the tragedy to protect it from any further outrage that Henry's knights might contemplate. It was, perhaps, in this half gloom that the trembling monks unrobed the martyr and discovered the asceticism which those who were accustomed to his almost regal bearing had scarcely suspected—the shirt and drawers of rough hair-cloth, and other instruments of self-mortification. These are shown to us, and more important than all, a handsome silver reliquary containing portions of the martyr's skull.

We retire, following the southern aisle till we ascend into the nave immediately in front of the choir-steps and richly-worked screen set up by Prior Henry d'Estria six decades earlier. Mounting these, we pass through a small doorway into the north aisle of the choir, and now we are in the vicinity

of the great shrine. We are first taken to a very large table which is heavy with a wealth of general relics, all beautifully mounted, and contained in ivory, gilt or silver coffers. The mere list of their names, says the Clerk of Oxenforde, covers eight folio pages, including some four hundred items.

"The holy relics each man with his mouth
Kissed, as a goodly monk their namés told and taught."

not chosen

In the sacristy, a little beyond, we are shown more relics which are directly associated with our Saint—his crozier of pear-wood, his rude cloak, and handkerchief and linen cloths besmeared with blood. All these having been seen and admired with due reverence, we proceed a few paces up the choir aisle till we are brought to a standstill at the base of another flight of steps. Here we are placed in order, and wait for a further party to join us. We are now near the left of the High Altar, of which a good view is obscured. The atmosphere is misty with incense; here and there is a red glow where lamp and candle burn before image or tomb. Yonder the blue haze is broken by a fitful glare, which rises upward to the groined roof and reflects on a golden crescent, which marks the site of the shrine beneath. We are impatient to view the hidden glory, but there is a ceremonial to be observed by all pilgrims at this stage, and all willingly conform to it. Our party is joined by fresh contingents, and now numbers close to a hundred. We are made to form a procession five or six abreast, and after short instructions from one of the monks, the silken cord at the bottom of the steps is drawn aside, and we fall on our knees. Then the popular hymn to St. Thomas is intoned and at once taken up by all of us who, still on bended knees, proceed up the stone steps to the rich strains, suggestive in their very setting and wording of ascending movement:

Tu, per Thomæ sanguinem
Quem pro te impendit,
Fac nos Christo scandere
Quo Thomas ascendit.

Gloria et honore coronasti eum, Domine,
Et constituisti eum supra opera manuum tuarum
Ut ejus meritis et precibus a Gehennæ incendiis liberemur.

When we have gained the top we are on the highest level of the Cathedral, twenty feet above the nave floor, and it is in this elevated place—this throne of the building—that the holy remains of our Saint abide. But a sight of the Shrine is not yet vouchsafed us; it is reserved as the climax of a series of increasing wonders—the *pièce de resistance*, the last to be seen and the greatest, the sum of all, the central picture in the memory of the home-going pilgrim and his most treasured recollection.

We advance by richly curtained arches to the easternmost end of this shrine-chapel (properly Trinity Chapel) to see the last of what we may call the minor relics. It is part of the head of St. Thomas, the scalp or crown in which he received the death-wound, and it is contained in a life-size bust of the Saint, made of gold and magnificently bejeweled. This is housed in a little apse, known as the *Corona beati Thomæ*, and in surroundings of great grandeur. The place has its special *custos* or guardian, who is responsible for its good order and upkeep.

And now the great moment has come; we have arrived at the crowning scene—the end of our pilgrimage. The thick, red curtains are drawn aside, and we are ushered into the holy place, into the presence of the dead Saint. There is a quiet and solemnity here that we had hardly anticipated. We had pictured it as a centre of bustle and animation, of wild, excited enthusiasm and loud clamoring for heavenly favors. But there is none of this, and the atmosphere breathes restful repose. And so it has always been, and for two centuries Catholics from every quarter of the globe have come hither in petition and thanksgiving to God through His great servant. They have sought with grim earnestness and irrefragable faith, and few have departed unrewarded. Not that there have never been outward manifestations of any kind; for that would be unnatural. But imagination never abandoned the rule of reason, and all fervor that has been displayed has been properly religious and adequately motivated. This was told us by a good monk of St. Augustine's, who attached no small importance to the fact, calling this apparent paralysis of the imagination in the presence of the Shrine an abiding miracle. "St. Thomas was a supremely practical man," he said, "*et odivit iniquitatem*." And to us as we stand before this won-

derful monument, the predominant feeling is one of soul-rest. The Shrine is not merely an appeal to the senses; it speaks to the very heart, and lays hold of the fastnesses of our innermost being. Even among the cruder characters that set forth with us from the Tabard Inn, we may already detect a softening influence at work, a pulling at the heart-strings, the weakening, and very likely surrender, of vicious habits.

Such are the swift impressions as we take our stand by the dazzling feretory. It is enclosed by iron railings, which mark the limit of the pilgrims' approach, and at the head is a small "Altar of St. Thomas." In front of this is a very rich mosaic set in the pavement and bordered with curiously incised circular stones, and in the space occupied by these we are all assembled.

The Shrine itself rests on arches of richly veined marble, and these give rise on either side to three recesses which are backed with white alabaster. Silver lamps with containers of red glass hang from the apex of each arch and unite in a wonderful effect, as their flickering lights reflect on the precious stones inset in the spandrels. The arches support a slab of gray stone, heavily moulded, and on this rests the body of the Saint, inclosed in a strong iron chest. But for the moment this upper part is under cover and hidden from view by a gabled canopy of wood, with decorated panels picturing miraculous incidents from the New Testament, and surmounted by three finials, two of silver and the central and largest one of gold; to these are fastened silver chains, suspended from the roof for the purpose of raising the canopy.

There are not as many votive offerings hereabout as one might expect, considering the thousands who annually visit the spot, but that is because the vow of the average suppliant is not to the effect that he will render gifts in kind, but that he will make the pilgrimage on foot, or otherwise, in the course of the following year. It is to be noticed, however, that a favorite offering to the Saint in cases of recovery from illness and disease is a large wax candle equal in height and weight to the person in whom the cure has been effected. Several of these are blazing fitfully away some ten or twelve yards distant from the Shrine and present a rather peculiar appearance.

When perfect order and quiet are established and our initial

curiosity satisfied, a Benedictine, whose distinctive dress marks him to be the Prior, enters the chapel from the south side, attended by a small retinue of monks. He takes his stand before the altar at the head of the Shrine, and after reciting a psalm and some prayers, gives a signal with a white wand. The canopy slowly rises, and the Shrine proper stands revealed in its famed magnificence. Instinctively we drop on our knees, overwhelmed by the sensible glory, and still more by the memory of that of which this is but the garmenture.

The wooden sides which form the outer covering of the iron coffin are plated with beautifully damaskeened gold, which is practically hidden by the mass of jewels, pearls, rings and other precious ornaments cramped together on its surface; and here:

"The far-fetch'd diamond finds its home
Flashing and smouldering."——

The Prior with his white wand points to the jewels of special interest, telling us the name of the donor, the occasion of the gift, its value and other interesting details. But amid this splendid array of gems there is one far excelling its brothers in splendor: deep red in color and yet so brilliant that it dazzles the eyes by day and at night gleams like fire. It is very large for its kind, and reputed to be the finest diamond in Europe. It once belonged to Louis VII. of France.

The body of the Saint, we have said, lies in an iron chest within, and is only visible by mounting a ladder and peering over the top, a privilege very seldom granted.

When we have feasted our eyes on the material splendor, a few minutes are allowed us for quiet prayer. Then the intense stillness is broken by tinkling bells, the canopy slowly descends—and our pilgrimage is consummated.

The winter evening is closing in, and I, a twentieth-century pilgrim, am sitting in the darkening nave of the great Cathedral, dreaming back the past. There is perfect quiet here—the quiet of death; but the cold gray shadows that steal from pillar to pillar are to me the ghosts of other days, the shadows of forgotten things that haunt this beautiful waste. *Sion deserta facta est; Jerusalem desolata est; domus sanctificationis tue et gloriæ tue, ubi laudaverunt te patres nostri.*

The Shrine is no more; the pilgrim has abandoned the wayside; altar and statue are thrown to the ground. But as I peer through the dusk, I behold a grand resurrection—Augustine preaching again to the men of Kent, and Thomas once more stricken to the ground and slain. Birth and Death, Glory and Downfall, Bethlehem and Calvary. Is not that the sum of all things?

And now as the gloom enshrouds the whole Cathedral, I am moved from my station, and pass into the outer darkness; but my thoughts are ever of the Dawn.

TO AN OAK IN WINTER.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

GREAT hearts endure: and thou pre-eminent
Above the dreary hills dost bravely wear
Gray desolation. Vain the wolfish air
With famine shrieks; thy peace remains content:
Nay, bravlier still, in storm's full armament,
Thy heart lifts up, while hands in meekness bear
Brown nests of June, attesting as in prayer,
One kindly service done ere summer went.

Here in thy look I kneel. O, take my arms
Outstretched in earnest love: deep in my breast
Intrepid set thy heart; endurance bring
My later years in desolate alarms,
And teach my hands to hold some service blest,
To prove my life when God comes in the spring.

SIR WALTER.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.*



EARLY thirty years ago I had an opportunity of visiting Abbotsford, and for the next ten years I never had any doubt of my deep regret that I had not clutched greedily at the chance and forced it into a fact, to remember ever after; during the rest of the intervening time I have not been so sure. Of course it matters much less being disappointed in a great man's things than finding the great man himself an anticlimax, as has happened to some literary pilgrims who have found in his shrine the object of their worship, still alive and speechless. Certainly there would have been no disappointment if one had lived long enough ago to find one's self face to face with Sir Walter Scott: none who did were ever disappointed. And it is likely that most of those who go to Abbotsford now so fortify themselves with the determination to be more than satisfied that wild horses (so proverbially persuasive) would not draw from them any admission that there has been anything lacking. But so much good resolution is a supererogation when we are pretty sure we shall not need it for practical purposes.

I permit myself to believe that Abbotsford would disappoint me. As a lady devoted to Newman observed, after reading Mozley's *Book of Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement*: "I knew it would be disappointing, and it is."

Abbotsford became baronial at a bad moment; at least half a century too soon, or four centuries too late. No self-respecting architect of fifty or sixty years later would have sanctioned the architecture of the armory, or even that of the study; and pretty as the whole affectation is, it was an affectation all the same.

Of the hundreds of thousands who take the place in, in their round of Scottish sights, only a few, perhaps, really care enough about Scott to mind. I care so much that I would mind.

* Author of *San Celestino*, etc.

Some time ago there was a correspondence in the *Saturday Westminster Gazette*, with as many columns in it as there are in the Parthenon dealing with the question: "Do boys read Walter Scott?" The only thing it established was that if they don't they ought to; which several of us guessed before. If it had proved, as it certainly did not, that the author of the *Waverlys* has passed out of fashion with youthful readers, that would only be showing that schoolboys have not a first-rate taste in fiction. To Sir Walter's position in literature, it could make no difference whatever. Boys are often very clever, sometimes nearly as clever as they imagine themselves, but they are not to be our judges as to the best sort of fiction, for their own judgment is not final. Nor was Sir Walter Scott's works intended for them. So kindly a man would rejoice that any book of his should give pleasure to any one, however youthful, but he certainly did not imagine he was producing a series of boys' books.

Among the letters above alluded to, there were several which picked out *The Talisman* and *Ivanhoe* as being indeed excellent, very much to the exclusion of the author's other works. Such a judgment would suffice to show the value of the criticism. No true lover of Scott is likely to remember that he ever wrote them; and no true lover of Scott ever reads them after the first time. Of course they contain fine passages, or Scott could *not* have written them; nevertheless, they are showy, wordy, tedious, stogy.

The true Scott reader goes on reading him continually; nobody who loves reading could read *The Talisman* or *Ivanhoe* often. He would say *Ivanhoe* is tolerable, *The Talisman* intolerable. *Kenilworth* is ever so much better than *Ivanhoe*, but ever so much worse than *Woodstock*, and nearly as bad as *Anne of Geierstein*. *Woodstock*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and *Peveril of the Peak* are much on a level, and that a very high one. *The Abbot* and *The Monastery* stand lower, but do not stand low compared with any novels other than Scott's.

And then we come to the long list of those glorious books of which the true lover of Scott thinks when he thinks of Scott. Let us greet them at first, higgledy-piggledy, then sort them: *Waverly*, *Rob Roy*, *Redgauntlet*, *The Antiquary*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Pirate*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *A Legend of Montrose*, *Old Mortality*, *The*

Surgeon's Daughter, The Black Dwarf, The Fair Maid of Perth.

The more truly you love Scott the more certain will you be that these are his real books, and that for a very simple reason. In these he treats of what he knew, as no one else before or since has known Scotland; and those which treat of times nearest to his own are by far the best. For that latter reason, having put it in, let us now leave out *The Fair Maid of Perth*. Scott was in love with mediævalism, and especially with its trappings; but with the exception of its trappings it may be questioned whether he knew as much as he thought. Feudalism dominated his retrospect of the Middle Ages, and of feudalism he knew the terms, and perhaps the costumes. But side by side with feudalism in the Middle Ages, and much above it, stood the Catholic Church, and of the Catholic Church Scott, with all his genius and his knowledge, was extremely, almost entirely, ignorant. For his interest in the Church was never more than antiquarian.

However clever a writer may be, if he can regard Mediæval Christianity only from outside, and only from a Georgian standpoint, he is bound to blunder. The outside view of the Catholic Church Scott had, and he had a keen eye for the picturesque, so he could describe vividly; but even in description he came appalling "croppers"—as we shall instance presently. Blunders apart, those descriptions were not always fine; melodramatic, stagy, verbose when intended to be grandiose, they lacked the one thing description imperatively demands, truth and reality.

The real influence of the Church in the Middle Ages was never revealed to this man of genius, for revelation is accorded not to talent but to sincerity; and in this matter Scott was not sincere but opportunistic. He did not grasp the heart of the Middle Age; for its heart was its faith; he had merely read of its behavior, which was sometimes queer and sometimes scandalous, as was the behavior of the admired Primitive Age, as has been that of the age enlightened by all the pure beams of Scott's beloved Reformation. Of its slang he reproduced, or excogitated fearsome quantities, which make his paladins in *The Talisman* talk as no man ever could talk and be permitted to live; of its costumes he had whole wardrobes at disposal, what it ate with, and what weapons it slew

its adversaries or brethren in arms he knew as well or better than his purpose required; but how it thought he had not the least idea.

Thus *The Fair Maid of Perth* lives in as much as it is Scott's: and is woodenish in so far as it is particularly mediæval.

Incomparably better than any other mediæval romance of his is *Quentin Durward*; and half its charm is due to the Scots element in it: the other half to the excellence of the tale, the rapidity and freshness of the action.

But now let us joyfully turn from his half-successes, which would have been splendid successes for any one else, to the realm where he reigns alone. He is known as the author of *Waverly*, and had he written nothing else he would have deserved all his fame, and perhaps have kept it, though it is not certain that all deserved fame becomes immortality. Nevertheless, *Waverly* is not by any means equal to the others in its group, as we have taken leave to arrange our group. It was altogether novel when it appeared: its theme was romantic and yet real, its inhabitants were alive and interesting; but it has nothing approaching the interest and vitality of *Rob Roy*, which in turn has to yield even to *The Pirate*. There are characters in *Rob Roy* better, perhaps, than any in *The Pirate*; there are less convincing characters in *The Pirate*, it may be, than some of those in *Rob Roy*, but as a tale *The Pirate* is more of a book. One great personage in it, Norna of the Fitful Head, I confess strikes me as a preliminary study for Meg Merrilies in *Guy Mannering*, and nothing like so fine; only Scott could have prevented her from being a bore, and it took him all his time. She was too "Mumbo-jumbo," and her lunacy was really not called for. If she was determined to go mad she should have done something horrible on purpose; her father's death was so entirely accidental that so clever a woman must have been aware of it. Mordaunt's father was sharp enough to know that he *was* a bore, out and out, and that was why he shut himself up in Sumburgh Castle. But the Yellowleys are delightful, especially the lady, and the Pirate himself was interesting in spite of his goodness. Scott does not insist on his teaching Sunday-School in the final chapters as Ballantyne did with a far naughtier pirate in the days of our own youth, when nobody asked us in the newspapers whether we could read Scott or no.

Redgauntlet is so excellent that we wonder it is not commonly mentioned as one of Scott's best books; but, perhaps, that is because it begins in a series of letters (which in those days of heavy postage must have missed the recipients). Scott, however, repents quite early in life and the story tells itself presently in plain narrative.

In this most interesting story Scott's hankering after the Royal Stuarts betrays itself again, a hankering, we permit ourselves to fancy, more sincere, as it was certainly more natural, than his rather fulsome laudations of their Hanoverian heir. Perhaps he would have urged that the Stuarts appealed to him merely as romantic properties, on account of their picturesqueness; and Charles Edward was undoubtedly more picturesque than the Prince Regent or his dismally perverse father. But I suspect there was an attraction for Scott in the Royal Stuarts deeper-lying than the mere obvious fact of their romantic value, though to no one was such a romantic value more appealing than to him; they represented not only the exiled dynasty of England but theirs was the ancient, royal house of Scotland, and that mattered much more to the great Scots romanticist. Scotland was mainly the theatre of their final tragedy, and if the throne of Scotland alone could have contented them for a while, it might well have happened that the thrones of England and Ireland would have been added in due time. The hurried advance to Derby was, perhaps, only less ill-advised than the hasty retreat thence. The position of the Regent, Charles Edward, in Scotland was strong enough to have become far stronger; if the Prince of Wales had, after publishing his father's manifesto, sat firm in Edinburgh, and awaited its results, thousands of those who were hesitating would have made up their minds to give in their adhesion to the cause which they knew was that of loyalty and patriotism; and time would have been given to the loyalists of Wales, England and Ireland to gather their wits together, and to organize their aid with some mutual understanding and confidence.

It is no matter of conjecture, but historical fact that large and important forces were at work for the Stuart cause, and were actually ready when their readiness was too late; that they were late was not entirely their fault, there had been too much hurry, not only in the disastrous resolution to retreat

from England, but also in the precipitate though chivalrous resolve to push into it.

Scott, as I imagine, thought of Charles Edward as of one who might very easily have been his king *de facto*, who barely missed it, and missed it so gloriously that he could not help dwelling on it; whether he cared that Charles was undoubtedly king *de jure* I cannot tell. But it seems to me plain that Scott was at all events Scot enough to prefer the idea of a Scots monarch in Scotland to that of a Hanoverian sovereign in London.

In the group we have ventured to make of his greatest novels there is an inner group of the very greatest: *The Antiquary*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Heart of Midlothian* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*. In these four all his best qualities are at their best; no real Scott-reader is ever tired of reading them, and every reading makes them more dear and more admired. They are the four walls of Scott's monument in the hearts of his lovers all the world over. Familiarity does not lessen their charm, or weaken their hold, but strengthens it. For my own part I could read through to the last page of any one of them and turn back to the first and read on again with undiminished delight. I do not think the fascination of any of them depends much on the hero, Lovel is not the attraction in *The Antiquary*, nor the Master of Ravenswood in *The Bride of Lammermoor*; in *The Heart of Midlothian* there is no hero at all and in *Guy Mannering* the office is put into commission. In *The Heart of Midlothian* is the finest of all Scott's heroines; but in the other three the heroines could be left out and the books lose nothing. Lucy, in *The Bride of Lammermoor* is as anæmic as Amelia in *Vanity Fair*, and neither so interesting nor so pathetic. One may want to box Amelia's ears but she *had* ears, if she hadn't eyes; Lucy had nothing but good looks miraculously existing in space without any particular human identity to support them.

Miss Wardour in *The Antiquary* is better, because she does exist, though her existence does not matter much to anybody but Mr. Lovel; she was quite a proper young woman for him to marry, but he might have married her in the *Morning Post* just as well as in *The Antiquary*. Julia Mannering is far better; she can be pert, and her father required more pertness than he often got from her; she can be lively, and her

good looks are not a mere assertion of the author's; the reader can picture her, and the picture is natural, pleasant and animated. But the interest of *Guy Mannering* does not depend on her lover, and she and her young man, who is a nice young man and very prettily-behaved, might have arranged their affairs elsewhere and the book have been as fascinating without them.

Jeanie Deans has a different position altogether; she and Diana are Scott's best heroines, and *The Heart of Midlothian* could not get on without her; the real story in the book is the story of her journey to London. There are characters in *The Heart of Midlothian* as impossible to do without as any in the other books of this group, but the book does not depend on them as the others do really depend on their "minor characters." Nor is the interest we feel in Jeanie Deans the interest we may have in her own rather mature love story, but rather in spite of it. Mr. Butler was, no doubt, an excellent minister; as a lover he is not engrossing. It would, no doubt, be esteemed a heresy to say that these four best books of Scott's would have got on very well if there had been no loves of heroes and heroines at all. It is my own opinion, but ordinary readers will probably not share it.

When Bingley, in *Pride and Prejudice*, talked of giving a ball, his sister perceived that Darcy was reading a book, and did not fancy he cared much for the idea of dancing.

"I should like balls much better," she cried, "if they were carried on in a different manner; but there is something insufferably tedious in the usual process of such a meeting. It would surely be more rational if conversation instead of dancing made the order of the day."

"Much more rational, my dear Caroline, I dare say," her brother objected, "but it would not be near so much like a ball."

Perhaps the public will maintain that if Sir Walter had left the love affairs of his heroes and heroines out of these four novels, they might have been just as good, but not nearly so much like novels.

There remain after these four greatest books other four, as Scott himself would have said: *A Legend of Montrose*, *Old Mortality*, *The Black Dwarf* and *The Surgeon's Daughter*, which we also included in our own group of favorites. They are

much shorter than any of the novels we have mentioned above, and for that reason, chiefly, they are not commonly classed among the author's "important" works. Their brevity is all I can urge against them. They are otherwise quite worthy of ranking with more admired books of Scott's. Personally I would say that they are equal in bulk of interest to the interesting part of some of their more favored brethren; for not all of *Rob Roy* is particularly interesting, nor all of *Redgauntlet*, and even *The Heart of Midlothian* need not be begun at the first chapter nor continued to the last. No true Scott reader can dispense with them; and *The Black Dwarf* has a sombre power that is sometimes missed in other places where Scott showed more apparent intention to achieve it.

As we mentioned Diana Vernon parenthetically above, as being in our opinion one of his two finest heroines let us say one word more about *Rob Roy*; the family at Osbaldistone Hall was, we take leave to feel assured, far nicer than Scott chooses to allow—that was just his "whiggery." As for Helen MacGregor, whose pedigree is not given, we are confident that the blood of Norna of the Fitful Head ran in her veins; in their Ossianic moments the family resemblance is ponderously close.

We also mentioned above that Scott, whose interest in the Catholic Church being merely that of an antiquary, lacking sympathy and sincerity, left him without the true key to the spirit of the Middle Ages, fell occasionally into queer blunders even when attempting nothing more than description. An instance of this occurs in one of the four books which we believe all great admirers of his admire most.

In the second volume of *The Antiquary* there is a flagrantly picturesque account of the midnight obsequies of the Catholic Countess of Glenallan. The priest, dressed in "cope and stole held open the service-book"—(the breviary as we are informed on the next page)—"another churchman in his vestments bore a holy-water sprinkler—and two boys in white surplices held censers with incense" and the dirge goes on "until a loud *Alleluia*, pealing through the deserted arches of St. Ruth, closed the singular ceremony." Singular, indeed. Sir Walter Scott was undoubtedly the only human being who ever heard an *Alleluia*, however loud, in the funeral offices of the Catholic Church.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF FRANCISCO FERRER.*

BY ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.



HIS book professes to be, according to the publishers' announcement, "the first authentic and *impartial* account of the life, trial and death of this famous radical and thinker," and the announcement further asserts, that Mr. Archer "investigated the case with praiseworthy industry and *absolute impartiality*." Still, the author's preface and his method of presenting the results of his investigations, if not the investigations themselves, do not show "absolute impartiality." For instance, in chapter IV., speaking of education in Spain, he gives no accurate information whatsoever as to the diffusion of education there (although one may readily read it in so accessible a volume as the *International Encyclopedia* (XVIII.), and the *Estadística Escolar de España* must have been available to him) but repeats second-hand, ill-natured things about Spanish education, such as:

The deficiencies of the actual system are but faintly indicated in the fact that 10,000,000 men and women, out of a total population of less than 20,000,000, cannot read and write, and the children pass half their school-hours in prayers and recitations of the catechism and sacred history. Very few learn to write; some learn to read, by reason of the extreme ease with which the Spanish lets itself be learned.

Statements like this, which the slightest investigation would disprove—especially in Barcelona—constitute but slight evidence of absolute impartiality. Mr. Archer could have learned even from his *Bædeker* (Edition 1901) that as far back as 1897 the Spanish illiterates were 6,104,470, and that these were chiefly in the country districts. He might also have applied to *La Asociación Barcelonesa*, or even to the chancery

* *The Life, Trial and Death of Francisco Ferrer*. By William Archer. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co.

office of the diocese of Barcelona, for information, and he would have discovered that in 1909 there were in Barcelona, the following: public schools, 860; private church schools, 268; private lay schools, 564; Protestant schools, 22; making in all 1,714 schools, as against the schools Ferrer and his associates established. If he had gone further he would have found that the school buildings were, nearly every one of them, superior to any Ferrer maintained; while, as to textbooks, the Ferrer schools were not up to the general standard. He might also have looked in *La Guía Escolar de España* for 1909, and have found that the following subjects are taught in the various grades of the primary schools: (1) Christian Doctrine and rudiments of Sacred History. (2) Spanish language; reading, writing and grammar. (3) Arithmetic. (4) Geography and History. (5) Rudiments of Legal Relations. (6) Elements of Geometry. (7) Elements of Physical Science and Chemistry. (8) Hygiene and Physiology. (9) Drawing. (10) Singing. (11) Manual Training. (12) Bodily exercises and movement drill. Exact information upon the real state of education in Barcelona, as the prime example, would have served to illustrate the "absolute impartiality" of the author's investigation better than anything else; for it was upon the crying need for education there that Ferrer's activities are alleged to have been based; and it was, according to Mr. Archer and others, his educational activities in trying to lift the veil of ignorance in Barcelona which brought him to his end. Yet with upwards of a thousand schools in Barcelona, it does not appear that Mr. Archer ever entered one of them and investigated for himself. It is apparent that he contented himself with mere denunciations taken from the lips of others.

Although Mr. Archer fails to mention the ultra teachings of the Ferrer schools, he has to admit, after minimizing and glossing over their rather too "strong meat for babes" that

there is not the least doubt that his teaching was not merely anti-clerical, but anti-religious. And even deeper than the rebellion against supernaturalism lay the rebellion against class-domination and exploitation. State education was, in Ferrer's eyes, at least, as noxious as church education.

It is perfectly true then—and we ought not in fairness to lose sight of the fact—that the *Escuela Moderna* was unmis-

takably and avowedly a nursery of rebellious citizens. . . . Ferrer was from the first to the last an ardent Revolutionist. He had come to think that Spain was not yet ripe for revolution; but the whole object of his work was to correct her unripeness by educating revolutionists. . . . There was much in Ferrer's teaching that *in any country in the world* could not but strain toleration to its utmost limit.

Ferrer never actually wrote a book or taught a school. Once, when he was giving lessons in Spanish during his sojourn in Paris, he wrote a small *Methode Espagnol Pratique*, and when in jail in Madrid he composed some mediocre verses. These and his correspondence make up the extent of his literary labors. He was rather the director of a system of grouped teachers of anarchist doctrines to immature minds.

The products of these schools were the recruits fashioned for rebellion and anarchy. Yet the author of this book, with a view to absolute impartiality, merely observes concerning the text-books used in the Ferrer schools:

I have found nothing that can reasonably be construed as incitement to violence or immorality. The teaching is frankly *acratist*, frankly inspired by the principle, *ni Dieu, ni maître*; but there is no forecast, no suggestion of any resort to arms, and much less any recommendation or palliation of terrorism. I do not even find in passages treating of religion, that there is any unseemly scoffing or vulgar scurrility.

That is to say, the powder is laid, the explosives are ready, but the author failed to find any recommendation to strike a match. Ferrer's text-books give the major and the minor premise, but Mr. Archer thinks, in order to provide an "incitement to violence or immorality," one would need to find the conclusion broadly drawn. If Mr. Archer will read over again *El Compendio de Historia Universal*, by Mlle. Jacquinet, in which Christ and Christianity are mocked and reviled, and also *Patriotismo y Colonizacion*, where both violence and immorality are taught, he may change his opinion. The form of the printed page and the collocation of the words easily add to the force of scoffing and scurrility.

To appreciate the impartiality of a book, heralded as is Mr. Archer's volume, it is well to learn what equipment the author

had for his observations, especially as he is judging the outcome of a foreign tribunal. He tells us:

It may, perhaps, be said—indeed, it has been said by one critic—that I apply to Spanish procedure the test of English principles and rules of evidence. This is not really so. The little I ever learned of English rules of evidence has long since vanished from my mind. The tests I sought to apply are those of common-sense and fair-play.

With this equipment he proceeds to try over again the law and the facts, to tell Spanish military lawyers that they do not know the principles of their own law and rules of procedure and evidence, and to instruct them what witnesses to believe or disbelieve, and whether the case should go on or not, according to a theory he has formulated a year after the matter was fresh before them. And to this equipment we must add the fact that he is an Anglo-Saxon—not very conversant with his own law—and totally unacquainted even with Spanish technical law terms, or he would never translate and print in small capitals throughout the whole of his book that *jefe y autor* was “chief and author,” instead of the fact that it is the technical law term in Spanish for “principal” in a crime, as distinguished from an “accessory.” One cannot believe that Mr. Archer did this with malice, and must, therefore, credit it to ignorance; but one might as well translate the Spanish law word *reo* (defendant or prisoner) by the English word “guilty,” simply because that is its general meaning, yet Mr. Archer has all through the “process” in the appendix translated the word *reo* correctly.

As bearing further on the impartiality of the author's views, we may take his declaration in the preface: “Certainly I was not a Roman Catholic; but I was in no way committed to hostility to Catholicism.” Notwithstanding this, he seldom omits an opportunity to assail Catholics and Catholic communities. Such a course was not at all necessary for the purpose of his book. For instance, where he gives the translation of the *Process* or judgment-roll, in speaking of the testimony of a witness, he goes out of his way to call him “the Catholic journalist,” although nothing whatsoever requires such a statement. Again, when speaking incidentally of the “Committee

of Social Defense" in Barcelona, he adds a foot-note: "An ultra-Catholic association, which was largely instrumental in hounding Ferrer to his doom;" and when he speaks of the suspicions "to an Anglo-Saxon mind" of the lives led in the convents, he certainly does not show any remarkable evidence of impartiality, or of an absence of hostility to Catholicism. As his book throughout contains only references to Ferrerist and Anarchist sources (not one anti-Ferrer or governmental authority being quoted throughout) he explains this by saying:

It may be asked whether I have gone to Catholic authorities for their side of the case? Certainly I have done so. I have not only waded through files of the Catholic press and read Catholic books and pamphlets (here he names several books), but I have been at some pains to seek out persons who, I was told, could throw light on the case from a Catholic point of view. These inquiries, however, were absolutely fruitless. They merely convinced me that the so-called authorities neither knew nor wanted to know anything about the case.

Now why should there be a Catholic point of view, or why should the Catholic authorities have had aught to do with the case? That is precisely the point about which Catholics have had to complain in the various accounts of the Ferrer case. Two charges have been made: one that the Catholic Church railroaded Ferrer to his death, and the other that it also saw to it that he was condemned without proofs or witnesses. Mr. Archer strives to inject much of this view through inuendo, and the above quotation is a sample. We are well content to let the Spanish military and judicial authorities defend their acts upon purely legal and political grounds, leaving out all question of Church or Church interference. The author also seems dimly aware that this would be the correct point of view, for he states: "I knew that Ferrer had been the victim, if not of a judicial crime, at any rate of an enormous judicial stupidity." If that text had been preached during the whole Ferrer controversy, there would have been no need of bringing in any allusions to the Church whatever. A truly impartial book would have viewed the matter, irrespective of whether the participants were or were not Catholics, and have let the uncolored facts speak for themselves.

The volume, itself, is quite extensive and gives a considerable biography of Ferrer. Yet for all its bulk—it contains 324 pages—there is much that it omits. For instance, the author is not yet ready to tell how Ferrer got away from *Mas Germinal*, or where he remained in hiding for over three weeks before he was caught. He says, however, that Soledad Villafrañca had been careful to make a *great clearance of papers* before Ferrer left, so that the police could not get them. It will be remembered that he disappeared after the third day of the uprising. Because the fifty files of letters, telegrams, etc., which were produced in court did not explicitly show that Ferrer was at the head of the outbreak of 1909, therefore, it is said, Ferrer had nothing to do with it. The same is maintained because of the fact that no witnesses were produced for Ferrer. At a time when they could be produced, neither Ferrer nor his defender asked for their evidence, for they would have been examined on this very point of missing documents, the escape and hiding of Ferrer and the names and actions of everyone who assisted him. When it was seen that the evidence was all against him, and the time for their examination had expired, they became apparently indignant that their testimony had not been called for. Yet the letters which passed from Ferrer to his friends in Paris and England, written from the *Carcel Celular* in which he was confined, show as much latitude as is allowed in England and America to prisoners. One thing we may be grateful for. Mr. Archer's book leaves out entirely the legend of important documents sent in the mail from England which would have exculpated Ferrer, but which were stolen from the mails and never reached him.

The author in his book makes no mention of the thirty volumes of all the testimony and proceedings in each of Ferrer's trials published early in 1911 by the Spanish Government. Neither does he notice the charges and logical demonstration by Señor La Cierva and others on the floor of the *Cortés* that the letters of Ferrer, quoted by the author at pages 110, 111, and 143 are cipher letters indicating the progress of the revolutionary programme and the need for Ferrer's presence in Barcelona. It is a curious coincidence that he was nearly always present when there was any anarchist outbreak in Spain, as witness the dynamite explosion in Madrid in 1906

and some previous abortive occurrences. Señor La Cierva said that no one died at the Ferrer homestead in June 1909, and that no one was ill, and that even if his sister-in-law and little niece had been ill there, such a circumstance was not sufficient to make Ferrer turn away from London where he expected to spend the entire summer. Yet he found time to spend nearly two days in Paris with his anarchist friends while apparently hurrying to the sick-room. When he writes to Moreno to come out from Barcelona to see him, just four days before the uprising, he has to add "we have recently lost a niece eight years old," although Moreno was an old friend and resident of Barcelona, who would probably have known all about it. The Spanish analysts of the letters make them mere references to plans to be formulated as to uprisings, and give a key to the meaning of the various words.

In regard to the evidence offered at the trial there is a constant running comment to show that what the witnesses said of Ferrer could not be true. Taking the specific case of the testimony of the witness Colldeforns, who testified that between 7:30 and 8:30 in the evening of July 27, 1909, he saw a man, whom he recognized from photographs as Ferrer, "captaining a group" near the Lyceum Theatre on the *Rambla*, Mr. Archer explains this evidence away by simply saying that at 7:30 it was too dark to recognize a man's features, and, besides, the witness only knew him from a photograph. But we must remember that as Ferrer was implicated in the bomb-throwing at King Alfonso and Queen Victoria in 1906, his portrait and pictures of him in many attitudes had been published dozens of times in the Spanish and French illustrated papers, and he was as well known as a political celebrity here. One might very well recognize President Taft or Colonel Roosevelt merely from their photographs. On July 27 the sun sets at Barcelona about 7:20 o'clock, and twilight lasts there for nearly an hour longer. Its latitude is about the same as that of Providence and anyone may test the fact.

But even the author cannot get away from the evidence given by Domenech, Llarch and Domingo Casas, the Mayor of Premiá, to the effect that Ferrer proposed to proclaim a republic; of how he incited the people to burn convents and churches; of how they met a group of men who told Ferrer what was being done in Barcelona and of how Ferrer said;

"Good, good! Courage! It must all be destroyed!" and finally, of the peremptory order by Ferrer to the Mayor to proclaim the republic in the town of Premiá. All that Mr. Archer brings against this is a letter from Ferrer to Malato published three months after his execution; whereas Ferrer never testified or made any attempt to testify to those things at the actual time of the trial. He adds also some gossip as tending to overthrow this evidence, although Ferrer was confronted with the Mayor and Llarch who stoutly maintained the truth of their testimony to his face. He also comments on other facts which tend to corroborate Ferrer's participation in the events of the Bloody Week of Barcelona, but he finally winds up in this lame fashion:

Their story, if we accept every syllable of it, would show Ferrer liable to whatever punishment the law assigns to an utterly abortive attempt to stir up a local sedition.

It is precisely here where the author fails to carry the matter to a conclusion. It is a firmly grounded principle in English and American law, as well as in Spanish law, that where a person is engaged in the commission of a crime which, of itself, would be of minor importance, but which results in the destruction of life and property of great moment, he is deemed guilty of the greater crime. Thus where a burglar breaks into a house, merely intending to rob, but in doing so lights a match which eventually and accidentally sets fire to the house and burns it, so that the inmates and contents are destroyed, he is guilty of murder or arson; just as though he had intended that originally. Mr. Archer would divest Ferrer's acts, as proven by the witnesses, from any and all of the events which took place in Barcelona, and have him adjudged for his acts, solely and alone, as if nothing whatsoever had resulted. This is the fallacy running through the entire book, and we may add to it, the author's special pleading in the mistranslation of Spanish law words and his printing them in small capitals throughout the work, thereby emphasizing the mistranslation for no motive that is apparent save that of misleading the reader. But after the special pleas are in, after the evidence against Ferrer has been belittled and apparently

explained away, and the entire case brought down to the "irreducible minimum," the author has to admit:

I am not at all sure that, had Ferrer been fairly tried under reasonable rules of evidence, he would have got off scot-free. He was certainly not the "author and chief of the rebellion;" that accusation was a monstrous absurdity; but it is not quite clear that *his irrepressible sympathy with every form of revolt* may not have betrayed him into one or two indiscretions.

We may add that the legend that Ferrer's trial was wholly private and secret is also demolished by the picture given on page 190 of the book, showing a large, airy court-room filled with spectators, who are seemingly following the proceedings with great interest. The author also admits that the *plenario* or taking of evidence was also public, quoting the statute to that effect, and saying that in the *plenario* of the case against Emiliano Iglesias the statement of a witness caused "great laughter among the public." The book is really a great improvement over the previous recitals of the trial and execution of Ferrer; one by one the myths of the secrecy, the railroading and the lack of evidence in the case are being dropped; and we may hope for some future chronicler to take up the matter in a purely historic spirit, leave out the mistranslations, inuendo and unnecessary comments and rhetoric of the present volume, and give us the facts without undue partisan comment.

JEANNE D'ARC.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.



ON January 6, 1412—just five centuries ago last Twelfth Night—Jeanne d'Arc was born in the little Lorraine village of Domremy. All the world knows her history. The German poet, the American humorist, the ultra-modern French philosopher have each contributed to her compelling immortality. The just and the unjust have fought above her faithful ashes. There have been centuries of reparation: and now the Soldier-Maid looks down from the walls of the Pantheon, with those typically Parisian patrons, St. Denis and St. Genevieve; and ironically enough, not far from the empty tomb of Voltaire. All this is as it should be, for never a cult more sane or more salutary than the cult of *la Pucelle*. And never a beatification more timely in our own professedly *feminist* age! Only, it does seem superficially a little curious that Jeanne should not be even more confidently, more universally exploited by *women*, both within and without the Church. There is scarcely a figure in all history who embodies, in so exceptional and quintessential a degree, the ideals toward which modern womanhood is striving. For the modern ideal, so far as it is sound, so far as it is in anywise sane, is fain not to destroy but to fulfill. It would leave to woman all the hereditary virtues of her mother—adding, so far as might be, the latent but not less hereditary virtues of her father. We all remember the Westminster epitaph of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, of whose family it was proudly claimed that “all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous:” but there is a higher ideal by which sisters shall be valiant as well as virtuous, and brothers virtuous as well as valiant.

And this is precisely the ideal which Jeanne d'Arc so simply and whole-heartedly fulfilled. In the records of her trial

and rehabilitation* a thousand intimate personal characteristics flame out like golden banners. There is the story of the verger at Domremy, whom Jeanne bribed by little presents of wool to work more diligently in his belfry: he had known her all her brief life in the village, and deposed upon her devotion to the offices of the Church, her goodness to the poor, her grave and gentle modesty, and her industry, whether at the loom, the plough or the pasture. Then come the artless depositions of the peasant women of Domremy, who used to walk to and from Mass with "Jeanette"; who remembered her kneeling in the fields when the church bells rang, or dancing betimes with the other village maidens, or bringing nuts and provisions for the annual picnic at the Ladies' Tree on *Latern* Sunday. "I did not know of Jeanne's departure," cried one of these women tristfully, after the lapse of a quarter of a century: "I wept much—I loved her dearly for her goodness and because she was my friend."

From quite another angle comes the testimony of those who knew the Maid during her fifteen months of militant service. The *Sieur de Metz* saw Jeanne first when she traveled up to Vaucouleur in her shabby frock of red serge, pleading with Robert de Baudricourt for the third time for soldiers to lead her to the king. She had been refused twice, and she never argued the subject; she simply returned to the attack. But the fire of indomitable purpose was burning beneath this maidenly calm, and it blazed up when the knight inquired with mild curiosity *when* she wished to start. "Better at once than to-morrow," came the splendid retort, "and better to-morrow than later!" That was at the very beginning of her public career—she scarcely knew as yet how to balance a lance on horseback. But when her poor, dazed young sovereign was celebrating the mighty victory she had won for him at Orléans, and making the peasant maid *grande chère*, the identical spirit answered him: "Noble Dauphin, hold not such long and so many councils, but start at once for Rheims and there receive your crown!"

Jeanne's swiftiness of thought and action was a constant marvel to the men about her—men who too well remembered

* *Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orléans, Deliverer of France*; being the story of her life, her achievements, and her death, as attested on oath and set forth in the original documents, Edited by T. Douglas Murray. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. London: (Heinemann).

Agincourt, and had ceased even to hope aggressively. One little incident before the attack upon Jargeau reveals the winsomeness as well as the force of the mighty Maid. "Forward, gentle Duke, to the assault!" she cried, bursting in upon his Grace of Alençon about nine o'clock one morning. He protested that the assault was premature, and argued for delay; whereupon, with that high queenliness of hers, Jeanne gave the immortal answer: "It is the right time when it pleases God, we must work when it is His will: *Travailliez, et Dieu travaillera!*" Yet never a prophet more tender to the weakness of the flesh. "Ah, gentle Duke," she said, turning back to him when she saw that her point was gained, "dost thou not know I promised thy wife to bring thee back whole and sound?"*

No one seems to have studied Jeanne more intelligently or more sympathetically during all this time than her *beau Duc*, as she was wont to call him. D'Alençon was a prince of the blood royal, commander-in-chief (until the Maid's coming) of the French armies, and his testimony is full of significance. He was hunting quails at St. Florent when news was brought of the little peasant girl who had come to the Dauphin at Chinon with the amazing message that God had sent her to raise the siege of Orléans and drive the English out of France. Not unnaturally, the Duke made his own way right speedily to Chinon—and his capitulation seems to have been immediate. Seeing, he believed; or indeed, it may be that believing he saw. Side by side they followed the weary marches, the daring, glorious engagements of her campaign of the Loire. It is not certain where d'Alençon was when the Maid was captured by the Burgundians and later sold to the English, or while the grim tragedy of her trial was being played to its end. But twenty-five years later, when by order of Pope Calixtus III. the doctors assembled in Notre Dame to inquire into the validity of the Rouen sentence, the Duke came up to Paris to tell all he knew. The memory of Jeanne's white fire of purity, her hatred of blasphemy and of the evil women who followed the camp, her tact in dealing with the various generals, her reverent piety, came upon him then in a wave of impassioned memory. "I think truly, it was God

*The Duke d'Alençon was but just returned from a five years' imprisonment by the English, and Jeanne had, in fact, made this promise to his young wife.

who led us," he declared of her brief generalship; and the sum of his testimony fell into these momentous words:

I always held her for an excellent Catholic and a modest woman; she communicated often, and at sight of the Body of Christ, shed many tears. In all she did, except in affairs of war, she was a very simple young girl; but in warlike things—bearing the lance, assembling an army, ordering military operations . . . she was most skilful. Everyone wondered that she could act with as much wisdom and foresight as a captain who had fought for twenty or thirty years. It was above all in making use of artillery that she was so wonderful.

Of course, d'Alençon erred in this last sentence. The wonder of Jeanne d'Arc was never more preeminent than when she faced her court of accusers (it cannot be said that the tribunal boasted any judges!) in the Castle of Rouen. To martyrdom she marched valiantly enough in all truth, but each step of the way was fought soldier-wise. Every power on earth was marshalled against the girl: learning and treachery and might and brutality and—hardest of all to bear—the *appearance* of righteous authority. For these men, whom Jeanne knew to be fighting God, fought ostensibly in God's name! That was the consummate irony of it all. Bedford, the English regent, and his colleague of Winchester, were not content merely to imprison or to kill the Maid: they determined to impugn her entire work. They wished to place the ban of sacrilege and illegitimacy upon her king's coronation at Rheims. Hence it was decreed to try Jeanne for heresy and witchcraft, before a tribunal of English sympathizers carefully suborned for the end in view. She seems to have taken no great trouble to conceal her scorn of them, and answered with so high a spirit that one of Henry's own soldiers was heard to exclaim: "This is a brave woman: would she were English!" Without legal counsel, day after day and week after week, she faced her inquisitors with the same patient fire. From the first she had refused to take oath save upon matters directly bearing upon her case; and when urged to violate this "precept of silence" in matters concerning her king or her Voices, the only answer was a determined *passer-outre!* Again and yet again Jeanne's simplicity triumphed over the most abstruse and subtly framed interrogations; and

finally, at a hint from the friendly Brother Isambard, she shattered the validity of the whole trial by appealing her cause directly to the Pope and the Council of Bâle. It was a master-stroke, had Cauchon retained decency enough to adhere to any appearance of justice. But the stakes were too high. He drowned her voice with a cry of "Hold your tongue in the devil's name!" and ordered the appeal stricken off the minutes of the notary.

Jeanne's largeness of vision (another side, after all, to her simplicity), might well have shamed the triviality of her hunters. "My Lord has a book in which no clerk has ever read, how perfect soever he be in clerkship," she had answered sagely when the populace cried out that never had deeds like hers been read of anywhere. And now she made brief work of the questions about St. Michael's hair, or the clothing worn by St. Catherine or St. Margaret. When taunted with neglecting the work proper to womankind, in order to save France from English invasion, she replied with beautiful and unanswerable logic: "There are plenty of other women to do *that!*" So, too, with the interminable questions about her male attire. It would seem fairly obvious that, having a man's work to do, and living amongst men in the rough camp and rougher prison, Jeanne's chosen dress was the only safe or sensible one for her to assume. But the Rouen judges affected to find in it one of their chiefest scandals, and it held conspicuous place in the formal bill of accusation eventually brought against the hapless Maid. She denied repeatedly that any other human being should be held responsible for this "dissolute" attire, and explained as best she could that she believed it, under the circumstances, not only indifferent but even positively pleasing to Almighty God. Then, when her explanations were met by added obliquity of questioning, she dismissed the subject with one perfect sentence: "What concerns this dress is a small thing—less than nothing." One would give much to have seen Jeanne's eyes when she spoke those words!

To be sure, they broke her spirit in the end. After the trial had lasted five months, and when his prisoner's mind and body were manifestly forespent by the long days of inquisition and the nights of abuse and insult, it occurred to Pierre Cauchon to have the girl publicly exhorted in the cemetery

of St. Ouen. In the presence of her lordly accusers and of the "good people" of Rouen, she was led out upon a scaffold or gallery to be harangued with many accusations by one Maître Guillaume Érard. The executioner, and a stake already prepared with faggots, were facing her. And then did Jeanne d'Arc commit the one great crime, the one great frailty of her stainless life; for a frenzied moment she ceased to believe in herself! It was true—all that they witnessed against her—she had been deluded; but the guilt was upon her own shoulders, not her king's! And then she begged the judges to take her away from the fire (of which she had peculiar dread), and place her in the prisons of the Church, with women to care for her. There is not, in all the tear-stained records of human tragedy, an incident of more poignant pathos than this recantation of the Maid of Orléans. It occurred just one year and a day after her capture outside the drawbridge of Compiègne, and when the girl was some four months past her nineteenth birthday.

That was the first and last surrender. Four days later came the glorious "relapse" which brought Jeanne so quickly to the stake. Cauchon hastened to the castle prison (where, against his sworn word, he had returned the prisoner after her submission) and found the Maid clothed again in her right mind—and in her male attire. There was no wavering in her *Credo* this time. "If I said that God had not sent me, I should damn myself, for it is true that God has sent me," she told the Bishop vehemently. "All that I said and revoked, I said for fear of the fire . . . I did not intend so to do or say. I did not intend to deny my visions." It was the Jeanne of Orléans, of Patay, of Rheims, speaking then: the Jeanette of Domremy, too, as with sweet and firm *naïveté* she recounted how her saints had told of the great sorrow they felt for the treason to which she had been led, to deny and abjure her deeds in order to save her life. Two days later came the Deliverance which these Voices had so often yet so mysteriously prophesied, and which the Martyr-Maid had, for a little while, but ill understood.

The question of Jeanne's Voices cannot any longer be begged, since in her "Voices" or "Counsel" lay the secret of her amazing self-belief. She had come out of Domremy to lead the armies of France—as later, she went to death rather

than abjure her mission—for the single reason that she believed herself a sword chosen and wielded by the hand of God. And this she believed because, as she declared, she had been so told, so commanded by “her brothers in Paradise.” There is little strangeness, to the Catholic mind, in this more personal and intimate manifestation of the great Communion of Saints. The vessel of election in every age has been wrought for service—or it may be, merely guided toward the way of service—by hands other than material. And although Jeanne was rather a silent woman (always given to deeds rather than words), her testimony about the Voices—first during the Dauphin’s inquiry at Chinon, and later during the hostile interrogations of the trial—was full enough to be quite intelligible. The first Voice spoke to her at Domremy when she was but thirteen (suitably enough, it was the heavenly warrior, Michael), saying simply: “Be good—go often to Church.” After a little while came the apparitions of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, while the messages became more definite; she must go into France—she must relieve the siege of Orléans—she must lead her Dauphin to the anointing and coronation of his kingship. During Jeanne’s military leadership, she seems to have been confirmed almost constantly by these visions. “You have been to *your* counsel,” she cried to the dissenting generals when they were fain to hold her back from action, “and I have been to *mine*, and the Counsel of God shall be accomplished.” After the coronation at Rheims, Jeanne acted more or less on her own responsibility; her divine commission was fulfilled. And then it was that she met, together with splendid successes, her first real defeats. She had prophesied within some three weeks the date of her capture and betrayal; and in prison she was not abandoned. On one occasion the Voice woke her as she “slept for sorrow” in her cell at Rouen.

“Was it by touching you on the arm?” demanded her inquisitors somewhat fatuously.

“It awoke me without touching,” Jeanne answered; and then, with heart-reaching simplicity, she rehearsed the exquisite little drama of consolation. No—she did not go upon her knees—but she thanked the Vision for coming. “I was sitting on the bed; I joined my hands; I implored its help. The Voice said to me, ‘Answer them boldly, God will help thee!’”

So now we come near to the greatest point of all: the *source* of Jeanne's visions. The Rouen judges declared that these apparitions proceeded from the devil, and they dealt with her accordingly. M. Anatole France and his school opine that they came from her own noble but unsound imagination, and *they* have dealt with her accordingly. But the Maid herself said they came from God; and after her momentary weakness of denial, she turned back and sealed her faith with blood and with fire. So the Mind of the Church, believing Jeanne, judging her inspiration by its fruits, has dealt with her accordingly. Now it does not appear that the Soldier-Maid was particularly introspective or at all analytical. She did not question (as we are wont to question) the *how* and the *why* of Almighty God. But she listened, as few have listened in this garrulous world. Then, with an *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, she threw herself unreservedly into the work of His will. And just this "one rapture of an inspiration" was the basic need of her disheartened people. Only a miracle could have raised fifteenth century France to any belief in its own desperate cause, and the miracle was—Jeanette! By the dynamic force of her own divine and vivid certainty, she lifted up the hearts of men. It was not simply her genius which undid the Hundred Years' War and saved the nationhood of France; it was not even her sanctity; it was the supreme, miraculous, God-given belief in her own mission.

But her methods were all rational enough. Jeanne's angelic accolade brought no immunity from the common lot of toil and pain. Like many another mystic, she was enormously militant: and she fought with armies of men, not of angels! She was the *practical idealist*; and that is why she is so intimately significant to the woman of to-day, rather than because she raised the siege of Orléans or baffled the University of Paris. Obviously, Jeanne was a specialist in all her public career. The thing which, for particular national reasons, she was called to do was distinctly *outside* the normal province of womanhood—the way she did it, as distinctly *within*. There is nothing in life or faith or art, nothing great or humble, which would not become more beautiful and more effectual if done in the spirit she made flesh. It was a spirit of largeness and of singleness, a spirit of high-hearted love and magnificent self-consecration. Almost unique in history was this peasant girl's

balance of action and vision, of pride and humility, of strength and tenderness. She loved, indeed, to help bridge a moat or build a rampart; but she loved better to kneel beside some dying French or English soldier; and best of all did she love to receive Holy Communion on the days when the little children were allowed to bear her company. For Jeanne walked not alone by faith, but by that which Coventry Patmore has pregnantly named the "corollaries of faith." She believed largely—she gave all. And oftener than not, these corollaries are very human in expression. Love, as we know upon the highest authority, is translated by deed and by truth into obedience; and the whole Counsels of Perfection may underlie so simple a matter as walking up instead of down the street. It is all a question of motive, of "intention." The hero does great things; he may apparently do more than the saint; the difference is, that the saint does great things for God! This is the primal lesson of Jeanne's life—as of every other holy and potent life—the height and the holiness of its aim. So much for the universals! But Everywoman may well inquire more minutely into this Maiden's story—to learn, peradventure, by what personal, practical means the trail was blazed, the aim achieved. It is conspicuous in the first place that Jeanne d'Arc had an immense capacity for good work; she left much to God, but nothing to chance. Above this, she possessed three of the noblest virtues known to manhood or womanhood; the virtues of courage, simplicity and the love of truth. They are very rare (rarer than most of us dare to confess) but in them lies the hope of the race. And without them heroic sanctity at least is inconceivable. For courage is the belief in self and in God, a free and large virtue, the daughter of hope and the mother of action. And simplicity is the grace of shooting straight, without *détour* or distraction or excitement; in one sense it may be called "divine concentration." While to love truth—and to serve truth—with a passion absorbing life and death alike, is not far from the kingdom of heaven.

It may be that Jeanne has even greater things than these to teach: it is certain that she has other things; but Everywoman must discover them for herself!

New Books.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UTAH. By the Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D. Salt Lake City: Intermountain Catholic Press.

The story of the introduction of Catholicism into Utah is full of romance and interest. It is, indeed, wonderful what the pioneers of our Faith did for the Church; what sufferings they endured; what marvelous gentleness and tact they displayed in dealing with the Indians. They had but one thought at heart—the spread of the Gospel and truth. We can glean out of the present volume what enormous difficulties had to be overcome in bringing the light of the Faith to Utah. These difficulties came first from the natural antipathy of the Red man for the White man, and not far behind were the obstacles which nature set up against the intruder into virgin forests, impassible rivers, formidable canyons, gorges, mountains. But all were overcome by the intrepid band of Spaniards who, leaving Santa Fe, made a circuit of the four adjacent states; proceeding north to near the uttermost bounds of Colorado, thence west to Utah Lake, then slightly southwest to Arizona (the Grand Canyon), from where, by an east-southeast journey, they crossed the Rio Grande del Norte, and then by a short course arrived back at Santa Fe.

This memorable journey of a party under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, Atanasio Dominguez and Silvestre Velez de Escalante—ten persons in all—set out on July 29, 1776, and arrived back at the point of departure on January 2, 1777. For the *Diario* of the Fathers, now printed for the first time in English, the thanks of all students of history should be given to Dr. Harris. It is one of those human documents which will always live; so full of that naïve simplicity of soul and earnestness of purpose is it, that it takes possession of the reader. Without detracting from the value of Dr. Harris' work we would wish that this *Diario* were reprinted separately in convenient form for the use of all interested in the early history of the United States.

From 1776 to 1841 no Catholic priest put foot on the soil of Utah. In the latter year Father De Smet, the famous Jesuit, seems to have passed through there on his way to his

Northwest Mission. In 1846 he met the Mormons who, to the number of about 10,000, were camped on the Territory of Omaha, and became friendly with Brigham Young to whom he gave such glowing accounts of the country around Utah, that it seems probable that Young decided to make the place his land of promise. Father De Smet does not claim that his advice was the means of sending the Mormons there; all he says in his letter, which the author quotes, is: "They asked me a thousand questions about the regions I had explored, and the valley which I have just described to you pleased them greatly from the account I gave of it. Was that what determined them? I would not dare assert it. They are there!" But if after events prove anything it does look as if the Mormons were grateful to the Jesuit for his information. Later on in the history of Catholicism in Utah the Mormon tabernacle of St. George was placed at the disposal of Father Scanlan (now Bishop), and not only that, but the tabernacle choir learned how to sing the choir parts of a High Mass, and sang at Father Scanlan's Mass after a fortnight's practice.

The growth of the Church in Utah was constant if somewhat slow, which of course may be easily understood. In 1886 it was erected into a separate diocese with Father Scanlan as Bishop. Since then the progress has been marked. There are about 10,000 Catholics spread over an area of 153,768 miles, with twenty priests, ninety-eight sisters, twenty churches, schools and a well-equipped hospital. So far as one may judge from the buildings erected by the present Bishop, the Catholics of the state are full of enthusiasm for the advance of religion. Everything augurs well for a great future for the Church in the Mormon State.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA. By E. L. S. Horsburgh, M.A.
London: Methuen & Co. 60 cents.

A fourth edition of Mr. Horsburgh's *Life of Savonarola* has just been sent us for review. It is not only a revised but an enlarged edition of the original book. This study of one of the greatest of Florentines is of engrossing interest. The fifty years of his extraordinary career coincide with the period of the Renaissance "the most brilliant, diversified and momentous epoch in the history of the world." Moulded almost unconsciously by it Savonarola was the incarnation of that

period. Calm and storm alternating from the quiet, cloistered life led in St. Domenico at Bologna, he passes into the wild whirlpool of the world without, torn and distraught with party-factions and political intrigues, until at last he plunges into the eddying, shifting public life of Florence—and the whole city, falling under the magic sway of the Ferrarese Friar, is subdivided into parties of “followers” or “adversaries” of Girolamo Savonarola. In truth a wonderful man in a wonderful age.

With calm exactitude free from any perceptible bias, the author proceeds to weigh in the balance, the two principal figures of the ensuing drama—those of Pope Alexander VI. and “Frate Hieronimo.” Alexander Borgia—that name at which the world in general, ignorant as is the average mob of facts, has hurled for centuries the rotten eggs of its vituperation—emerges, in so far as concerns the Papal power, with hands clean of the stain of Savonarola’s blood; and the author does not hesitate to assert, that the famous Professor Villari’s contention “that the Pope secretly aided and abetted the test” of the fiery ordeal, in hopes of its failure and the consequent downfall and possible death of the Friar, “*rests on no extant evidence, and is, indeed, contrary to what evidence is available.*” In fact it is now proved by recent research, that the much-abused Pope behaved with great leniency and self-restraint, even under the fiercest rhetorical denunciations of Savonarola’s preachings. When the last terrible scene was closing in, he appointed as Chief of the three Papal Commissioners who (at the request of the Signoria of Florence) were to make inquiry into the case of the rebellious Friar, Torriani, Master General of the Dominican Order. He was a man of the highest reputation, who had “shown himself zealous in forwarding Savonarola’s schemes of Conventual reform,” and had himself appointed Savonarola Vicar of the Tuscan Congregation, when the St. Marco Community was practically, at Savonarola’s petition, rendered independent by Pope Alexander. Of the three trials he had to undergo, two were purely civil and at the hands of the Signoria of Florence, and it was only after long delay and after these two civil trials that Alexander would appoint the Papal Court of Inquiry and would agree finally to the death sentence passed by the Civil Courts being carried out in Florence. That the torturing of the prisoners

was the hideous outcome of the general practice of those days there is now no doubt, and Savonarola and his two companions were not the first, nor the last political prisoners who, 400 years ago, were tortured in order to obtain evidence.

How, and why it was, that all Florence suddenly turned upon the man on whom but a few weeks previously her hopes had rested, and whose inspired words and "prophesyings" from the Duomo pulpit were law—this and much more Mr. Horsburgh tells with brilliant, diamond-cut clearness. No book about Savonarola, neither that of Villari, nor Pastor, nor Lucas, nor Luotti, nor Mandell Creighton, is to our mind, so thoroughly in touch as is this "study" with the times and the marvelous man of whom it treats, that extraordinary character hailed at once by admirers as "Saint" and by enemies as "heretic"; whose allegiance to Catholic doctrine and the Roman supremacy cannot be challenged, and yet whose personal revolt against the personal authority and character of Alexander VI. has been exploited as a party-cry by Luther and the Lutherans!

THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents each.

An Introduction to Mathematics, by A. N. Whitehead, contains a number of chapters on various departments of mathematics, such as variables, imaginary numbers, conic sections, trigonometry. In a few instances a brief, historical explanation is prefaced to the chapters. Lovers of the exact science will study this book with considerable interest.

No book would be of greater service to the average person of moderate means who may be tempted to speculate or invest, than *The Stock Exchange*, by Francis W. Hirst. Although written principally for Great Britain, there are pages upon pages which cannot but be of use to readers in this country; besides, the author devotes one chapter to Wall Street, first giving its history, then its present life, and the modes of operation there. The last chapter, containing advice to investors, is of vast importance and value to all those who are not in "the inner ring."

Written by a clerk of the House of Commons, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, *Parliament: Its History, Constitution and Practice*, cannot fail to contain matter both trustworthy and useful.

The author gives, in the first place, an interesting, historical *résumé* of the origin and development of parliaments. It is curious to note that the word "parliament" came from what was apparently a breach of monastic rule—a talk after dinner in the cloisters. Then follow some half-dozen chapters describing the House of Commons and its various modes of procedure. In the last chapter some attention is given to our own electoral houses, as well as those of France and the British Colonies.

In matter and form *A Short History of War and Peace*, by G. H. Perris, is an exception to those volumes of this series which we have already noticed. In other volumes we saw none of that petty partisanship which disgraces this one. The author seems not to have learned that epithets such as "Papist," "Romanism," and "Popery" have ceased to be used by scholars and gentlemen, and are now confined to that rapidly-disappearing class of authors whose ignorance of the Catholic Church is only equaled by their vulgar insolence. It is time now that Catholics should teach a lesson to such individuals refusing to either buy or to read their productions. All we are surprised at is that the revising editors of the series did not attempt to give the author of this book a lesson in the etiquette of modern and liberal authorship.

The Science of Wealth, by J. A. Hobson, contains some useful material for those who devote any time to economic questions, particularly those connected with the living question of labor and wages. In a dozen chapters the author covers the ground fairly well, the chapter on the labor-movement being especially worthy of attention.

Those who will expect to find in *Modern Geography*, by Marion I. Newbigin, a dry list of bays, mountains, and so forth, will be agreeably surprised on opening it to discover that those bogies of youth have given place to a number of chapters on such questions as ice and its work, plant geography, the distribution of animal life, and the localization of minerals.

Polar Exploration, by William S. Bruce, is written from a scientific point of view. The astronomical features of the polar regions are briefly stated, after which chapters are devoted to such subjects as plant and animal life, meteorology, physics of the polar seas. In the chapter on "Plant Life,"

the important question of scurvy is dealt with. The old supposed remedy and preventative, lime juice, does not appear, from the experience of explorers who compare results, to be so efficacious as was formerly thought. Mr. Bruce's doctrine is: whatever locality you are in, feed on the animal and plant life of that locality, and scurvy will not appear.

There is not much of value for American readers in *Liberalism*, by L. T. Hobhouse, M.A. In places he lays down some acceptable laws for liberal government of peoples, but in other places he fails to push his arguments to their correct conclusions. Among his bibliography he cites works by Locke, Paine, Bentham, J. S. Mill, Mazzini.

AMERICA OF TO-MORROW. By Abbé Felix Klein. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.75.

In his new book, called *America of To-morrow*, Abbé Felix Klein, author of *In the Land of the Strenuous Life* and *An American Student in France*, has given us a series of interesting papers, the results of his recent travels in the United States and Western Canada. Originally written in French, the book has been translated by E. H. Wilkins, and is published with an introductory note by Professor Charles R. Henderson of the University of Chicago. The Abbé writes gently and, perhaps, too uncritically, but that is, at least, a relief from our muck-raking journalism and literature. He describes the atmosphere and the characteristics of several of our large cities, notably, New York, Chicago, Omaha, Seattle and San Francisco, and gives a particularly interesting view of Western Canada. But most interesting of all, probably, to Americans, and most timely, is the long chapter devoted to Archbishop Ireland. The Abbé gives a vivid and sympathetic picture of the venerable Archbishop who is held in such honor by so many thousand Catholic citizens, West and East. He emphasizes the remarkable personality of the Archbishop, his wide-ranging activities, and the magnitude of the work he has done for the Church and for the country. The golden jubilee of the Archbishop, although by his wish not to be celebrated, lends an especial significance to this short but able biography. Nor can the book be dismissed without a word of praise for the concluding chapter, which deals in a scholarly and broad-minded way with the Japanese question, and the possible or impossible solutions of the problem of yellow immigration.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME. By Right Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.

It was at the request of the late Archbishop Corrigan that the author wrote this history. Himself the oldest living student of the college (entering it in 1860 and graduating in '62) he can look back over a long vista of years and note the gradual growth of the institution. To have a national college in Rome was one of the great desires of Archbishops Kenrick and Hughes. When the proposal came from Pius IX., in 1855, that the United States should have a representative college in the Eternal City, Archbishop Hughes promptly took up the matter. A few months later when the Eighth Provincial Council of Baltimore was held it was resolved to appoint a committee of bishops to inquire into the question. From this arose a correspondence between the ecclesiastical authorities in the states, and those in Rome, which caused to be brought rapidly forward plans to open a college. In 1857 Pius IX. bought a convent which had formerly belonged to the Dominican and Visitation Nuns, but which was at that moment occupied by the French officers of the Roman garrison. The conditions stipulated by Propaganda were that when the use of the building should be handed over to the American bishops they should obtain the necessary funds for its maintenance. For this purpose \$50,000 was contributed by the American people during the next year. On December 7, 1859, the college was opened informally, the solemn opening taking place next day when Cardinal Barnabo presided. Twelve students were present and with them was Dr. McGlynn who (according to the author) was not properly a student.

As the years rolled by, the college progressed under the capable direction of the six rectors who have guided its destinies. But like most new institutions it had its financial troubles in the beginning. These were, it is to be hoped, set at rest forever in 1869, when \$150,000 was collected. All one can regret is that the legal title could not have been secured to the American Bishops to prevent the trouble which shortly afterwards came in the shape of a threat from the Italian Government to sell the college; a trouble which may easily come to the front again some day. American Catholics are grateful to President Arthur and his Secretary of State, Mr.

Frelinghuysen, for their energy and promptness in saving the property. Since then the college has been enlarged and a beautiful summer residence, the Villa di Santa Caterina, has been secured.

With 6 archbishops (at the time of the book going to press) coming from its halls, 18 bishops, 523 priests, the Catholics of the United States may have legitimate pride in their college, which seems now to have got clear of the rocks and to be out into an open sea with a fair breeze to send it along. Mgr. Brann's volume will be read eagerly by past students to whom it will bring back old, fond memories.

A LIKELY STORY. By William De Morgan. New York: The Henry Holt Company. \$1.35.

It is a well-known fact that when Mr. William De Morgan sat down at his desk last year to begin another of his Victorian and suburban novels, he could not find his fountain-pen. Thinking it had hidden in a fit of petulance at being overworked to the extent of a quarter of a million words every effort, Mr. De Morgan abandoned the search, and sent out to a second-hand shop for another pen. This one was quite rusty, but with some scratching and spluttering it wrote *An Affair of Dishonor*. Then (let us hope!) it was thrown on the ash-heap. At any rate, Mr. De Morgan's own private fountain-pen has now been recovered. Both its disappearance and its restoration are shrouded in mystery, and we only hope that "it never can happen again." The best literary circles, however, (as it is surely no longer indiscreet to mention) have secretly suspected that it was borrowed by the happily roaming ghost of Charles Dickens, to write an account of a Christmas dinner in heaven. Be that as it may, the pleasant fact remains that this new book is written by the same suburban and early Victorian pen to which we owe *Joseph Vance*, *Somehow Good*, and *Alice-for-Short*. *A Likely Story* centres around a talking picture, which relates at length its own Italian *cinquécinto* history, straightens out a marital tangle in Chelsea, and encourages a love affair in Worcestershire. The plot is, as you see, rambling and leisurely, and has the distinctly novel charm that it does not ask to be taken seriously. The characters you will like to meet, especially Mr. Reginald Aiken, artist and Cockney, and Miss Priscilla Bax, of whom

the author says that she is "the earliest Victorian aunt that his pen is responsible for." At the end of the story there are a dozen personal pages, in which the author gives a whimsical, half-absurd, and wholly delectable *apologia pro vita sua*, and which alone, if you like Mr. De Morgan, are worth the price of the volume. If you do not like him, well, he is exactly like olives—altogether a matter of individual taste.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. By Edward Thomas. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.60.

The Belgian poet, mystic, symbolist and play-writer who has just received the Nobel prize for literature, and who intends shortly to visit this country, is said by his admirers to be "the most brilliant and commanding figure in the literary world to-day." It was in the hope of discovering the foundation of this claim that we took up Mr. Thomas' book which offers, besides a short biographical sketch, "critical and descriptive notices," of his work.

His first poems and first play, Mr. Thomas says, are

of the hot-house type, the vapors and bad blood of youth more unconventional than sincere, . . . they represent with a numbed and melancholy intensity the littleness of men, lost, ignorant and powerless amidst the forces of nature.

Six or eight plays are then given with quasi-mediæval *scenario*—gloomy, black towers, Plutonian waters, interminable stone passages, cold and dark, moaning seas, haunted forests, barren wastes and frenzied kings and queens wandering with dotards, innocent maidens and bewildered children. Never is there a ray of sunlight nor a sane word. Maeterlinck seems to be saying with the fat boy in *Pickwick*, "I wants to make your flesh creep;" but it can't be felt as half real. It is too overloaded even for nightmares. We are told that all these things are symbols. Of what? M. Maeterlinck will not reveal, and it is questionable whether he knows.

The *Philosophic Studies*, comprising a translation from the Flemish mystic Ruysbroeck, interpretations of Novalis, Carlyle and Emerson that follow are such a medley of false mysticism, such a mixture of platitudes that no definite opinion of them seems possible or necessary. Even Mr. Thomas says:

"I find in these two books a certain appearance of facility and unreality . . . the voice of one coming out of a library, not a wilderness."

In his essay on "The Life of the Bees," Maeterlinck says that the bees have developed a civilization superior to ours, an altruism so much more perfect, living only for the race, not for the individual.

As to flowers: he loves the chrysanthemum "because of its singular submissiveness to the perverse multiplication of its forms," and he says that, "if plants are to reveal one of the worlds we are awaiting, the chrysanthemum will do it," and the dog "probably" another. The two plays *Monna Vonna* and *Mary Magdalen*, have been refused licences in England, and belong to a type which should be impossible on any stage.

As to M. Maeterlinck's philosophy—if such it may be called—let us quote a few sentences that will illustrate it.

Mr. Thomas says that "since man is such a pigmy, the various benevolent, insolent or indifferent powers which have been called God, seem to Maeterlinck inadequate as creator and ruler of such beings." "Maeterlinck only appeals strongly to those who have shaken off the old religious beliefs." Maeterlinck himself says: "We are now emerging from a great religious period and that threatening background of human life is disappearing." Again he writes: "If God there be" . . . And again: "Jesus Christ and Marcus Aurelius are not open to misfortunes of the same complexion as Hamlet and Œdipus." His people "do what they must." The jealous lover dragging the princess by the hair says: "she could give lessons in innocence to God." In another vein: "It is idle to think that by means of words any real communication can ever pass from one man to another." He writes of "coming out of the thick air of experience into the crystal inane."

May we not justly ask: Is there any character or purpose in all this? Is it "brilliant and commanding?"

Mr. Thomas says: "Maeterlinck's writings are certain to be treated as sacramental by coteries and to be brusquely ridiculed by the no-nonsense school." Let us be thankful that there is a "no-nonsense school," and that it has retained what these sentimentalists lack—a saving sense of humor.

THE WARGRAVE TRUST. By Christian Reid. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

One who appreciates the courage to do right, and takes pleasure in seeing men and women climb to high levels of conduct amid trying circumstances, will find this an inspiring story. There is nothing bizarre in the make-up of the characters who here play their parts. They are entirely normal. There is nothing of subtlety in the problems they have to solve; they are substantially such as confront thousands every day. The reader who likes to occupy his mind with the doings of whimsical people, or with the behavior of better-balanced folk in odd and unexpected circumstances, and has no taste for what is really worth while, will call this a dull tale. To the thoughtful it will prove thoroughly interesting, for it is a well-thought-out and well-written story of fine conduct in the face of heavy odds.

THE STORY OF CECILIA. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

An unusual marriage, involving a rather difficult, moral question, gives rise to this story, and permeates it to the end. The report that her lover had met a dreadful death in Africa, drove Cecily Shannon, an Irish girl of the aristocratic class, out of her mind and to the point of death. Brought back to partial health and reason by a young plebian physician who slightly resembled her betrothed, she thought him her lover, and as there seemed to be no other way to save her from a wretched fate, she was given to him in marriage. A daughter, the Cecilia of our story, was born to them. Out of this fruitful root sprang many problems. The physician's anxiety as to what would happen when the cloud on his wife's mind lifted and her memory caught up the broken thread; his mother's instinctive, deep-seated and unrelenting antipathy towards the gentry; the varied feelings roused by Cecilia's introduction to her mother's people and by the rivalry for her hand between one of that class and a distant relative of her father's, all these things and many more like them are thoroughly understood and vividly set forth in the story. It is a healthy, charming tale.

EXPLANATION OF THE RULE OF ST. AUGUSTINE. By Hugh of St. Victor. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C.R.L. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents.

It is with the idea of helping those who, live under the rule of St. Augustine, but are not familiar with Latin, that Dom Smith has translated this treatise. But every religious, male or female, will find within its covers much matter of great import for advancement in the spiritual life, while those of the laity who desire to get an idea of the perfection aimed at in community life, will do well to read it. Chapters are devoted to love of God, humility, prayer, obedience, and several points in connection with the temporal necessities of life.

CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.30.

The main portion of this novel is based on an episode which had occurred fifteen years previously. Lyman Innes, a State Governor, had been holding office during a critical period in the history of labor in the United States. A great strike had been declared with no prospect of any agreement being arrived at by the men and their employers. His office became so deluged with correspondence from both factions of strikers that he found it necessary to enlarge his staff of clerks. With a number of incapable persons he could not make any headway. At this point one of his clerks discovered a Mrs. Bardeen, who turned out to be specially adapted for the work the Governor had in hand. But her husband objected. Ostensibly submitting, she secretly kept on at the work. The husband discovering this, shoots the Governor and then commits suicide. The Governor is thenceforth hailed as a martyr to the cause of labor.

Fifteen years pass, and the children of Lyman Innes meet Mrs. Bardeen and her daughter, both of whom have changed their names. On this meeting the plot rests. It works smoothly, though at times the author fails to keep a tight grip on it; but she writes well, her particular strength lying in description of city life. There is that atmosphere of close living all through the book. She seems to know her city—New York—well.

THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT. By J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. New York: The Henry Holt Company. 75 cents.

As Mr. MacDonald rightly points out, it is to be expected that in a series like *The Home University Library*, when other volumes have been written by experts in their individual lines, that the editors would turn to one identified with and presumably an authority on Socialism. The author being connected, with the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain, and a known exponent of the movement, was accordingly sought to write the present volume. To meet the obvious demands of the uninitiated the author divides his work into four principal parts; the first being an account of socialistic evolution, the next a criticism of existing abuses in the world, then an exposition of what Socialism is: its dreams, its work both now and in the future, and lastly a brief historical *résumé* of the Socialist movement.

In his Introduction Mr. MacDonald defines Socialism as

the creed of those who, recognizing that the community exists for the improvement of the individual and for the maintenance of liberty, and that the control of the economic circumstances of life means the control of life itself, seek to build up a social organization which will include in its activities the management of those economic instruments, such as land and industrial capital, that cannot be left safely in the hands of individuals.

Later on he explains in extended form what underlies this definition; sometimes satisfactorily, sometimes rather vaguely. There is certainly much to be accepted and commended in what he says concerning several abuses of modern life, but—the proposed remedy—of it what shall we say?

This is all: that the theoretical solution given is not in conformity with the teaching of other Socialists; indeed, if we mistake not, of some of Mr. MacDonald's own associates, if we may take the lurid language of Mr. Keir Hardie, a few years ago, at its face value. Undoubtedly Mr. MacDonald is serious and sincere, and if he had his way many abuses would be crushed out of modern life. Yet at times we are tempted to think that he is suppressing something unpleasant, that he is not stating the tenets of up-to-date Socialists in all their

nakedness; indeed, to be candid, we think that there is too much open opposition on his part to those devotees of Socialism, whose advanced views have made cautious people tremble at the thought of what would happen if Socialism materialized into something concrete in life.

That the Socialist theory is a failure is writ large on many a page of this book. The author never dreamt of this, for in the one open failure of Socialism—the French national workshops—he takes considerable care to explain how the movement was bound from the very start to be a fiasco. This is not what we refer to, but to the utter lack of cohesion, the diversity of view, the anarchic, communistic, revolutionary (Mr. MacDonald insists that “evolutionary” is the proper word) theories and desires of a large percentage of Socialists; theories which have been put into active service whenever an opportunity has occurred.

One thing we note in the book: a definite expression regarding perfect liberty in matters of religion is wanting. The author leaves on the Catholic mind the unpleasant feeling that he is thoroughly antagonistic to the Catholic Church. His references to it are by no means accurate. We do not wish to be unkind, but we cannot help pointing out that the author is only half educated in his own subject. It is evident that he has failed to grasp the historical fact that the Reformation was primarily an economic revolution, and that dogma played only a secondary place at first; and, again, that Capitalism, which he wishes to annihilate, began with Protestantism. The nonsense he writes about individual reason challenging ecclesiastical bondage (p. 22), and the absurdity of quoting Luther—a toady to tyrannical and titled libertines, and a man wholly out of sympathy with the people (the Proletariat)—should not find a place in a book written by a Socialist, particularly one who can pen the following words:

There are some events in history about which popular opinion comes to a conclusion, wrong as wrong can be, but the opinion is circulated, is reiterated, is persisted in until it becomes an unquestioned assumption, and it can be removed after that only by the most patient and laborious campaign of—telling the truth (p. 164).

That is all Catholics ask—truth, justice, fair-play, and,

above all, that shibboleth of Socialism, Liberty. If we may be permitted to read between the lines of this book, which is certainly the mildest exposition of Socialism we have read, we can only come to the conclusion that Socialists are not prepared to give us any of them.

DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY. Vols. V.-X. Cleveland, Ohio: The Arthur H. Clarke Company.

We wish again to emphasize the singular value of these volumes to all students of Industrialism. The title of the work sufficiently indicates its scope. The matter which the volumes present, and which has been secured only after long-continued and painstaking research cannot be found elsewhere. It is a rescript of the daily thought of the day; of how movements actually started and progressed. The contemporaneous history here presented is a most important contribution to the history of the origins and growth of the problems, contests, aims and successes of the labor movement from frontier days to the year 1880. In view of present social conditions and the vast problems that face us few studies are more useful and beneficial just now than that of the question of Labor.

ITALIAN CITIES AND COUNTRY SEATS. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.

The volume before us gives proof that Mrs. Bates Batcheller enjoyed a very unusual opportunity of becoming familiar with the homes of the Italian nobility, and pen and camera have been freely used in presenting us with detailed descriptions of the places where this gifted young American woman was cordially entertained. Naturally she is brimming over with enthusiasm at the graciousness extended her by exalted and even by royal persons, and this volume of her letters is undisguised and undiluted in its admiration. Chapters of history that cling about some noble name, bloody or romantic episodes that long ago were staged in a castle or villa which she has visited and photographed—these combine with vivid sketches of newly-made friends, to give the book a rather unique place in the literature descriptive of contemporary Italy.

Two notes we make in criticism: First, that here again, is displayed that lofty unconcern of blunders in Italian which

has come to be characteristic of American publishers; and secondly, that Mrs. Batcheller, is sometimes as unfortunate in her allusions to the Catholic religion as she is in the writing of English.

THE INCOME TAX. A study of the History, Theory and Practice of Income Taxation at Home and Abroad. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

Professor Seligman's book is the one we should recommend to a reader desiring to secure a clear and authoritative exposition of the main outlines of the very urgent issues involved in the question of an income tax. Also to the student aiming at a thorough examination of the details of the problem, this volume is indispensable. Few questions just now are of more urgent or fundamental interest than those involved in the agitation for a federal income tax, and upon these questions few men can speak with such authority as Professor Seligman. In this book we have the gathered harvest of his many years of patient and wide-ranging study, and it must be carefully weighed by any who henceforth speak, or write, or attempt to legislate upon the topic here discussed.

The Introduction recalls some of the fundamental questions connected with methods of taxation; the body of the book reviews the history of the Income Tax, dividing 600 pages about equally between Europe and the United States; and the conclusion discusses the practical points involved in the legislative programmes that are daily being submitted to the consideration of the American citizen.

If it be not unfair to the author, it will at least interest the reader to have a mere indication of the conclusions of this long and laborious study. They are chiefly these:

First, in the United States the income tax is surely coming.

Secondly, experience has always shown that under ordinary conditions an income tax always works better from year to year or from decade to decade.

Thirdly, the success of an income tax depends, perhaps more than almost any other modern institution upon administrative machinery. Not even an ideally perfect scheme will work unless we select the correct machinery.

A CONVERT'S REASON WHY. By A. J. Hayes. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. \$1.

The author, who is a convert, gathered together the material of this book as he was gaining knowledge, alone and unaided, of the Catholic Church. Having derived great help from it he has now thrown it together in book form, and given it to the world, being satisfied that his reward will be considerable if it lights the way for even one soul.

The plan of the work is catechetical. Indeed, the simple Catechism is more or less repeated question and answer. But the difference between the two books lies in the addition, in the book under review, of copious and long extracts illustrating the question in hand. These extracts are from a wide variety of sources, from the Holy Scriptures down to the *Boston Transcript* (two extracts from which, by the way, we cannot see a reason for having included); poetry, essays, novels have been all commandeered. The last few pages of the book are occupied with brief biographies of those whose words have been quoted.

The author uses the word Revelation instead of the word Apocalypse to which Catholics are accustomed. And we should like to point out to the publishers that there is no reason why a book sent for review, should have its title page disfigured by the smear of an ugly rubber stamp.

FAIR NOREEN. By Rosa Mulholland. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

This is an entertaining and wholesome story, which gives us glimpses of Irish hospitality, resignation to the will of God, and faith in His over-ruling Providence, so characteristic of the people of whom the story tells. The heroine is the only child of an impoverished Earl, who comes unto her own through much tribulation. All the characters in the book are well drawn, especially the vain, middle-aged, designing mother, who stands ready to trim her sails to every breeze. We fear that the size of the book will mitigate against its popularity.

THE GOLDEN SPEARS. By Edmund Leamy. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald. \$1.

Under the title, *The Golden Spears*, and with a short preface by Mr. J. E. Redmond, is published a special American

edition of fairy tales for children by the distinguished Irish patriot, the late Edmund Leamy. Woven from the weirdly sweet Gaelic traditions and legends, these tales have a beauty, a tenderness, and an exquisite imagery not to be described. And withal their simplicity ensures their appeal to childish hearts. In praise of their author it may not be amiss to quote the words of Katharine Tynan:

As in the case of many Irishmen, public life claimed him, to the irreparable loss of other and, perhaps, finer things. He had the temperament of the poet and artist, something, too, of the knight-errant, and that brought him out into the busy arena of politics, to fight many dragons for his liege lady, Ireland. Else literature generally would have been the richer. As it is, he has left us two or three exquisite books of fairy stories, shot through and through with that light and shade, that glory of atmosphere which is about me as I write amid the hills of Wicklow near "the Golden Spears," which some Englishman named prosaically "The Sugar Loaves." Only Ireland could have produced Edmund Leamy. He was her true son. He responded to every touch of the mother who plays on the heart-strings of her children. . . . The harp of Ireland, says the old legend, had three strings. The first sang of youth and love and laughter; the second sang of weeping and sadness; the third was the song of sleeping, the sweetest of all, with which the mother rocks her children to sleep. Edmund Leamy knew how to sound all three.

WOMAN'S PART IN GOVERNMENT WHETHER SHE VOTES OR NOT. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

A book that can be of great service to thoughtful American women is *Woman's Part in Government, Whether She Votes or Not*. It is written by William H. Allen, who is the director of the Bureau of Municipal Research and Training School for Public Service, and the author of *Efficient Democracy, Civics and Health* and other books. Mr. Allen is a believer in equal suffrage, but evidently not a promoter of it. He believes that women will vote in the future, and that it will be no hard task to them.

Any woman, [he observes] who can run a charity organization, a suburban home, a typewriter, a boarding-house, a

sales-counter, a loom with one hundred spindles or a classroom with sixty children, will find voting so easy and so simple, and so transient in its satisfaction, that she will wonder at woman's anxiety to do it.

But in this book he suggests, and to a certain extent plans out, the surprisingly many civic activities possible to women without the use of the ballot. He shows how women may work between election times for social reform and progress. He has written, in short, a hand-book of practical economics for American women, not in a cut and dried fashion, but suggestively and inspiringly. As he says, the book

aims not to settle but to raise questions, to encourage self-analysis and study of local conditions, to stimulate interest in methods and next steps of getting done what we all agree should be done to make democracy efficient.

THE QUEST OF THE SILVER FLEECE. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.35.

The number of novels attempting to solve the negro problem is rather surprisingly small. There should therefore be some interest in a new one by the author of *The Souls of Black Folk*, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, himself a negro, and an ardent defender and champion of his people. The story is called *The Quest of the Silver Fleece* and is worth reading, if simply for its unusual literary merit. The silver fleece is, of course, the cotton, and the scene is laid for the most part in Alabama. The education of the negroes, the ownership and renting of land, and the management of white and black labor are among the questions dealt with, and in the last third of the book we are given an interesting picture of the social life of the educated negroes in the city of Washington, and of their political position and influence. The book is not at all prosy, however, but remains forcefully and even dramatically a story. It may easily be contended that the author's account of the abuses practiced by Southern land-owners is exaggerated by prejudice, and that a much fairer view of the question may be found in Octave Thanet's novel, *By Inheritance*. At any rate Mr. Du Bois' book will repay a reading and a serious consideration.

LATTER-DAY CONVERTS. Translated from the French of Rev. Alexis Crosnier by Katherine A. Hennessy. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

Personal example has always been the most effective of arguments. Hence it is that the story of men who have earnestly sought and found the true Faith will be a most effective apologetic with those who are still searching. And the story will also have its unique value for those of us who have had the gift of Faith since early Baptism. It will teach us how we ought to value this divine treasure and make our lives conform to its teachings.

We know of few books likely to prove so useful to inquiring non-Catholics, nor so stimulating to Catholics, considering the dangers of our day, than this small volume entitled: *Latter-Day Converts*. No matter in what school a man may have been trained, no matter how deeply he may have drunk of human wisdom, no matter how far he may have fallen in the moral scale—if he but seek sincerely and pray earnestly, he will find that there is but one royal road of truth, and that road leads to the portals of the Catholic Church. When his soul hungers, as all souls must at times hunger, for satisfying food, he will find that she alone has the food of eternal life. If one doubts this, let him “come and see” the story written in this volume. Five men, all of them intellectually strong, one of them a giant in intellect, after searching and seeking, find peace and rest in the Catholic Church. To her did all their different roads lead. Brunetière found science absolutely unsatisfactory, and turned to the Catholic Church as the sole teacher of truth. Huysmans found art empty until Catholic truth gave it meaning. Retté tried sensuality, and was saved from despair by the Catholic truth of redemption. François Coppée was led by suffering to the Church of his childhood. Paul Bourget sounded modern sociological doctrines that knew not God, and then realized that the individual, the family and the state demand the truth of the Catholic Church.

The book is a vindication, and a “triumph”—a triumph most Christian for it shows how the love and grace of God work still in wondrous ways to lead souls to her who is ever ancient, and yet ever new. Miss Hennessy is to be congratulated for bringing it within the reach of English readers and for the excellence of her translation.

TENNYSON. Par Firman Roz. Paris: Bloud et Cie. 2 fr. 50.
LA JEUNESSE DE SHELLEY. Par A. Koszul. Paris: Bloud
et Cie. 4 fr.

M. Brunetière was quite right: the French nation is still "the most inquisitive about foreign literatures," the most keenly receptive and appreciative of all that is meant by comparative criticism. Here, within a few months, and in those admirably printed yet inexpensive editions which American publishers have yet to achieve, one finds the house of Bloud et Cie. issuing critical biographies of Tennyson, the typical English laureate, and of the romantic and revolutionary Shelley. It is always interesting and often illuminating to study the appreciation of British poets among critics of other race, since commonly this appreciation either anticipates or survives the home verdict. Byron's vogue upon the Continent long outlived the vivid but stormy glory of his English reign, and still to a great extent, endures; while apparently, the waning of the Tennysonian planet is not yet apparent upon Continental horizons.

M. Firman Roz' study of this latter poet is a pleasant and sufficiently exhaustive apotheosis of one whom the author rightly designates the *official* poet, the *national* poet, of Victorian England. In the volume of M. Koszul, we have a most enthusiastic history of the life and work of Shelley up to his twenty-sixth year, with interesting fragments from his own letters and the journal of Mary Godwin. English readers, perhaps, will quarrel with one or two of the French critic's conclusions; they will question the assertion that Tennyson possessed "more sympathy and emotion" than Browning, for instance—and they will suggest to M. Koszul the futility of looking for any real maturing of Shelley's genius. It was all along, the glory, the uncertainty of *la jeunesse*. As a brother poet has put it: "Both as poet and man he was essentially a child." But when all is said, sympathy illumines more than it obscures and these two biographies are certain to foster a better understanding between book-lovers on both sides of the Channel.

The verse translations are carefully and accurately rendered, so far as the genius of language permit. Obviously, to transpose the lyrics of "The Princess" or the rapturous melodies of "Queen Mab," is at best a *tour de force*; for the

"richness and looseness" of English poetic diction (which Shelley's biographer so much admires) may scarcely be retained in the cadences of Racine and de Musset.

WITH GOD, is the inviting title of a new prayer book by the Rev. F. X. Lasance. It contains a wealth of prayers, devotional reading and instruction, and will recommend itself particularly to all lovers of the Eucharistic Christ. The author has, on various occasions, done a great deal to meet the needs of the faithful with regard to books of devotion, and his latest contribution in this field is certain to prove useful and helpful. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.)

SERMONS AND LECTURES, by Monsignor Grosch (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35). The first five sermons in this volume are on the absorbing question of education. They are sure to be read with considerable attention. A most useful discourse is that on Catholic Intolerance. We find the author's style rather florid in places and replete with the marks of the rhetorician. This enables us to understand a slight straying from historical facts in the sermon on Ireland's Apostle.

A WOMAN'S WORLD TOUR IN A MOTOR, by Harriet White Fisher. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.) Fortunately a camera was taken along on this remarkable trip, and we have seventy splendid illustrations as an accompaniment to the very clear text. Mrs. Fisher, the widow of a United States navy man, a woman of wealth and social position, and a friend to all the celebrities at home and abroad, is not averse to publicity, and many pages in her book are devoted to newspaper encomiums of her own original personality and the novelty of her mode of taking a vacation.

A VIKING'S LOVE, by Otilie A. Liljencrantz. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.) These four short stories of Scandinavian heroes keep close to tradition in picturing their subjects as rough, violent men, with passions as simple and unrestrained as spring-freshets and mountain-storms; vehement in love, fiery in pride, furious in vengeance, terrible in expiation. Here and there a gleam of the gentler qualities—trustfulness, constancy, self-sacrifice, redeems their character and softens the story of their deeds.

ALYS-ALL-ALONE, by Una Macdonald. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.) The craving of a little child for the tender and ever-demonstrative love of a mother is the theme of this story, written by one who evidently knows little folks well. Alys, though dearly loved by all around her, must needs be left often to her own devices. In many ways, especially through the resourcefulness of a young musician, and the vividness of her make-believe life, she manages to keep cheerful and to spread sunshine, until at last the heavy trial that had clouded her life is unexpectedly lifted, and the fairest of her day-dreams comes true.

THE MONEY MOON, by Jeffrey Farnol. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.) "Original and quaint," are the words used by the author to describe the principal character's idea of a walking tour. They may be applied with equal correctness to practically all of his own ideas and policies and those of the other amiable individuals who come before us in the story. The disagreeable people alone strike us as thoroughly real. As a study of foibles, some harmless, some dangerous, but not actually disastrous, the book is quite interesting and, in a way, instructive. Besides it is delightfully written.

WHEN "TODDLES" WAS SEVEN.—BIBLE STORIES, by Mrs. Hermann Bosch. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.) These are stories recounted to "Toddles" by her mother at bedtime. In writing down to a seven-year-old standard, it is difficult to preserve anything of the strength and simplicity of the texts of the Testament, and though these stories as they stand are praiseworthy, we think it better that a child should become familiar with the *exact* words of the Bible. If the book inspires other mothers to make their children familiar with Scripture, however, it will fulfill a most worthy mission.

RODNEY THE RANGER, by John V. Lane. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.) Rodney, the Ranger, with Daniel Morgan on trail and battlefield, is primarily a book for boys, but it will be enjoyed by every one who likes a stirring tale well told. Complete in itself it should nevertheless be understood that this story is a continuation of the author's *March-*

ing *With Morgan*, "the patriotic and gallant Morgan, who was conspicuously successful in inspiring and directing many of the Revolution's most venturesome spirits."

LOUISE AUGUSTA LECHMERE, by Rev. Henry D'Arras, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents.) This is a biography of an English convert to Catholicism, written by her son, a Jesuit. It is from the French by Mrs. Frederick Raymond Barker. To the comparatively small number of the subject's friends this biography will be valuable, but for the public at large it does not hold a great deal that will interest.

MISS BILLY, by Eleanor H. Porter. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50). In the short space of some three hundred pages, and in the lapse of three or four years, Miss Billy, the heroine of this novel, changes from an impulsive, almost ridiculously ignorant sort of young person, into a thoughtful, serious, charming woman. Altogether it is not a story of great interest or importance.

THE QUEEN'S PROMISE, by Mary T. Waggaman. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents), is a very pretty story, and though it tells of a little girl, it will be enjoyed by readers of any age.

PATHOLOGY should learn to confine itself to the medical journals. It is too fond of sticking its ugly face into fiction, as witness a new book by Robert Ames Bennet. *Out of the Primitive*, is the story of a man's fight against an inherited taint of alcoholism. It is an unnecessary story, and rather disagreeable in parts. The chapter in which the man takes the communion wine at an Episcopalian service, and so rouses his craving for drink, is, without punning, in particularly bad taste.

L. C. PAGE & CO., of Boston, have produced a volume by Helen W. Henderson on *The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and Other Collections of Philadelphia*. The book can best be described by quoting from the author's preface: "The scope of the present volume is limited to the more important of the public collections of Philadelphia, with particu-

lar stress upon the historic portraits, in which they are extremely rich. It aims to give some idea of the artistic material in the city, produced by that galaxy of resident artists, whose presence, fostered by the court of Washington, caused Philadelphia, in her early days, to be looked upon as the Athens of America." The eighty-two fine illustrations make the book a valuable addition to libraries of art. It sells for \$3.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON, best known as the author of the *Little Colonel* series for girls, has published a book called *Travelers Five Along Life's Highway* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25). The book, which presents a foreword by Bliss Carman, consists of five short stories told with sweetness and humor.

IT is a pleasure to welcome yearly, the handy little publication known as *The Catholic Diary*. The edition for 1912 marks the fourth year of its publication. Many useful changes have been made, and instead of the daily thoughts culled from the writings of the Saints, quotations from the Holy Bible are used. The *Diary* is so arranged as to be useful in all parts of the world. It may be purchased from Benziger Brothers at a cost of 40 cents.

CONFESSION MADE EASY, by the Rev. Fr. Hockenmaier, O.F.M., is a manual of instructions and devotions for the Catholic laity translated into English by the Rev. L. A. Reudter. This manual has already been translated into nine languages. The subject is clearly and exhaustively treated. 75 cents is the cost of the book in cloth binding. It is published by the Society of the Divine Word, Techney, Ill.

CANTATE, is the title given to a collection of English and Latin hymns with music, compiled by Prof. John Singenberger. It should prove an efficient help towards furthering congregational singing in churches. (New York: Fr. Pustet. 35 cents).

VIDA DE SANTA TERESA DE JESUS. Por el P. Francisco de Ribera. (Barcelona: Gustavo Gili). Father Ribera is first among Spanish authorities on St. Teresa, not

only because he was first in order of time, but because he was also a good historian. His biography of the saint was written within five years after her death. The introduction to the present edition is by Father J. Pons, S.J.:

LEX IN CORDE, by W. Emery Barnes, D.D. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25). *Lex in Corde* consists of eighteen studies in the Psalms by the Huldean Professor of Divinity of the University of Cambridge. For Catholics there is nothing of value or utility in the book. It is written in a loose, scrappy manner, and is devoid of that security of opinion which Catholics expect. The treatment of the authorship of the Psalms is slight and unsatisfactory, neither can the citations of other authors be considered happy or commendable.

THE CANTICLE OF CANTICLES. Philological and Exegetical Commentary, by P. Joüon. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie). The author of this volume is convinced that the ancient exegetical tradition represents, in a large measure, the thought of the inspired author. The conclusion of his study is that the Canticle, in its literal sense, chants the mutual love of Jehovah and Israel, and traces in broad outlines the religious history of the chosen nation.

LE NOUVEAU DOCTEUR, par Jules Pravieux. (Paris: Plon Nourrit et Cie). In *Le Nouveau Docteur*, the well-known novelist, M. Pravieux, adds another to his series of already popular provencial studies. The contest between the old doctor, who has for almost a lifetime held undisputed sway over a wide-spread clientèle, and the young one whose unwelcome arrival excites a storm of opposition, is very amusing. The pictures of the curé and his *vicaire* are dignified, lifelike and free from the tendency to the fantastic that disfigures many novels of the day. The feud is closed by an attending and inevitable love story.

THE following are the latest numbers of the excellent series published by Bloud et Cie of Paris: *Lettres Choisies de Saint Vincent de Paul*; *Bible et Science*, par Ch. de Kirwan; *Berkeley*, par Jean Didier; *L'Ouvrière*, par Mlle. Jules Simon; *Malebranche*, par J. Martin; *La Paix dans la Vérité*, par Bernard Allo; *Le Missal Romain*, par Dom J. Baudot.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 Dec.): "Nonconformity and the 'Ne Temere.'"

"The latest protest against the 'Ne Temere' decree comes from the Wesleyan Methodists." The promulgation of the decree is regarded as constituting a "serious danger to the public welfare." But it is shown that the only instance where the decree might effect a hardship is in the case of a "mixed marriage." And here ample means exist for guarding the rights of the non-Catholic party. At any rate, the decree does not affect the obligations of natural justice resting on a Catholic who marries a non-Catholic against the provisions of the "Ne Temere."—Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., considers the charges brought against *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, and finds them "undeserved and consequently unjust."

—"The Crusade Against Evil Literature." An important and influential deputation, representing churchmen and laymen of the highest rank, has waited on the Home Secretary to ask for legal control of books, pictures and entertainments of a demoralizing character. In Ireland a similar determined movement has been afoot for some time.

(23 Dec.): "After a short passage through the House of Lords, the Insurance Bill is now part of the law of the land."—"Prisoner's Aid." Sometimes the great thing, if not the one thing, needful after the punishment of prison is a fair opportunity. It is for Prisoner's Aid to acquaint itself with individual cases, "to seek them out, to stand by them until they have had their fair opportunity"—"An extraordinary marriage case is engaging the attention of Mr. Justice Kenny in Dublin." Anxious that his marriage should be kept secret, a certain party had the ceremony performed at 10:30 at night by a Catholic priest, but in the presence of only one witness. "The petitioner now contends that as the Council of Trent requires two witnesses for a valid marriage, he is entitled to a decree of nullity."

(30 Dec.): A preliminary to the reform of the *Breviary*: an Apostolic Constitution abolishes the present order

of the Psalter in the *Breviary* from January 1, 1913, and prescribes the use of a new arrangement, which will bring about the recitation of the entire Psalter within the week. In the meantime any one is at liberty to use the new order of the Psalter immediately after its publication. Other reforms in the *Breviary* and in the *Roman Missal* as well, may be looked for within the next few years.—“A Pax Britannica,” a summing up of the results of the correspondence on the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The Month (Jan.): In “The Cardinal’s Hat and Its History,” Rev. Herbert Thurston traces this head-dress to Innocent IV. Several illustrations of various styles are given.—Montgomery Carmichael thinks that “The Virgin of the Rocks” in both the Louvre and the National Gallery are by Leonardo da Vinci.—The Editor, in an article entitled, “Dr. Lingard,” reminds Catholics of the debt they owe Dr. Lingard, and points out the many services he rendered the Church at a critical period of her history in England.—Henri Bordeaux, Mme. J. Reynès-Monlaur, Bourget, Bazin and others, are noticed by Lilian M. Leggatt as representatives of a new school in French fiction—clean, serious, influential and thoroughly Catholic.—*Those of His Own Household*, the first installment of a novel by René Bazin, appears in this number.

The National (Jan.): “The ‘National Review’ and Italy,” is a brief paper contributed by the Editor to a leading Italian journal assuring Italy that the “attacks of journalists with regard to the war in Tripoli have left no impression whatsoever on British public opinion.”—L. Cope Cornford has an article on “Home Rule,” in which falsehood and ignorance are about evenly matched.—Claude Grahame White writes on “The Aëroplane of the future.” “Nothing else on land or sea will compare with it.”—“The Railway Unrest—A Socialist View,” by Philip Snowden, M.P.—Ella Sykes in “Home-Help in Canada,” recounts her experience in a domestic situation for the benefit of English girls thinking of settling in the Dominion.—Alexander Haig discusses some important questions in “The Relation of Cancer to

Gout and Rheumatism."—The Rev. R. L. Gales writes a paper, entitled, "Christianity and Clericalism." His sense of clericalism is a most perverted one.

Irish Theological Quarterly (Jan.): "The Morality of Strikes."

The author views the question of strikes from the vista of justice. He summarizes the rights of the employer and his men. He explains and applies to strikes the right of freedom of contract. He says the justice of a strike cannot be determined without knowing the wages and conditions of the workman. Strikes and their abuses could be greatly diminished by Federation of Labor. Although laying down no regulations for this great question, the author nevertheless does not allow us to err concerning his attitude.—"Theodore of Kurrhos." The author briefly sketches the career of the Bishop of Kurrhos and his attachment to Nestorius and opposition to St. Cyril of Alexandria. He takes up the anathemas hurled at Theodoret by St. Cyril together with the replies of Theodoret and supplementary comments by the saint.

Le Correspondant (10 Dec): "Russian Expansion in Asia," an unsigned article, relates the history of Russian Conquests in the Far East and recalls the terms of the Potsdam Conference, and the Franco-Russian Alliance.—

"Lacordaire at the French Academy," by Tony Dubois, is an account of the brief career of Lacordaire as a member of the Academy with hitherto unpublished letters dealing with that period of his life.—"General de Charette," by Louis de Meurville, is a study of a noble character and a brave soldier, the leader of the French members of the Papal Zouaves.—"A Vice-Queen of India," by Countess De Courson, describes the work accomplished by Lady Canning during the mutiny of fifty years ago.—"A Minister of the Navy under Napoleon," by Victor Martel, is the second and final article on the administration of Admiral Duke Decrès.

(25 Dec.) "The German or Italian Attack through Switzerland," by General Maitrot, describes the respective positions of Italy, Russia and Switzerland in a possible war between France and Germany. The methods of attack by Germany and Italy are illustrated by maps.

——“Unpublished Letters to Count de Chambord,” by Francis Laurentie, publishes the letters written by Châteaubriand after the revolution of 1830, together with letters from Henry V. to Châteaubriand.——“An Exposition of Modern Christian Art,” by Andrew Pératé, describes the work of the Society of St. John for Catholic artists and sculptors founded in 1840 by Père Lacordaire and Père Besson at Rome.——“France, Spain and England Towards Morocco,” an unsigned article, describes the attitude of each of these nations towards Morocco, making a special study of the Spanish-Moroccan question.——“Tuberculosis at Lourdes,” by Dr. de Bruno is an account of each cure of tuberculosis taking place at Lourdes.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Dec.): J. Bricout gives a *résumé* of the long series of articles entitled: “Is There a History of Religion?” He divides his subject into five chapters, dealing respectively with our knowledge of the history of religions, the “balance sheet” of non-Christian religions, the transcendence of Judaism and Christianity, laws of religious phenomena, the future of religions and religion.——T. Desers gives a sketch on the life of the Abbé Allemand who labored ceaselessly to organize the youth of France into societies for the promotion of their moral and spiritual welfare.

(1 Jan.): A. Villien presents a history of the administration of Holy Communion according to the Roman Ritual. He recounts in an interesting way various customs and ceremonies that are decided exceptions to the practices of our own day; and in many cases, gives a history of development. The traditional ceremonies of solemn First Communion may go back to St. Vincent de Paul who wanted them for the close of missions.——“Present-Day Catholic Social Activity in Italy,” is exercised mainly by five societies, growing in numbers but not rich in money, nor as yet in results. J. M. Vidal begins a series of articles by describing the work of the Popular Union.——E. Vacandard praises “The Christian Church in Gaul,” by T. Scott Holmes; “Lamennais and the Holy See,” by Paul Dudon; and the second volume of *Bismarck and the Church*, by

George Goyan.—Charles Calippe reviews the moral, religious, and economic conditions prevailing among farm employees, and describes their recent association aiming at reform.—Panegyric on Joan of Arc, by J. Bricout.

Études (20 Dec.): The Odes of Solomon, discovered in 1906 among other Syriac manuscripts, by Mr. Kendel Harris, of Cambridge University, have been published in a French translation by Abbé Labourt, with an introduction and commentary by Mgr. Batiffol. They are of an integrally Christian character and were composed probably in Greek. Batiffol places their origin in Syria about 100–120 A. D. but Aadhémar d'Alès, who writes this article, thinks Egypt the more probable source.—M. Lemozin discusses the causes of the low birth-rate both in France and abroad, its social dangers, and the attempts to counteract it.—A former non-Uniate Armenian patriarch of Constantinople, has endeavored to show that the Armenian Church was founded by the Apostle Thaddeus, and that consequently it was always independent of the See of Rome. François Tournébiz attacks both positions.—Joseph Bournichon presents letters from college deans, to prove that supplanting the classics by modern languages and mathematics has worked havoc in secondary education.—P. Luiz Cabral, Provincial of the Jesuits in Portugal before their expulsion, gives extracts from a forthcoming book in defence of the Society, portraying the sufferings undergone by them. This loss has been balanced by a double foundation at Bahia, Brazil.—Yves de la Brière eulogizes a *critique* on Pascal's *Apologetic*, by R. P. Petitot, O.P. He concludes that in all probability Pascal freed himself from the errors of Jansenism. As for the Provincial Letters, he did not realize that he was composing a calumny and, therefore, never repented of having written them.—Henri Lammens reviews an extensive series of studies of Islamism; and Lucien Roure a series on neurasthenia, hysteria and the present crisis in experimental psychology.—Joseph Boubée describes the recent elections in Belgium and urges the Catholics to strengthen their union.

Chronique Sociale de France (Dec.): "The Social Lesson of the Kultur Kampf," according to Max Turmann, is the power of organization. French Catholics should learn courage and union from their German brethren.—H. Cetty says that "The Catholic Circles of Alsace now number 126 with a membership of 20,000"—Mgr. Lavallé declares that France will never be saved by priests who hide themselves in the sanctuary because they are afraid of the turbulent popular apostolate.—There were fifty-six less strikes in France in September 1911 than in September 1910.

Revue D' Apologetique (1 Dec.): George Goyan writes encouragingly of the evangelization of Paris since the separation. Many new churches have been built and an organized effort made to reach all classes by special services for sailors, printers, etc. This article has already appeared in English in *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*.—"Religions and the Scientific Mysteries," by M. Gossard, points out that the constitution of matter, the nature of force, etc., are still real and unsolvable mysteries.

(15 Dec.): The initial article, "Bismarck and the Church" is a short appreciation by Mgr. Herscher of George Goyan's work with the same title.—"The Church in Advance of the Church," by A. D. Sertilanges. A three-fold aspect is taken of the Church. The Church's antecedents; the birth of the Church; the development of the Church. "The Church's Antecedents" makes up the body of the article. The other aspects are merely touched upon.—Dr. R. Van Der Elst, tries to show that "Stigmatizations" cannot be explained on purely natural grounds. "Preaching," by H. Lesètre, insists that a sermon on a moral subject should enforce the imperative authority of the divine law.

(1 Jan.): "Vladimir Soloviev and the Religious Future of Russia," by G. A. Malvy, outlines the work of the Russian philosopher and mystic for union with Rome. It is hoped that he has sown seed that will one day bear fruit.—F. Cimitier maintains that "The Eucharistic Epèklesis" adds nothing to the consecrating force

of the words of institution.—R. Dubosq contends that epistemology is becoming more and more the principal rôle of philosophy.

La Civiltà Cattolica (16 Dec.): The Allocution delivered by the Holy Father in the Consistory of November 28 last, is given with an Italian translation.—The series on "The Conflict Between Morality and Sociology" is concluded. In summary it appears that the new sociology contains nothing true that is not already contained in the ethical teachings of St. Thomas, and that what is new is mainly not true, being contradicted by reason and experience.—"The Source of the Divina Commedia" is a review of a book by Professor Amaducci under the title mentioned. The reviewer rejects the hypothesis advanced by the Professor as to the sources of the poem and says: "The true source of the poem is none other than the genius of Dante."—The series on the "Gospel of St. Matthew," in the light of the Biblical Commission's decisions is continued.—"*Bellarmino Before His Cardinalate*," is the principal review in the book department.

La Scuola Cattolica (Nov.): G. Perin writes on "A. Pauline Doxology."—The series on "The Messianic Plan of Jesus," begins its second part, concerned mainly with the Samaritans.—G. Ferrari's book *New Horizons in Life and Religious Thought* elicits a scathing criticism from Rev. Pietro Borelli.—"The School of Lamennais" is continued by Giuseppe Piovano.—"De Licetate Vasectomiæ" is discussed by Dr. Augustinus Gemelli and the Rev. Arthurus Stucchi from a moral theological point of view.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): Charles Dunan in "The Variability of Physical Essences and Moral Laws," discusses that thesis with regard to both the physical and moral orders. It reviews the different opinions held since Aristotle's day, and then states the author's own conclusions.—"Will Knowledge at the Limit of its Perfection do away with Consciousness?"—J. Pallard begins a series of articles on this question. The mystic obtains an approach to this abolition of consciousness in absolving himself on the one thought of the

Divinity. Paliard asks whether change be essential to, or only a note of, infirmity in our actual consciousness. *Revue Thomiste* (Nov.-Dec.): "The Necessity of Speculation or Scholastic Theology," is the subject of an article by Père Hedde, O.P.—C. Huit writes on "The Platonic Elements in the Doctrine of St. Thomas," including, the influence of Aristotle upon his philosophy, *e. g.*, in psychology, cosmology and theodicy. R. P. Cages, O.P., continues his treatment of "Modernist Philosophy," dealing with the general idea of evolution and its application to religion. The reply of R. P. Melizan, O.P., to M. Le Chanoine Bouyssonie is concluded. The article is entitled: "The Hypothesis of Spontaneous Generation."

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Jan): O. Plülf, S.J., gives some selections from Windhorst's correspondence with Onno Klopp from 1858 to 1865.—"Our Lyrics and the Age," by J. Overmans, S.J., discusses the relation of Catholic poetry and the *zeitgeist*.—A first paper by M. Meschler, S.J., under the caption, "Jesuit Asceticism and the Mystics," defends the Jesuits from the charge of rationalizing prayer to such an extent as to stifle mysticism.—"Sources of the History of Missions," by A. Huondes, S.J., is an extensive notice of the *Rerum Æthiopicarum Scriptores Occidentales Inediti*, by Carlo Beccari, S.J. Eleven quarto volumes totaling 6,000 pages have been published, and five more are to follow.

Recent Events.

The General Unrest. In many parts of the world the new year began under conditions of a most extraordinary kind, with problems of the greatest complexity and gravity calling for solution, and apparently calling in vain. The war which is being waged between Italy and Turkey, although few doubt the eventual success of Italy, cannot but leave Turkey in a weaker position, and thereby increase the discontent of the Balkan States, and their hopes of emancipating themselves from the degrading thralldom under which they have been groaning for centuries. The breakdown of the efforts to establish a constitutional *régime* in Turkey, if ever efforts were seriously made, has been complete. Things are so bad in Macedonia that there are those who regret the days of Abdul Hamid. The unsettlement in Turkey naturally leads to unrest in the neighboring countries. Austria and Russia, too, have their own difficulties, although not of so urgent a character. New Year's Day found the German Empire on the eve of a General Election for the Reichstag, and in dread of the success of the Social Democrats at the polls—a dread that has proved well-founded. Discontent among what is called the *prolétariat* in France, seems to be ever growing in that country, and the increasing instability of the governments give a widespread feeling of uncertainty.

There are those who think that Spain is on the brink of a revolution, and no one can tell what may happen in Portugal. Even Great Britain, which has for so long been considered the standard of progress joined with stability, is suffering in no slight degree from the general unrest. We may quote as an indication of this the words of a well-known public man, not that they are not somewhat exaggerated, but they show what is thought by many: "The Liberal Party has become the revolutionary party; the Sovereign has been misadvised and coerced; the Constitution has been destroyed; the Sovereignty of Parliament has been abolished; the House of Lords maimed; the House of Commons debased. The national finances are brought to confusion; the national credit is gravely impaired; the nation itself has been brought to the very brink of war;

while the sea power of the country, secretly bartered away to the foreigner, has only been rescued at the last moment by the House of Lords. Throughout the state confusion reigns to-day; revolution and chaos are promised for to-morrow." Such are the utterances of one recently a Liberal who has become a Conservative.

Not long ago a Catholic Peer stated in public, that if the people of the country had been as fully conscious as they ought of the evil work which is being done by the present government, they would have risen in arms in defence of their rights. The thing which excites such strong feeling is that the end and aim of the present government is to legislate for the benefit of what is now the most powerful class in the country—the wage-earners. This constitutes the main bulk of the electors, and it is just beginning to realize its power. Hence it is that heavy taxes have been placed chiefly upon land for the purpose of the social amelioration of the masses—old-age pensions, insurance against invalidity, sickness and unemployment, and measures of a like nature. The working classes, in their turn, are making extravagant demands.

Nor is the unrest that prevails confined to Europe. China affords the most striking example of the increasing desire for self-government, and the effect of this desire upon the most ancient of despotisms. It is still quite doubtful what will be the outcome. A like uncertainty is felt about Persia. India for long has been agitated by the same spirit, but for some time resignation to present conditions seems to have supervened—a resignation which the visit of the King-Emperor is said to have changed into complete satisfaction.

The one thing which may be looked upon as a solid achievement is the settlement of the question of Morocco—nor is it quite certain that it is so fully settled as it was at first thought to be.

France.

Socialists have made the accusation that the Republican Government of France, in dealing with crime, acts in the same way as the absolutist government of Russia, that is, makes use of *agents provocateurs*. The question was brought up for discussion lately in the Chamber. The Prime Minister was accused of having admitted such to be the case. This, however, he denied, as did also M. Briand on behalf of his own Cabinet, as well as that of M. Clemen-

ceau, in which he was Minister of Justice. He admitted that informers were made use of by the police, but even this was done with the greatest circumspection, for such men were, in general, merely the renegades of Socialism and Labor. There was no such thing in the French service, he asserted, as an *agent provocateur*.

The somewhat numerous scandals in the civil, naval, and colonial administrations have not proved so serious as at first seemed likely. The attack made upon the chief permanent official of the Foreign Office, proved to be without foundation; future conflicts between the Civil and Military authorities at Ujda have been obviated by a new adjustment of duties. The disaster which befell the *Liberté* revealed no misdoing on the part of its officers. The makers of the gunpowder, however, the explosion of which caused the accident, have been found guilty of fraudulent practices, and have been duly punished. And in the highest circles of all, in the Cabinet itself, proceedings have been brought to light which have led to its fall.

In fact, if reports widely circulated are worthy of credit, individual ministers are accustomed to arrogate to themselves powers to which they are not entitled. They have acted as if they were the absolute lords and masters, instead of the servants of the country. M. Delcassé, for example, then Foreign Minister, is said to have negotiated a Treaty with Spain, of which not only the rest of the Cabinet, but even the President of the Republic was kept in complete ignorance. Whether or not this assertion is true, it has been brought to light that prior to the recent negotiations with Germany about Morocco, and during their course, secret negotiations of which the Foreign Minister had not been informed were conducted independently of him. The Prime Minister, M. Caillaux, was found guilty along with two other Ministers, although he denied on his word of honor, that any political or financial transactions, outside of the official diplomatic negotiations, had taken place. The Foreign Minister had to choose between telling the truth, and preserving the solidarity of the Cabinet by telling a lie. He preferred to tell the truth, and resigned. M. Caillaux made an attempt to reconstruct his Ministry. M. Delcassé was willing to become Foreign Minister, but no one could be found to succeed him as Minister of Marine. Accordingly, the Premier resigned, and now things are coming to light which indicate the bad faith of M.

Caillaux, perhaps even his corruption. The secret negotiations were in the furtherance of certain financial interests, and included even the prospect of an understanding with Germany detrimental to present arrangements. To M. Clemenceau is due the credit of bringing to light what may be called a conspiracy. A new government has been formed of which M. Raymond Poincaré is the head, and in which he is the Minister of Foreign Affairs. In view of what is looked upon as a great emergency, politicians have laid aside their wonted jealousies, and men who have themselves been Prime Ministers have been willing to become coadjutors of one who has never held that position. M. Briand becomes Minister of Justice, and M. Bourgeois, Minister of Labor; M. Delcassé, Minister of Marine. The *Gaulois* says that it is the greatest Cabinet formed since the foundation of the Third Republic.

Germany.

One of the results of the tension which developed last summer between Great Britain and Germany when, as is now known, the two countries were upon the verge of war, is the growth in Germany of a movement in favor of a world agreement with Great Britain designed to associate German with British interests throughout the world. Its promoters in Germany require as a condition, however, that the *Entente Cordiale* of Great Britain with France should be dissolved, and that a cession to Germany should be made of one or more of the British colonies, in order that the latter country may find a "place in the sun" commensurate with her population and military strength. On the fulfillment of these conditions Germany would be willing to enter into an engagement to make no additions to her navy beyond a certain fixed limit. The advocates of this plan have adopted tactics towards the British Foreign Minister similar to those which were adopted in 1905 towards M. Delcassé. They have tried to bring influences to bear upon English public opinion in order to drive Sir Edward Grey from office, looking upon him as their chief opponent. The success which followed the efforts in France against M. Delcassé, has not been met with in England, Sir Edward Grey and his policy having met with the full endorsement of Parliament and the nation; nor is it likely that the *Entente* between Great Britain and France, will be in the least weakened; it has, in fact, rather gained in strength.

Opinion is greatly divided as to the character of future relations between Great Britain and Germany. The settlement of the Morocco question has removed the last colonial matter at issue between Germany and France. But Great Britain's action in the course of the "conversations" which led to the settlement has enraged a large number of Germans, and has made them assert that war between the two countries is inevitable. It is the Conservative Party that takes this view of the situation, a view shared in a less degree by the Catholic Centre. The government is more conciliatory. While blaming Great Britain for any danger of war that may have existed last summer, it promises to welcome any manifestation of a desire for a peaceful outcome from the present position, that is if Great Britain should give any positive expression in its policy that peace is what it wants. But the German Government's determination is to make the full strength and capability of Germany prevail in the world. "The strength of Germany is to be the guarantee that no other State will seek a quarrel with her." This does not seem to indicate any prospect of the government's adopting the disarmament proposal to which reference has been made. Rather it shows that Germany is still to remain, what the leader of the Czechs, Dr. Kramarsh, recently declared she had so long been—"the centre of danger in the affairs of the world."

The approaching elections made it necessary to adopt in the discussions in the Reichstag, what is looked upon as the proper patriotic tone, which, in the present stage of the world's progress, consists in assuming towards foreigners an attitude of unbending defiance. The main preoccupation of the government in view of the election was the desire to defeat the Social Democrats at any cost. This party is by far the largest of any single party. At the last election it polled 3,250,000 votes, and since then it has been gaining at all by-elections. It is, moreover, a peace-party, and, therefore, in the eyes of the fire-eaters one lacking in a proper spirit of patriotism. This must be said, however: strong as was the desire of the government to exercise influence against the Social Democrats, the common practice among several of the Latin nations of "making elections" was not adopted. Over officials it claims the right of dictating: but the ordinary citizen is in no way coerced in the exercise of his right to vote. Notwithstanding all efforts, the result of the recent election

has so far been a very large gain for the Social Democrats, at the expense of the Liberals and Radicals. However, until the second ballots are taken, precise figures need not be given; for the exact result cannot be ascertained.

The financial position of Germany has of late been improving. Loans to pay current expenses were, until a few years ago, a normal feature of each Budget, but the taxes recently imposed have been productive enough for the past two years to render this course unnecessary. It is said, however, that these taxes have produced Social Democrats in great abundance, as well as increase of income. This year (1912) receipts and expenditure have failed to balance, and it will be necessary to resume the old practice, but not on so large a scale as before—the deficit being only a little over \$10,000,000. An anxious subject of thought at the present moment is what increase is to be made in the amounts demanded by the government for the army and navy. That there will be an increase is assumed to be certain.

Austria-Hungary. So little has occurred in the Dual Monarchy of late, that no reference has been made to its affairs.

Interest is, however, reviving. In the dispute between Germany and France as to Morocco, so far from proving itself a "brilliant second" of its ally, as on the former occasion, it steadily withheld every kind of support. The friendly attitude towards Italy is thought to be in view of the extension of Austro-Hungarian political and economic influence in the Balkans, in the hope of buying off Italian opposition in the west of the Balkan peninsula.

The ministry of Baron Gautsch did not last for more than a few months. Having found itself unable to secure a majority of the warring factions, of which the Reichsrath is made up, it gave in its resignation. At the head of the new Cabinet is Count Stürgkh, the Minister of Public Instruction in the former Cabinet. The new Cabinet is made up of permanent officials, it being hoped by this arrangement to secure something like peace by warding off the opposition of the keen politicians of the various parties.

The war between Italy and Turkey has led to a great deal of dissension in Austria. While the government, under the

guidance of Count Aehrenthal is friendly to Italy, almost the whole of the Press has shown itself bitterly hostile. This has had its effect upon public opinion in Italy, and the assertion has been made in Vienna that the Italian Government is lending a favorable ear to proposals which have been made by France, that the latter country should enter into an alliance with Italy, the Triple Alliance, so far as Italy is concerned, being thereby destroyed. Not much credit, however is, attached to this statement. The retirement of the Chief of the General Staff of the Army, one of its most efficient officers is, another subject that has caused much discussion. This retirement was due, it is said, to his desire to enter upon "a preventive war" with Italy, justifying this course by the belief which he and many entertain, that after the conquest of Tripoli the intention of the Italians is to attack Austria. As these views did not find acceptance in the highest quarters, the Chief of the Staff has had to retire.

The question has been raised whether the Foreign Minister will himself have to follow the Chief of the Staff. Count Aehrenthal has not a few opponents in his own country; the army officers as a body are against him, and even, it is thought, the Minister of War; foreign critics look upon him as chiefly responsible for the demoralization which has recently come upon international relations. But so many questions have been raised by recent events, that it is felt to be desirable that the foreign affairs of Austria should be left in the hands of a man of experience. The opening of the Dardanelles, the uncertain outlook in the Balkans, the future of the Triple Alliance, as well as the position in Persia, and the results of the Franco-German Agreement as to Morocco, all call for the most careful management.

If it is true that the German Emperor is not at all satisfied with the conduct of the Foreign Minister during the course of the recent negotiations about Morocco, and has plainly manifested this dissatisfaction, the tenure of office by Count Aehrenthal must be soon drawing to its close, for the influence of the Kaiser is all-powerful in the present conjuncture. The prospect of an agreement being made between Russia and Austria for the settlement, of the Macedonian question, would also render the departure of the Count almost a necessity; for Russia looks upon him with so much disfavor that

it would refuse to carry on negotiations through him as an intermediary.

At the recent meeting of the Delegations, the Delegates representing Hungary gave to Count Aehrenthal an unqualified expression of confidence, but those representing Austria were more divided in opinion. The Catholic members, especially, were outspoken in their distrust of his policy. He has, however, a strong supporter in the Emperor Francis Joseph. As to the Triple Alliance, it is still, the Hungarian Delegates declare, the unshakable foundation of the pacific policy of Austria and Hungary.

In Hungary Count Khuën Hedérváry remains at the head of the government, but the peaceful tenure which he enjoyed at the beginning has come to an end. The old practice of obstruction which for so many years paralyzed the Hungarian Chamber, has been resumed by the opposition with the support of the Kossuthist Independents. For several months the Army Bills have been held up, in order to extort a pledge that the Universal Suffrage Bill, promised for so many years, would be proceeded with *pari passu*. This pledge the government has refused to give, and has proposed to meet obstruction by doing violence to the Standing Orders of the Chamber—a proceeding to which Count Tisza, who lost power in 1904 by a similar attempt, was ready to give his support. The President of the Chamber gave in his resignation, rather than become a party to such an attempt, and in the end a conflict was avoided by a compromise.

The Lower House of the Austrian Parliament has had the peace of its proceedings diversified by a series of unseemly occurrences. On one occasion a minister was shot at by a stranger in the gallery—a Social Democrat—who was not satisfied with the measures which the government had taken in punishing the recent rioters; on a second a Pan-German deputy, disapproving of the tepidity of another member of the same party, attempted to chastise the delinquent with a dog-whip which he had brought with him for the purpose. On a third occasion certain Czech Deputies being dissatisfied with the explanation a Minister was giving, made a rush at the Ministerial Bench. The sitting was suspended amid scenes of indescribable tumult. Those repeated occurrences seem to show that the Parliament of Austria does not inspire great reverence.

Outside Parliament certain Germans, whose sympathies are more with the German Empire than with Austria, and who some years ago were very demonstrative of their desire to be brought within the German Empire, have resumed their agitation to secure this end. At a public meeting of the German Union of Lower Austria, sundry Austrian-German Deputies called for cheers for the Hohenzollens; while one speaker ventured to disparage the German character of the Hapsburgs. The meeting ended with the singing of the *Wacht am Rhein*.

Meanwhile in common with so many other countries in Europe, Austria-Hungary is sinking ever deeper and deeper into debt, due chiefly to the increase of military armaments, which have for their only object, so it is alleged, the maintenance of peace. For the last decade the national debt of Austria has grown at the rate of \$200,000 a day, and a new debt is to be incurred within the next few months of some \$90,000,000 for canal construction, \$100,000,000 more have just been sanctioned by the Chamber and yet further demands are said to be imperative. There seems to be on the part of those in authority an irrepressible desire to fleece their flocks.

Hungarian politicians have been giving yet another proof of their insincerity and double-mindedness. In relation to Austria they pose as the advocates of liberty; while towards the races over whom they wish to dominate, they practice unblushing tyranny. In the recent elections for the Croatian Diet, the present Ban has made use of unrestrained violence to secure members ready to support the government measures.

Russia.

Since the death of M. Stolypin, under the guidance of whom an advance towards something like constitutional government was being made, there appears to be a revival of the old system of personal arbitrary rule. Dark hints have been in circulation that his death was due to the remissness of the police in guarding his person, and that this in its turn was not unconnected with the desire for his removal which existed among the bureaucrats, the power of whom he had limited. But of this there is no proof. The professions of M. Stolypin's successor are all, indeed, in favor of a continuance of his predecessor's policy. The abuses of the secret police department are to be eradicated; greater

tolerance is to be shown to the Universities, and more freedom in teaching allowed; the interests of agriculture are to receive increased attention; the system of individual farm-holdings is to be developed; co-operative societies are to be encouraged; and, in general, greater stimulus is to be given to public and private initiative and enterprise. The education of the people, which is so much needed, is to be fostered as the condition and support of all these measures. It is even said that greater moderation will be shown in the treatment of the Finns and of the Poles. This is the programme. But the actions of the government seem to be of quite a different character. In execution of the law passed last session giving the *Duma* power to pass laws for Finland in matters which concern the whole Empire, a law has been made for gradually increasing Finland's annual military contribution, and for equalizing the rights of Russians and Finns in the Grand Duchy. This is looked upon by the Finns as a practical exercise of that violation of the autonomy secured to them on their union with Russia, a violation which the Law made last year authorized. The Russian Government, however, is thought by many not to be without justification and, from its own point of view, to have a fairly strong case.

Another instance of what looks like a harsh and unsympathetic method of action, is that all medical and charitable societies are forbidden to relieve those who are suffering from the famine which is raging in some twenty of the governments of the Empire. In these the horrors of the famine of 1891 are being repeated. The yield of crops in some places has been eighty-six per cent below the average. Famine-stricken people are flocking into the towns and villages, asking for special services and the administration of the last Communion, so that they may be prepared for death. The government, it is true, allows the Red Cross Society and the *Zemtvoes* to give help, and has taken special measures of relief on its own initiative; but it is hard to see a good reason for discouraging those who are willing to give further assistance to people in such a state of misery. It is a question whether Russian action towards this country in refusing to recognize the passports granted by the United States Government, thereby claiming a right to limit the power of the United States to admit to full citizenship certain immigrants from Russia, is

another instance of the arbitrary spirit which pervades the government of that country. Some may think that it is the government of this country which has in this case made an arbitrary claim. A full discussion of the matter would involve the whole question of the way in which Russia treats her own Jewish population.

Russia and Persia.

Whatever may be thought about Russia and its dealing with the Passport question, there will be few who will fail to see in its conduct towards Persia, and the demand for the dismissal of Mr. Shuster, a clear manifestation of high-handed dictation. After many efforts for reform, all of which had failed, Persia seemed to have found the right way, and to have secured in Mr. Shuster the right man, to carry into effect real practical reforms. Upon a mere pretext, Russia demanded the dismissal of the Treasurer-General. He had ventured to express an opinion of her proceedings, which was all the more unpalatable for being true. Russia, he said, showed by her actions in Persia, that she wished to keep the country weak, in order to have an opportunity and an excuse for aggression when a suitable occasion should arise. The demand made by Russia, the *Mejliss* bravely rejected. To have yielded, it held, would have been equivalent to signing away the independence of the country, and this no Persian would do. Thereupon Russian troops advanced into Persia, making, of course, the usual assurances that they intended to remain no longer than was necessary in order to secure the acceptance of Russia's demands—an assurance which some, indeed, affect to believe, but which the world in general knows how to appraise at its real value. Although there was no hope of successful resistance, the love of the independence which they looked upon as in danger moved many bands of Persians to take up arms. This effort proved useless, being ruthlessly crushed by the Russian forces. Even after the Cabinet had accepted Russia's demands the Press of St. Petersburg called for the extermination of the bands that had assaulted the troops, declaring that true humanity requires cruelty, and that the whole population must be punished for the fault of a part. Even an official in the Foreign Office declared that no mercy would be shown.

As the *Mejliss* persisted in its refusal to accept the Russian demands, the Cabinet decreed its dissolution, thus by a *coup d'état* bringing the outward form of constitutional government to an end. New elections, however, are promised for the near future. By the terms of submission to Russia Mr. Shuster was to be dismissed, no appointments are to be given to foreigners, before an exchange of views is made with the Russian and British legations, and Russia is to be paid an indemnity for the expense incurred in interfering with Persian progress. Upon the dissolution of the *Mejliss*, which had been his sole supporter, Mr. Shuster resigned, and in this way the only successful attempt to effect real reform has been brought to an end. When he assumed charge of the Treasury and the revenues, he found banking deficits amounting to half a million; there was not a penny of cash belonging to the government; an unknown amount of debt in various forms was due. Within five months he had paid off this deficit, had furnished the expenses of running the government, had met promptly all foreign obligations, and had in the Treasury nearly a million of assets, and this notwithstanding the fact that the civil war had increased the expenses by a million and a half, and had diminished revenues. Within two years Mr. Shuster pledged his financial experience that the finances of Persia would have been placed on a stable basis. It is a melancholy example of the vanity of human progress, that so ancient a state as Persia should be going to ruin merely for lack of common honesty, and that when an honest man has been imported, his work should be destroyed because, forsooth, he was destitute of tact.

The conduct of Great Britain in according support to Russia and lending her assistance in this attack of the strong upon the weak, has been criticized severely. Whatever may be said in its defence, although it may explain, cannot justify the action adopted. The Agreement between Russia and Great Britain made the northern part of Persia the sphere of influence of Russia, within which Great Britain would not seek to act in any way. But the appointment by Mr. Shuster of certain English subjects as his assistants, can only by an unwarrantable stretch of the meaning of the Agreement be looked upon as a violation, either of its letter or spirit. The real reason for English action was the fact that co-operation with

Russia is rendered almost necessary by the state of affairs in Europe, and this co-operation has to be paid for by rendering support to Russia in the Middle East. The action which Great Britain itself has taken in Southern Persia is, it is yet possible to believe, merely in defence of its commercial interests. In the event, however, of Russia proceeding to absorb the northern part of Persia, a project which she disclaims, little doubt can be felt but that a similar process would be effected by Great Britain in the south.

China.

The efforts made by the Rulers of China, as well the real as the nominal, to preserve by humble confession of their shortcomings, a shadow at least of their former power, have failed to have any effect upon those of their subjects who had declared for a Republic. Even the abdication of the Regent, who in his appeal to be allowed to take this step, blamed himself as the cause of the present upheaval, did not propitiate the opponents of the present Dynasty; the edict in which the Empress-Dowager accepts the Prince Regent's abdication, and seeks to lay down the future form of government, begins by affirming her own ignorance. She has therefore entrusted all responsibility for political affairs to the Premier and a Cabinet of Ministers. The promulgation of Edicts, however, will require the Imperial Seal, and this would render the assent of the Throne still necessary. This was unsatisfactory to the Revolutionary Party; the country had suffered too long from the misdeeds of the Manchu dynasty to render them willing to give it any longer even a mere nominal authority. An armistice, however, was made in order that a Conference might be held between representatives of the government, and the leaders of the revolution, in the hopes of effecting a compromise. It is the younger men who are in favor of a Republic, the older and more experienced fearing that the population of China is not prepared for so radical a change. The opposite view, however, is held by the recent Minister of China to this country, who is taking an active part in the Revolution. Doubtless it is upon his experience while here that his appreciation of the Republican form of government is based. During 267 years the Manchus, he declares, had shown their incapacity, and it was time that

the nation should entrust its affairs to competent management, in the same way as would be done in business. The Peace Conference did not produce agreement between the government and the revolutionists, except in so far as it led to the decision to summon a National Convention for the settlement of the future form of government. The mode of election to this Convention and the place and conditions of its meeting were left to be decided by discussions between the two parties. Public opinion in general looks to the Premier Yuan Shi-kai as the one best fitted to be the first President. He, however, is opposed to the Republican form of government, being in favor of a constitutional monarchy in which the sovereign reigns, but does not govern. In the meantime, a provisional Convention held at Nanking, in which only twelve provinces are represented, has elected Dr. Sun Yat-sen President. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was brought up as a Christian, and educated in missionary schools. For many years he has been active in favor of reform, and has had to flee from China to escape arrest. The Cabinet formed to work with him comprises some of the ablest men in China; the Foreign Minister is a graduate of Yale.

Ever since the outbreak of the revolution, fears have been felt that under one pretext or another, one or more Foreign Powers would intervene. It was positively asserted that Japan and Great Britain had agreed to prevent the establishment of a Republican form of government. This report was, however, without any foundation. Russia, however, has seized the opportunity. She has notified China, that the independence of Outer Mongolia must be recognized so far as regards internal affairs, and has even indicated the dignitary to whom autocratic control is to be given. To the Mongolians thus freed from China's control, Russian assistance will graciously be granted so that order may be maintained. China is not to be allowed to have any military forces in Outer Mongolia, nor to send colonists there, but she is permitted to retain control of the external affairs of the territory, for Russia does not desire the separation of Mongolia from China. A railway is to be made from Kiakhta to Uргу. The justification of this action is sought in the aggressive policy recently pursued by China towards the Mongolians. They have consequently taken advantage of the present circumstances to revolt.

With Our Readers

AN ONLOOKER AT THE CONSISTORY.

BY R. E.

THE latest Consistory has been held in the huge hall of the Beati-
fication, which runs crossways over the portico of St. Peter's,
and which is large enough to accommodate between nine or ten
thousand persons. We were fortunate to have a ticket for the best
place in the *tribuna* next to that of the Corps *Diplomatique*, so that
only when a portly ambassador stood up in his place was there
anything to intercept our view of the whole ceremony.

Thanks to the tribune ticket, we were able to leave the hotel
at a fairly reasonable hour next morning to get to St. Peter's,
where the ceremony was supposed to begin at 9:30 A. M.; whereas,
the holders of only ordinary tickets were obliged to start off at 7
A. M., in order to get desirable places. Wonderful were the uni-
forms worn by the officers of all nationalities, gathered together to
see the "scarlet hat" bestowed on their various compatriots, as the
highest representatives of the Catholic Church in their respective
countries; and the ambassadors and their suites, and the babel of
voices in all languages, strengthened the impression of the Catholic-
ity—Catholicity in its literal sense—of the great assembly. A large
contingent of English and Americans emphasized the fact that
among the new Cardinals were, Archbishop Bourne of Westminster,
Archbishop Farley and Archbishop O'Connell; America also claim-
ing as her own, Cardinal Falconio, who, though born in Italy, is a
naturalized citizen of the United States.

* * *

There was the customary rush up the great staircase from the
Porto Bronzo as soon as the door was opened, but by half-past nine
comparatively good order reigned. Wonderfully arrayed *Camerieri
del Papa*, in black velvet and silk stockings and Elizabethan ruffs,
skillfully piloted tribune ticket-holders into their right places, and
prevented agitated ladies from going into the seats reserved for
ecclesiastics only, and *vice versa*; all the representatives of the dif-
ferent religious orders, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta,
and the head of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre marched up, the
Knights of Malta dressed in their superb, historic scarlet mantles;
one by one the College of Cardinals took their seats in long rows,
reaching down on each side from the Papal Throne; Papal Guards

and Swiss Guards, the Captain of the Castello di St. Angelo and his men (something like the Yeomen of the Guard in London) manœvered about—and then at last the word *Silenzio !* was heard. The enormous crowd stopped dead in its speaking—the Sistine Choir, under Perosi's direction, burst out into *Tu es Petrus*—and the *Pontifex Maximus*, Pius X., preceded by his guards, was carried slowly in on the *sedia gestatoria*, blessing us as he passed up the hall to his throne.

* * *

When the Pope was at length seated upon his throne, the ceremonial of the final proclamation and creation of the new Cardinals began. A procession was formed and went out to find and receive the new Cardinals, returning with them after about five minutes. Then, one by one, these newly-elected Princes of the Church with attendant train-bearer, went up towards their head, making three obeisances at different distances, until they finally received the Papal embrace and kiss on both cheeks. Then they returned to their places. After a short interval, during which an ecclesiastic in black gown read the process for some future beatification, they went forward again, one by one, and then took place the ceremony which all had come to see. The great scarlet hat for each Cardinal was brought forth by two attendants, and placed and held by the Pope for the space of about a minute over the kneeling Cardinal's head, while the ancient charge was given, to the effect that the scarlet dignity bestowed was a token that they would defend the Faith even to the shedding of their blood. The hat was removed by another attendant, and again each Cardinal went back to his place. Once more they rose, and, in order, passed slowly between the benches where their brother-Cardinals were standing, and from each one they received and returned the kiss of brotherhood. Amongst all the splendors of the Cardinal's robes, scarlet and purple and ermine, stood out in its ashen grayness the great, gray train of the Franciscan Cardinal Falconio, and when the scarlet hat was about to be bestowed on him by the Pope, there was first drawn up the familiar brown hood which marks the son of Francis of Assisi. The Friar's brown hood and the Cardinal's scarlet splendor—a Catholic contrast, indeed.

* * *

The choir again sang, and then again dead silence fell on the crowd. The Pope stood up, and from his throne, Christ's Vicar on earth blessed—and Catholic Christendom knelt. The ceremony was over, and by degrees, in its old order, the procession reformed. Cardinals old and new with attendants passed out, the Pope stepped into the *Sedia Gestatoria*, and then something stopped the procession, and

the Pope and his bearers were halted. This occurred just in front of our tribune. We were so close to the Holy Father, that we could plainly see the effects which his last serious illness in the summer had had on him; how still far from recovered he seemed, and how his face when in repose wore a look of tired suffering and very great sadness. But of a sudden the Pope's face lit up. He smiled, and from smiling looked almost amused, and we saw that some one (we like to imagine it some old friend from Rlesle!) was cheerfully greeting His Holiness and *waving* to him! and the kindness so characteristic of Pius X. showed itself in his at once noting and responding to the "old friend."

* * *

After the Pope had left the hall, the Cardinals proceeded to the Sistine Chapel for some final ceremony, and while they were inside, youthful America outside was overheard growing more and more enthusiastic over its new Cardinals.

Very slowly and very gradually, beginning with the tribune in which sat the Pope's sisters, the great hall emptied itself. Down, through lines of the Papal *Camerieri* and guards, we went, and out at the Porto Bronzo, again into the Piazza di St. Pietro, where the customary collection of carriages, motors and taxi-cabs took up their occupants and hustled them away.

Another chapter of the Church's history had been written, and yet another page, glowing in burning gold and colors, of her Illuminated Missal had been turned over before the wondering eyes of her children.

NOT long since a student sent in a request at the Congressional Library for forty-one books, all on matters dealing with Socialism. He was informed that all of the forty-one were in use by readers. After frequent inquiries during a period of two weeks, he succeeded in getting ten of the books which he wanted. The incident will serve to show the widespread attention which Socialism is receiving and also arouse us to a sense of how intelligently and zealously its propaganda must be met. That we are not meeting it as we should; that we have been backward in refuting its claims and exposing its pretenses, cannot be denied. We have slept, and the enemy has been active, sowing cockle. We should be aggressively alive and active in advance. We should be preaching from the housetops the true fundamental doctrines of society; we should be foremost in needed reforms; we should be unselfishly active in the cure of abuses. Our Holy Father, Pius X., has urged us time and again to a personal interest and study of social questions.

AND if we followed the Holy Father's safe guidance, and distributed helpful literature among our people, the pretense of Socialism would be easily visible. Socialism is economically and politically unsound; it absolutely denies Christian morality; it is the enemy of religion. Yet because of its specious claims of reform and its Utopian promises, it is making headway.

THROUGH our Catholic press there has been a sustained effort to educate our people. The numerous articles contributed by eminent scholars to THE CATHOLIC WORLD during the past few years would, in themselves, acquaint one quite thoroughly with the false aims and theories of Socialism, and with the most effective means of combating it. To every agency that will help in the work we extend a hearty greeting, and we welcome, therefore, a new magazine, *The Common Cause*, founded for the express purpose of fighting the common enemy—Socialism. Its editors are a distinguished body of men. Its first number is one of merit and much promise, and we extend it every good wish for a long and successful life.

CORK, IRELAND, 30 December, 1911.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WORLD:

DEAR SIR: In his article, "What was the Reformation?" in the current issue of your journal, Mr. Belloc, when referring to Ireland's fidelity to the Faith, at that period, says: "I do not believe it capable of an historic explanation." "It seems to me a phenomenon essentially miraculous in character."

There is at least one broad historical fact, which may serve, in some measure, to explain it, and that is, that, at the time, Ireland being as yet an unconquered country, was a solely Irish-speaking country (except that small portion which constituted the Pale).

If the Reformation were to reach Ireland at all, it could only come from England, and through the medium of the English language, a language which the native Irish of the time, did not understand.

A reformed bishop, writing from Ireland at the time, to a friend of his says: "Of preaching we have none, and without preaching it is impossible to instruct the ignorant." One may interpret that to mean that the Reformers who understood and spoke only English, recognized that it was useless to preach to a people who understood and spoke only Irish.

The Government of the time, seeing the set-back the Irish language was giving to the introduction of the Reformation into Ireland, promised to translate the reformed Catechism into Irish, but the promise was for some reason not kept.

I do not claim that the Irish language saved the Faith of Ireland at the Reformation, but at least it saved Ireland from a possible temptation.

As Mr. Belloc gives three human reasons for the loss of Britain to the Faith at the Reformation, may it not be humanly possible that Ireland's distinctive nationality through her language acted under God's Providence, as a safeguard to the Faith of the Irish?

Yours faithfully,

AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

THE reception given to His Eminence Cardinal Farley on his return to New York was extraordinary in its enthusiasm and in the sympathetic words of welcome given by the press of the entire city. Cardinal Farley gave the following message of the Holy Father to American Catholics just after reaching his Cathedral :

"His message to the American Cardinals rang so true that I must render it to you every word as it came from his heart. Speaking to the Cardinals of England and Holland, and expressing the hope that those outside the fold in their respective nations would by God's grace return to the mother that still loved and longed for them, he turned to us, saying :

And this hope smiles upon me most sweetly in the presence of you who come from distant America. The enthusiasm with which the intelligence of your elevation to the Sacred College was received, the demonstrations which were made for you by all the classes of citizens, the acclamation accompanied with blessings, wishes and affectionate greetings on your departure from New York and Boston, and finally your triumphant passage across the ocean protected by the Papal flag, afford me not only hope but certainty that the Lord on your return will multiply the fruits of your apostolate and over that hospitable land which receives all the peoples of the world and with well-ordered liberty provides for the universal well-being, the Lord will reign and His glory will shine therein—*super te orietur Dominus et gloria Ejus in te videbitur.*

"And therefore, beloved friends, do I feel encouraged beyond the power of telling as I resume my duties in my diocese by these prophetic words of the Vicar of Christ. Encouraged am I, indeed, in holding to the hope that the fruits of my apostolate and that of my zealous and devoted clergy will be blessed and bring forth fruit a hundredfold in the years that are to come.

"This royal reception, so wholehearted, and so unexpected, which you have given in the fulness of your fervent Catholic Faith, gives an added element of confidence to me that your devotion and loyalty to the successor of St. Peter, will grow apace, and if plentitude can admit of increase, that more than ever shall you be worthy of the proud name of American Catholics, who yield to none others

in the world in combining loyalty to God and country in the highest degree of fullest measure.

"The words of warm welcome spoken so gracefully and so eloquently conceived by your honorable representative, the demonstrations of affection made with such unstinted measure, shall ever be treasured by me as a memory most dear. The record of it all will be forwarded to the Sovereign Pontiff and will add another joy to the heart of the venerable prisoner of the Vatican to cheer him as a sequel to the happiness which the news of the manner of your godspeed to me did on my departure two months ago."

THE following verses contributed by Alice Meynell to the *London Tablet*, not only bring home to us the spiritual havoc wrought by the anti-Christian Government of Portugal, but with beautiful poetic mastery they reveal to us through the light of revelation the wondrous integrity and harmony of God's entire universe. In this they recall the criticism of G. K. Chesterton: "Poets will tend towards Christian orthodoxy for a perfectly plain reason, because it is the simplest and freest thing now left in the world."

CHRIST IN PORTUGAL.

And will they cast the altars down,
Scatter the chalice, crush the bread?
In field, in village, and in town,
He hides an unregarded head;

Waits in the corn-lands far and near,
Bright in His sun, dark in His frost,
Sweet in the vine, ripe in the ear—
Lonely unconsecrated Host.

In ambush at the merry board
The Victim lurks unsacrificed;
The mill conceals the harvest's Lord,
The wine-press hides the unbidden Christ.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, now approaching its fiftieth year of life, is ever grateful to the long list of subscribers who have been its supporters for many, many years. One of these—a subscriber for over thirty years—Mr. Patrick D. Gallagher, died at South Bend, Ind., on January 10. Mr. Gallagher was born in Ireland eighty years ago. During his lifetime he was active in all Catholic works and was noted for his many charitable gifts.
R. I. P.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS, New York:

Marlam'ne of the Cedars. By Ida Helen McCarty. \$1.20 net.

HODDER & STOUT, New York:

The Faithful Failure. By Rosamond Napier. \$1.20 net.

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FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

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DOYLE & Co., New York:

Ginevra. By Edward Doyle. \$1 net.

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Cantate. Compiled by John Singenberger. 35 cents net. *Epilome e Graduali Romano.* \$1.50 net. *The Cruz of Pastoral Medicine.* By Andrew Klarmann, M.A. \$1.25 net.

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Life of Andrew Jackson. By J. S. Bassett, Ph.D. Vols. I., II. \$5 net.

ST. VINCENT'S MISSION HOUSE, Springfield, Mass.:

Questions on Vocations. By a priest of the Congregation of the Mission founded by St. Vincent de Paul. \$4.90 net per hundred.

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Cleveland:

The Indian Tribes of the Upper Mississippi Valley and Region of the Great Lakes. Translated, edited, annotated, with bibliography and index, by Emma Helen Blair. Vols. I. and II. \$10 net.

G. GRAHAM COMPANY, New Orleans:

Elder Flowers. A collection from the poems of Mrs. Susan B. Elder. 50 cents net.

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ST. ANSELM'S SOCIETY, London:

Spiritistic Phenomena and their Interpretation. By Godfrey Raupert. \$1 net.

BURNS & OATES, London:

The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book for 1912. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. 3s. 6d. net.

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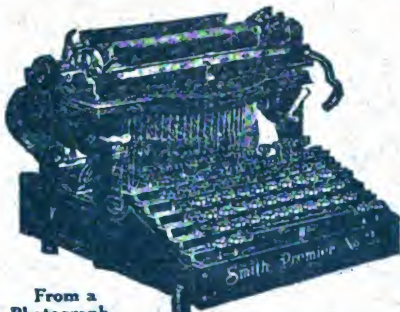
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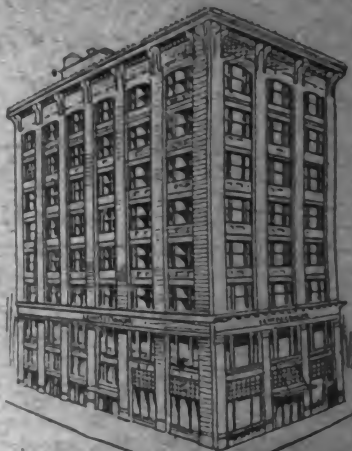
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EXTENSION MAGAZINE

DRAWER S, CHICAGO, ILL.



CATHOLIC WORLD.

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No. 564.

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

I.

TO appreciate truthfully and sympathetically the story of a saint is not easy to the ordinary run of men. Some have said that it takes a saint to understand a saint, since no lesser mortal can feel the urgency of sanctity, and follow faithfully its devious paths through the deep valleys and up the mountainous ascents of the life divinely spiritual. But it is not merely the strange heights of spirituality which baffle the experience of more common men brought face to face with a saint, but it is also the more intense humanity. Saints are more than commonly human in elemental human experience. They retain or recover what most people lose and never regain, the capacity to live in close companionship with their own hearts. Children have that companionship until they take refuge from its mystery or judgment in an outer world social, material or intellectual. The difference between the child and the saint, in this respect, is the difference between a budding consciousness and knowledge full-grown.

Some people there are who are not saints, who keep through life this child-like quality; they are never commonplace, and when they are possessed of a strong mind or will, or when

NOTE: These articles on St. Clare are written in view of the seventh centenary of St. Clare's "conversion" to the religious life, from which originated the Second Franciscan Order of the Poor Clares. The saint left her home and took her vows on the night of the 18-19 March, 1212.

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VOL. XCIV.—46

roused by some strong emotion, they have a godlike strength before which the dogmatisms of the less vitally human break in helpless confusion. The same scattering power accompanies the saints in their incursions into the world's life. They, too, bring the world to judgment; and the equity of their judgment is due as well to the full human quality of their experience as to the ineffable life-truth which they have gazed upon in the mountain retreats of the soul where they have met and seen God, Not otherwise could they qualify as judges of men. For the saints are judges of the world whether men acknowledge the fact or whether they do not. They show us what human nature is capable of spiritually; they are an exhibition of the power of the Gospel working in flesh and blood. Let us not forget the flesh and blood in the spirit when we look to the saints; not at least if we seek in them some companionship, and are not content merely to wave our censurs; which surely is the more profitable way.

Of one thing, however, no true Catholic will ever be guilty, and that is to peer into the soul of a saint from mere intellectual curiosity. To look upon the soul of any man from that motive is always an impertinence; when the man is a saint it becomes almost a blasphemy, because of the intimate dealings of God with such a soul. In regard to the souls of men only one sort of knowledge is universally lawful, the knowledge which is akin to reverence or love.

It is, indeed, not without a certain hesitation that one enters into the inner sanctuary of a life such as that of St. Clare of Assisi, where, one instinctively feels, after reading her Legend, no common earthliness ever found place, but all was consecrated by a purity which was staid with the constant vision and love of the heavenly life. For from her earliest days Clare kept herself a temple of the living God; she was at all times "beautiful in the light of holiness."

There is in her story no deviation from the spiritual law to remind us of her kinship with the common life of mankind; her gaze was ever upward and she walked consistently in the company of God. That much is at once evident in the pages of her biography.

One would not say that she was a stranger to temptation or that she knew nothing of the weakness of the flesh in her flight towards the heavens; but it is clear that evil of

any sort never had any masterful hold of her. On the day that she vowed herself to the entire service of Jesus Christ, she brought to her consecration a virginal worship that she kept unsullied to the end. Such a soul wholly fragrant with an unceasing communion with its God, is encircled with a peculiar reverence which is the witness of a reserve which God holds to Himself in His creature, and which may not be rudely gazed upon by other eyes. It is a reverence like to that which shields the inviolate soul of a child against the coarse impertinence of the world and invests every good woman with a queenly aloofness in the thoughts of honest men. In the presence of such reserves idle curiosity is near to a sin; nor may we lawfully ask for more than God chooses to reveal.

A few saints there are who have left written records of the intimate dealings of God with them; St. Augustine wrote his *Confessions*; St. Margaret of Cortona has left us an autobiography; St. Gertrude wrote her *Insinuations of Divine Love*, all under an impelling obedience to a Divine command. But most of the saints reveal themselves only in their deeds and in the words of counsel which neighborly charity has urged them to give to their fellowmen, and of this sort is the self-revelation of St. Clare. But in whatever fashion the revelation is made to us, we shall apprehend its truth and beauty only as we are willing to receive it through the sheltering reverence with which God guards the sanctity of His creatures against the earthy impurities of the world's judgments.

Nor is this warning unnecessary when we recall to mind the liberties which are sometimes taken with the stories of the saints by people who can read into a saint's life nothing higher or more real than their own earthly experience.* It is the more necessary because the new interest in the lives of the saints which is beginning to show itself takes account not merely, nay, if the truth is told, not chiefly, of the things in which a saint stands apart from the common life of men, but rather in those intimations of common kinship which prove the saint a fellowman; nor is this special interest without real value to our knowledge of the Christian life, if it leads

* As e. g. the instance quoted by C. F. G. Masterman in his book, *In Peril of Change*, p. 189, where the "heroine visiting Assisi only expresses regret that St. Francis and St. Clare never married." This is but a crude example of the inability to understand the saints, which is not uncommon amongst modern writers, as Mr. Masterman himself points out.

us to confess the true relationship between the earthly human and the divinely human, between the world and the Gospel, and to acknowledge a more perfect humanity in a life in which the world is too apt to assume a mere negation of its human birthright.

No one can read the story of St. Clare without confessing to a vivid human interest. It would be possible with a semblance of historical truth to construct out of her Legend a purely earthly romance with an immediate and compelling appeal to the human emotions. The story would be fundamentally false, but with a falsehood garbed in the vesture of truth; yet the possibility proves that in St. Clare we have no figure "of theological lathe and plaster" but a true woman, of human quality confessed. And yet one must deliberately avert one's mental vision not to recognize that in this woman's life we have the fulfillment of something which is unknown to, or but vaguely felt in, the common experience of the world, a something which puts her story upon a higher plane of spiritual thought and desire than the world is accustomed to. What that something higher is, only the Catholic faith can realize; to those who have not this faith it must necessarily remain a confusing mystery.

The human lineaments of St. Clare's character are revealed in the very opening of her history. As she then appears we recognize at once the heroic lines upon which her life is to be moulded; the soaring idealism of her temperament, the capacity for utter self-sacrifice, the need to worship and yet the impossibility of her worshipping at any common shrine. She is fearless in loyalty; she might have been imperious but for the gentle humility which was born of her worshipping love of Jesus Christ.

She was of noble birth; her family was amongst the most illustrious in the territory of Assisi, and her father was lord of extensive lands: * a fact which tells us much of the early up-bringing of Clare.

For the house of an Assisian lord at that period was no quiet retreat removed from the stress of social and political life. Whether he was on the side of the Commune or against it, he was incessantly engaged either in the civic struggles which divided the city into two armed parties, or in the fam-

* Leg. St. Clare.

ily feuds which set one feudal castle against another. The Umbrian Communes were then in the first flush of a proud independence; the restraining power of the German overlordship was withdrawn,* and individual as well as class ambitions were let loose. The independent Commune was in fact nurtured in war and feud, in conspiracy and battle. As the feudal lord of large lands the father of Clare must have been no idle observer† of the time; and his house within the city, but a stone's throw from the bishop's palace, must have echoed with the full tide of life outside.

For one of healthy physical constitution and inherent strength of character, the strenuousness and constant readiness for emergencies which entered into the atmosphere of a noble's household, would not be without an advantage; it would foster strength and initiative in the strong, though it might overpower the weak; and Clare was of the race of strong women—a daughter who would not shame her fighting progenitors.

But it were a vast mistake to regard those troublous days of the new-born Italian Communes merely as days of political turbulence and war. Men sang the new songs brought from the singing countries beyond the Alps, listened to the recently-imported tales of chivalry, argued earnestly about Church and State, were curious for the latest news from distant parts; already, too, they were taking pride in the new architecture which was to adorn their cities and be an evidence of an increasing wealth.‡

Italy was, in fact, enjoying the intoxicating sense of a new freedom mental, social and political; even in their religious views this new freedom was strongly felt, leading both to rebellion against the Church, and to a restless quickening of life within the Church. It was a time of surgent ideals, when the Christian world was renewing its youth, and in the Italian Communes the new order found, perhaps, its intensest expression. The very narrowness of the territorial confines of

* Conrad of Lutzen, appointed by the Emperor Duke of Spoleto and Count of Assisi, had been ignominiously expelled in 1199.

† Tradition says he was Lord of Sasso Rosso, a strong castle on the slope of Monte Subasio; and Sasso Rosso was one of the fortress-towers concerning which Perugia declared war on Assisi in 1202, Perugia acting as the friend of the fugitive Assisian nobles. But at this time Sasso Rosso was in the hands of the turbulent family of the Ghislieri. Yet it may be, as some assert, that the Ghislieri had driven the rightful lord out of the castle some years before the birth of Clare.—*Cf.* A. Cristofani, *Storia di Assisi*, p. 58-63. Tom. Locatelli.

‡ The Assisians had but lately built the cathedral which still stands to-day.

an Italian Commune tended to intensify its interests, while its close relationships with the rest of Europe, due at once to the Church and Empire, to the new commercial enterprise and the crusades, lifted those interests out of a mere provincialism into a world-wide preoccupation.

No one with a soul alive could have escaped the quickening influence of such an atmosphere. Certainly Clare did not. The large, eager spirit of the time finds its reflection in her life-story; so, too, does its daring idealism, and that spiritual freedom of mind and heart for which the time was hungry, but of which it was too frequently balked by its lack of spiritual discipline.

It is here that we find what is most interesting and instructive in the life of Clare, and what marks her off as a true exponent of the Franciscan spirit. The political and social unrest was but a symptom of a general straining of the human spirit after a health-giving freedom. The people of the earlier Middle Ages had been a people in pupillage, learning by formula and rote the elements of religion and civilization. The schoolmastering had achieved its purpose and made a Christian people out of the invading northern hordes; but the old formulas whereby society had been trained, had hardened and lost their suppleness; the time-spirit which gave them life had vanished, giving place to the new, and men were beating about for new formulas wherein to embody the new spirit and make it a real possession. Thus had been born the new minstrelsy and the new dialects and the new Italian Commune; so, too, in the religious world had sprung into life the new mysticism and the Franciscan Order. All these developments had elements in common, proclaiming a common kinship amidst their differences. In one way or another they manifest the larger and freer humanity which had been asserting itself with increasing insistency throughout the twelfth century.

The Franciscan Order in its jubilant devotion to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord, was directly related to the new piety, laden with a tender and joyous emotion, which was renovating the religious life of the cloister at this period; it had a less apparent, yet quite as real a kinship with the humanist fervor of the new minstrelsy. St. Francis' song of the creatures, known as the *Canticle of the Sun*, has its place

in the new minstrelsy, and not with the older muse of the cloisters which gave us St. Peter Damien's *Urbs Beata*. And though in his ardent worship of poverty and humility the Franciscan spirit threw itself into immediate contradiction with the ambition and pride of the new political Commune, yet its relationship with the Commune is apparent in its own legal organization, in which it holds to the democratic, and not to the feudal, ideal.

Not so immediately evident was its cousinship with the new dialectical schools; but that was, perhaps, due to special circumstances. Even more than the Commune, the new dialectics most largely strutted into the open world on the stilts of self-conceit and a destructive arrogance. If Franciscan humility must pit itself against the love of wealth and place which entered into the life of the Commune, it must be still more alert against the more subtle arrogance and lack of spiritual simplicity which was frequently found in the disciples of the new philosophy. Moreover, there was a yet more inherent opposition between the Franciscan spirit and the dialectical. The one lived essentially by the experience of the heart which the other was apt to ignore. Yet the same breath of freedom which had sent Francis on his quest of poverty, had driven the logical mind on its quest of reasoned knowledge; and it was not by purely arbitrary choice that the Franciscans afterwards entered the arena of the new scholastic theology.

One must remember these things in order to understand the character of St. Clare. She belonged to her time not merely by date of birth but by kinship of spirit. Its insistent need for soul-freedom was in her, the need for that realization of the individual self which was the general ideal and inspiration of the early thirteenth century. To set forth how Clare achieved this realization in her own case is the purpose of this paper. But we may at once remark that it was the eminent attainment of this sought-for freedom in the life of evangelical poverty which made St. Clare together with St. Francis, so true an embodiment of the pure Franciscan spirit and gave her a place amongst the supremely great women of Christendom.

From her earliest years Clare seems to have been possessed in a rare degree by the instinct for religion. The indications

given in her Legend, prove this conclusively. Unlike St. Francis she did not pass through a period when her heart was held by the illusion of finding her supreme desire in any secular achievement. This may have been due in part to the greater seclusion in which a girl was educated; in part, too, undoubtedly, it was owing to her mother's influence. For Ortolana, her mother, was a woman of unusual piety combined, it would seem, with an adventurous and fearless character, such as one finds in many of the feudal chatelaines of the period. She had gone on toilsome pilgrimages to the Holy Land and other distant parts, perhaps, in the wake of the crusading armies. When Clare was about to be born, the Lady Ortolana was praying in a church for a safe delivery, when she heard a voice saying in answer to her prayer: "Fear not, woman, for thou shalt in safety bring forth a light which shall clearly illumine the world." And because of that word, when the child was born she was named Clare, the "clear-shining." Such prenatal promises are not always realized; but Ortolana was a careful mother and wise; the Legend says she was worthy of her name, and educated her daughter in the knowledge and practises of the Faith.*

Clare began early to take thought for the poor; nor would she give to them merely from the common store. Her alms were consecrated by self-sacrifice; she sent secretly to orphaned children delicacies meant for herself. Also she early acquired a habit of prayer and would withdraw herself into secluded places to pray; and not having yet a chaplet of beads upon which to count her *Paters*—the chaplet may have been a gift in reserve for grown-up days—she collected little heaps of pebbles to serve the purpose. By observant relatives these acts of piety were probably not taken too seriously; they would be the tokens of that religious idealism which makes sweet the childhood of many Catholic children, but which in after-life is not found a barrier to secular developments. Ortolana, the mother, not unlikely had a keener insight; perhaps, too, she knew what others were ignorant of, how the thought of religion was gripping the heart's desire of her girl and holding it aloof from the curious imaginings about the world's

* Leg. St. Clare. The mediæval biographer could not resist the temptation to play upon the word Ortolana, which he takes in a Latin meaning, *hortulana*, a gardener. In like manner Alexander IV., in the bull of Clare's canonization, says: "The good Ortolana who in the garden of the Lord produced such a plant." (*Cf. Sbaralea, Bullar. Franc.*, II., p. 82.)

life through which a girl ordinarily passes into the world's actual life.

To Clare on the border-line of womanhood, religion was the serious preoccupation of mind and heart. Already she was disciplining herself into constant loyalty to the spiritual life she had come to gaze upon with true desire. Under her soft garments she wore a coarse hair-shirt, a constant ally against the world. When she came to a marriageable age, she was expected by her family to enter into an alliance which would help on the family fortunes. Clare warily pleaded delay. She had not yet found her vocation; but she had felt its intimations and meant to keep her freedom for the day when the call should come to her to which she knew she would give an unhesitating glad response. Meanwhile her sweet purity and devotion to the poor and the spiritual aloofness with which she passed through the world, made people look upon her with unwonted reverence; it was felt that Clare was a woman apart. Doubtless this did much to reconcile her family and convince them, when the day came, that she had defied the world's prudence and prejudice.

She grew up, therefore, in purity and in innocence of the world, but it was the positive innocence of pure, soul-forming affections; the innocence of a heart alive with quickened desire and alert to discern its own mystery. Clare had her dream of the future stimulating her to formative action and calling forth the instinctive loyalties of her nature and transmuting the ore of the earth into spiritual gold. She probably knew the romances of chivalry which were told by the minstrels who were visitors welcomed by the feudal household. The romantic temperament was her own, and the tales of high adventure and deathless loyalty would be sweet to her ears, but they would also be to her parables of the religious life in which her thoughts were set. Even if the romance literature was unknown to her, her heart would fashion its dreams upon the lines of the tales of chivalry, just because her temperament was as that of the authors of the tales, and actual life as she knew it was in the fashion of chivalry. Her own pure nobleness would supply the purifying idealism. But as we have said, it is probable that she knew by ear the romance tales.*

We know that in the case of St. Francis and his first friars

* The minstrels of Provence at this period were overrunning Italy, traveling from castle to castle and from city to city, always sure of an eager welcome. See Fauriel.

the new romance literature was a directly formative influence in their spiritual life. The seraphic founder was accustomed to clothe his ideas in the language of chivalry because his thoughts were fashioned in that mould. His friars were his Knights of the Round Table; poverty was the Lady Poverty, the mistress of his vision; his missionary journeys were adventures conceived and carried out in true chivalric style, by fearless trust in the strength of a just cause and blind devotion to his Liege-Lord, Christ. His poverty was the poverty of the knight-errant, going forth on the quest with no encumbrance save his arms, and relying on the good-will of others for food and lodging, ready, if need be, to suffer hunger and lodge on the open road, so that the quest was achieved. He wished his friars to be men of action and not mere reading men, because, as he said, "Charles the Emperor, Roland and Oliver, and all the paladins and puissant men, who were strong in battle, fought with the infidels with much sweat and labor, and so gained a memorable victory"; he scorned to receive honor merely because he had read their history; he would be up and doing after their example.*

The influence of the chivalric literature in the formation of the Franciscan life has hardly received the attention it deserves. One may say with truth that the Franciscans carried not only the spirit of chivalry, but its code of laws and mental environment into the realm of religion far more intimately than did the religious orders of chivalry, such as the Templars. The spirit of romantic chivalry was in the very soul of the Franciscan; and while in secular life it was apt to degenerate into license and a selfish disregard of the established conventions and moral laws, in the Franciscan life it attained under the guidance and sanction of religion to an exalted freedom of soul and a renewed sanctity of human emotion and affection. Moreover, it was the romantic conception of life which separated the Franciscan Order mentally and in its spirit and discipline from the older monastic orders which were formed upon a more static idea of human society.

Now it was just this same romantic temperament wedded to a heart wholly dominated by religious Faith, which gave to the innocence of Clare its peculiar quality. It might be said of her—speaking with entire reverence—that had she re-

* Cf. *Speculum Perfectionis*, ed. Sabatier, Cap. 4.

mained in the world she would have made a more perfect wife than a perfect mother. Her most urgent need was to worship, and with her it was a compelling emotion; in her worship she found her joy and life. But with this was combined a searching gaze for spiritual excellence and high achievement. She would never have held her lord back from the battle of life; her high spirit would have bidden him go forth and fulfill the whole promise of his manhood. And yet in his effort and achievement he would have been comforted by that noble love which is twin-sister to the purest worship, the love which is without thought of self, because self-consciousness is realized only in the vision of that which is worshipped.

All these emotions entered into Clare's interior life; but they were wings upon which her spirit soared beyond the heaven of ordinary mortal's desire. Not at any lesser altar but at the high-altar of God Himself, her worship must needs expend itself in virginal adoration. With that instinctive assurance her womanhood came to her. And yet it was an assurance which was a troublous mystery. For to be free in our worship of God, we must realize the Divine Being as the satisfaction of our own need; He must come to us in some sort as ourselves, but as the infinite sublimation of ourselves; only so can we lose ourselves in Him with the happy consciousness of finding ourselves. This, indeed, is the problem all religious souls have to solve before they gain their spiritual freedom.

It was this unsolved problem which kept Clare from an ultimate decision until she met St. Francis. Then the mystery was solved in the twofold conviction that in the evangelical poverty he set forth she would find her soul's freedom, and that he himself was its true teacher both in his words and deeds. From that moment Francis was "under God, the Master of all her seeing,"* and evangelical poverty, her world of delight. And in that world over which Francis stood sentinel, God revealed Himself to her in a quickened understanding of the Christ-life of the Gospel. Then all her being was caught up into a threefold loyalty—which was really one: loyalty to Francis, Poverty, and the Incarnate Word, Who came to the world in poverty. And in that threefold loyalty Clare attained to the perfect life.

* Cf. Fr. Paschal Robinson: *The Life of St. Clare*.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

II.



THE first paper attempted a summary of the spiritual forces which were, and had long been at work in the England of Sir Thomas More among the parochial, the monastic and the episcopal clergy; how far and under what influences these forces had suffered, how they had come into contact or opposition with the royal power and to what extent that power, both unconsciously and intentionally, had succeeded in weakening or oppressing them. We shall now pass on to examine the more particular and personal relations which existed between Sir Thomas More and his own times.

He was born in London in 1478. His first school was that of St. Anthony in Threadneedle Street, kept by Nicholas Holt who had already numbered among his pupils William Latimer and Colet, the future Dean. Affectionate parents were as anxious then as they are now to send their children away from home at an early age. When only eleven, More, "by his father's procurement was received into the house of the right reverend, wise and learned prelate, Cardinal Morton," at that time Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. His unusual talent combined with a very winning disposition soon made him a great favorite in that great household, for Roper tells us that though so young in years yet "would he at Christmastide suddenly step in among the players, and never studying the matter, make a part of his own there presently among them, which made the lookers on more sport than all the players beside. In whose wit and towardness the Cardinal much delighting, would often say of him unto the nobles that divers times dined with him, 'that child here waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous man.'"

The child seems to have returned the great Prelate's affec-

tion, and never to have lost it for he speaks in very sincere praise of Morton both in his *History of Richard III.* and in the *Utopia*. In the latter he describes him as "fine in speech, eloquent and pithy. In the law he had profound knowledge, in wit he was incomparable, and in memory excellent." Mr. Hutton, writing as an Anglican, remarks that it was probably from Morton that More learned his unalterable devotion to Papal Supremacy, who following the example of Chichele and Beaufort, "forgot the claim of the English primate to be *alterius orbis papa*."

By the Cardinal's persuasion he was sent to Oxford in 1492, but his stern parent kept him very short of money, there being scarcely enough to pay for the mending of his clothes. The collegiate discipline, too, was very severe with its early rising, meagre diet, long hours of study and no means of keeping warm in winter time. More afterwards confessed this hard faring to have been an excellent thing, for it kept him from extravagance or dissipation and increased rather than disencouraged his zeal for study. He was soon brought into touch with that brilliant group of men who were bent on spreading the new learning, among them Grocyn, Linacre who taught him Greek, and Colet, whose influence over him proved most lasting and profound. A great friendship sprung up between them which continued until Colet's death in 1519. Mr. Seebohm thus describes it.

More's ready wit added to great natural powers and versatility of mind, which enabled him to master with ease all branches of University teaching to which he applied himself, made such an impression upon Colet that he came to regard him as the one genius amongst his English friends. Moreover, along with these intellectual gifts was combined a gentle and loving disposition, which threw itself into the bosom of a friend with so guileless and pure an affection, that when men came under the power of its unconscious enchantment they literally fell in love with More. This Colet did in spite of thirteen years' disparity of age. He found in his young acquaintance the germs of a character somewhat akin to his own. Along with so much of life and generous loveliness, he found a natural independence of mind which formed convictions for itself, and a strength and promptness of will whereby action was made as a matter of course to follow conviction.*

* *The Oxford Reformers of 1498*. London: 1867: p. 38.

Some account of the nature of Colet's influence is necessary to a right understanding of More's own life.

Colet came of a large and wealthy family. His father had been twice Lord Mayor of London, and through his powerful interest his son was early in possession of several wealthy livings which he afterwards resigned. His own tastes were very simple, deeply religious and passionately devoted to study. At Oxford he soon took the enthusiasm prevalent for the new learning, and imitating Grocyn and Linacre he undertook a continental tour in order to improve his scholarship and get in active touch with the places and personalities of the renaissance. His foreign studies embraced all patristic literature and he appears to have preferred Dionysius, the so-called Areopagite, Origen, Saints Ambrose and Jerome to St. Augustine and the great scholastics, Aquinas and Duns Scotus. He also devoted himself to canon and civil law and may possibly have made his first acquaintance with Greek. In Italy he seems to have been most impressed by the writings of Savonarola, of Marsilio Ficino (whose translation of Plato did so much to revive the study of that author) and of Pico della Mirandola, by whom More himself was so much influenced. It is not known whether he came into personal touch with these three notable men, but the presumption that he did so is strong.

After Colet's return he was ordained priest and taking up his residence in Oxford, there delivered a remarkable course of lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans (c. 1497). These lectures were the subject of much notoriety on account of their novel method of exegesis. It was a new thing for a lecturer on Sacred Scripture to confine his attention to the literal meaning of the text as a whole with especial reference to the time and circumstances and personality of the inspired writer and to illustrate, for instance, an Epistle of St. Paul by quoting Suetonius as to the state of contemporary Roman society. These lectures were also remarkable for their simplicity and deep spiritual feeling, but they were always strictly correct in their teaching and in obvious contrast to the one-sided and unorthodox commentaries of continental enemies of the Church. The lectures on Romans were followed by a series on Corinthians, and these by other courses during the next five years. They were attended by many eminent mem-

bers of the clergy as well as by the younger members of the university who vied with each other in their genuine enthusiasm and in their eagerness to take notes of what most impressed them. One of Erasmus' letters to Colet throws interesting light on the aim and success of these lectures.

In our day, Theology, which ought to be at the head of all literature, is mainly studied by persons who from their dullness and lack of sense are scarcely fit for any literature at all. This I say, not of learned and honest professors of Theology, to whom I look up with the greatest respect, but of that sordid and supercilious crowd of divines, who think nothing of any learning but their own. In offering to do battle, my dear Colet, with this indomitable race of men for the restoration of genuine theology to its former brightness and dignity, you have undertaken a pious work as regards theology itself, and a most wholesome one in the interest of all studies, and especially of this flourishing University of Oxford. But, to say truth, it is a work involving much difficulty and much ill-will. The difficulty your learning and energy will surmount, the ill-will your magnanimity will overlook. Among the divines, themselves, there are not a few who are willing and able to help your noble endeavors. Every one, indeed, will give you his hand, since there are not any of the doctors in this famous School, who have not listened attentively to the lectures on the "Pauline Epistles" which you have delivered during these last three years. And in this I do not know which most deserves praise, the modesty of those who being themselves authorized teachers, do not shrink from appearing as hearers of one much their junior and not furnished with a doctor's degree, or the singular erudition, eloquence, and integrity of the man they have thought worthy of this honor.*

In 1504, Colet was made Dean of St. Paul's, and he there continued to a larger and more representative congregation the great work he had begun at Oxford. Of his intimacy with More just at this time we have evidence in one of More's own letters to him, written between 1504 and 1505. He regrets that Colet is not to return to London for some time.

What can be more distressing to me than to be deprived of your most dear society, after being guided by your wise coun-

* *The Epistles of Erasmus*. Trans. F. M. Nichols. London: 1901. Ep. 108, p. 220.

sels, cheered by your charming familiarity, assured by your earnest sermons, and helped forward by your example, so that I used to obey your very look and nod?

He proceeds to complain of certain preachers at St. Paul's whose lives seem ill-matched with their pulpit eloquence.

But if, [he continues], as naturalists affirm, the physician in whom the patient has perfect confidence is the one likely to cure, there is no doubt that there is no one more fit than yourself to undertake the cure of this whole city. How ready all are to put themselves in your hands—to trust and obey you—you have already found by experience, and at the present time their longing and eager desire proves.

Come, then, my dear Colet, even for the sake of your Stepney (Colet's vicarage) . . . Lastly, though this is but a feeble motive, let your regard for me move you, since I have given myself entirely to you, and am awaiting your return full of solicitude. Meanwhile, I shall pass my time with Grocyn, Linacre and our friend Lilly: the first of whom is, as you know, the only director of my life in your absence; the second the master of my studies; the third my most dear companion.*

Colet, like More and Erasmus has been claimed as a herald of the Reformation, but that this claim is untrue the fairness of non-Catholic historians has substantially admitted. Mr. Sidney Lee points out that "his practical efforts of church reform were confined to the reissue of old rules of discipline to prevent the clergy from neglecting their duties." To sum up, Colet's scholarship, after all, was not great but he was among the greatest of his time in moral and personal force. He inspired and encouraged Erasmus, he was at once More's hero and director; as Dean of St. Paul's he was a severe critic of ecclesiastical shortcomings and he fearlessly and openly reproved the king for his warlike propensities. As for the Reformation, "he did not foresee it" and had he done so "it would have altogether exceeded his sense of the situation's needs; had he lived he would almost certainly have been found at the side of More and Fisher."†

* Father Bridgett's trans. from the Latin.

† Sidney Lee, *Dict. Nat. Biog.* vol. xi, p. 327.

More's career at Oxford did not last to the end of his second year. His father thought classical learning of little use for a legal training, and in 1494 had his son entered at New Inn, and two years later at Lincoln's Inn. In 1498 he first made the acquaintance of Erasmus but until after his call to the Bar in 1500, the exacting nature of his work, the smallness of his allowance, and the severity of parental discipline made anything like relaxation impossible. The fact that later on he was made Reader at Furnival's Inn, "so remaining by the space of three years and more," shows that his legal studies were carried to an unusually high standard, but there is no doubt that as soon as he had been "made and was accounted a worthy utter barrister" his mind and heart turned with happy spontaneity to religious interests and studies. "After this," writes Roper, "he read for a good space a public lecture of St. Augustine *de Civitate Dei* in the Church of St. Laurence in the old Jewry, whereunto there resorted Doctor Grocyn, an excellent, cunning man, and all the chief learned of the city of London."

These lectures have not come down to us; but we know that they dealt rather with the historical and philosophical than with the theological, matter of St. Augustine's treatise. The preparation of them must have suggested to More's mind the great contrast between the old mediæval theory of Christian government, of which *de Civitate Dei* is the classic exposition, and the new transitional theories of government by expediency which Machiavelli was to sum up a little later in *Il Principe*.

According to St. Augustine there is a divine purpose working through all the history of our race, a purpose which is revealed in the Incarnation and which is applied in the foundation, the growth and the extension of the Church, "that most glorious society and celestial city of God's faithful, which is partly seated in the course of these declining times; and partly in the solid estate of eternity." The Incarnation is the pattern of all God's dealing with men, for just as He was made Man, in order that He might draw all men to Himself, so, also, by the power of the Holy Spirit, has the Church taken temporal shape and organization that she might reveal to the kingdoms of this world the eternal principles of justice and charity, and exercise the spiritual means by which these

principles are to be planted and sustained in the minds and hearts of men. The Church is not merely an imperceptible influence leavening, as it were by magic, the temporal powers of this present world, *it is an actual polity*, comparable to that of the Roman Empire, and visible to the human eye; instituted in time, localized in place, having a recognized constitution, "closely inter-connected with earthly rule, with a definite guidance to give, and a definite part to take, in all the affairs of actual life," with its own officers and agents, its own law, ritual and property. Man, according to his nature, had founded institutions, societies, cities, states, kingdoms and empires for his own civil welfare, and God had placed in the midst of all these a great universal organization, a Church which, by speaking the eternal Truth and practising the eternal life, should give to man the best rule, even for the things of time. Just as our Lord came to His own and was not received because faith was lacking, so, too, might men still see that the Church was in the world and yet fail to see that she was not of it.

Such studies as these must necessarily have deepened More's spiritual understanding of life. He was destined to stand at one of the great parting ways of history when the temporal foundations of the earth are shaken and rooted up and taken away. At such times neither those who pull down nor those who build up are in a position to know what they really do, but the man of priceless worth is he who can look both forward and back, who can distinguish and appraise the changeless and changeable elements which go to the sum of human life, and who, while bravely dismissing what has lost its use, stands out immovably for the institutions and ideals which no society can afford to lose. He values these things not because they are old but because they are spiritual and of perpetual necessity to human nature in its unending struggle against actual and original weakness. He knows that in moments of material pride and moral despair, man is only too likely to throw over ideals which tire his perseverance. More was a man of this type. Mark Pattison sneers at his spiritual preoccupations and his tepid adherence to the cause of progress, but More took his stand upon spiritual heights unknown to his critic, and from this high position learnt more wisely of the past and judged better of what was to come. The

Renaissance and the Reformation mark a great reaction against organized association in every form, a great outburst of unfettered individualism for which we are still paying temporal penalty. More set his face against such a form of progress and he gave his life for the Church because he thought that she was the only power capable of restraining it.

More at this time was himself going through a difficult and trying experience, the question of his "vocation" was yet to be decided. This very crucial incident of his life has been so utterly misunderstood and misrepresented by Protestant writers, that Father Bridgett was obliged to devote a great deal of space to an explanation which would be obvious to any Catholic. Was it or was it not God's will that he should leave the world and attempt that high state of religious perfection to which our Lord referred in the words: *Qui potest capere capiat*—He that can take it, let him take it? The presumption of some writers that his final decision not to enter religion was due to his disgust with monastic abuses is easily disproved. In the first place a call to "religion" is not a call to monasticism, in general, but a strong yearning towards some particular monastic house. Now the London Charterhouse was evidently one of those upon which his desire was set, for as Roper tells us, he lived there (that is to say, attended their religious exercises) for about four years without vow, previous to making his final decision, "and gave himself to devotion and prayer." His vocation, had he had one, would surely have been to this house or to one equally observant. This house which* later was to give so many martyrs to the Faith, was a pattern of religious observance.

According to Maurice Chauncey, one of the few religious of the convent who purchased their lives by compliance with the king's (Henry VIII.) wishes, all were leading the most holy lives. In the language of his penitence, he alone "the spotted and diseased sheep of the flock, deserved to be cast out of the fold," and to lose the crown of martyrdom. Twenty of the community were not yet thirty-eight years of age, and they vied with one another in the fervor of their observance. Even the lay brethren were remarkable for their perfect lives, and were true *conversi* from the world and its ways. Two of

* As an alternative to the London Charterhouse More seemed also inclined to the Franciscans at Greenwich, who held an equally high reputation for holiness.

their number, Brothers John and Roger, had often been seen by Chauncey raised in ecstasy from the ground while praying.*

Colet certainly did use his influence to dissuade More from entering religion, but not on account of prevalent monastic relaxation, but because, as More's spiritual director, he judged his penitent to be unfitted for it. Colet himself when harassed by the garrulous interference of the aged Bishop of London, speaks of the Charterhouse as being his "retreat and hiding place." Men are not wont to go for spiritual help and consolation to the religious houses they hold in light esteem.

More, then, having, as Erasmus tells us, done all in his power to ascertain God's will in the matter of his "vocation" and having with all humility received his confessor's advice as final, at once turned all the powers of his splendidly disciplined nature to the worldly duties which lay so obviously in front of him. Though not called to the cloister, he was called to a life of holiness in the world; his was to be not merely a highly trained, but also a nobly devoted life.

The question has often been asked as to how the life of a saint differs from that of other great men who have influenced the world in which they lived. In one sense, a saint is so natural a man that in him the highest human and social virtues have their actual fulfillment. It matters not whether we are looking for the ideal youth, man, husband, father, citizen or patriot, we shall find him realized in the saint. But, in another sense, the saint is very different from the naturally great man. He regards himself and the world in which he lives, from an entirely different point of view: his hopes are higher and his fears are deeper; his hopes are higher because of his absolute trust in God, and his fears are deeper because of his absolute distrust of self. He does not despise life nor does he cease to live it humanly, but he lives it with a different *end* in view and in the strength of a different and super-human power. The end is God and the power is God's supernatural grace. The man without supernatural faith has one tingling centre of personal reality, and that is *himself*; he may speak of God and think of God and dream of God, but for all that, he is more real and personal to himself than God

* Gasquet, *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, p. 60.

is to him. With the saint, and indeed in a less measure with all who persevere in the habit of supernatural grace, exactly the opposite is the case. He has two centres of personal reality—himself and God—and of these two God is to him the more real. God is more intimately and personally present to the saint than he is personally real and present to himself he has become, as the apostle said, a new creature.

But the saint, this "new creature," however excellent in his sanctity, belongs to another world, and it has been urged that this other-worldliness of his makes him necessarily anti-social or, at least, indifferent to this world's betterment. If other-worldliness means selfishness the contention is true enough, but if it means unselfishness I fail to see its force. In my last paper, I dwelt on the social and economic value of monasticism; there we had a very striking and concrete instance of the worldly value of true unworldliness: monasticism at its very best did more than any other contemporary institution to intellectualize, to civilize and to socialize Western Europe; the driving power of monasticism was its power of distributing to its immediate environment the spiritual and material benefits it had been able to accumulate; in a very true sense the spirit of our Lord filled the whole earth, giving gifts to the poor so that they were filled to satisfaction. The monasteries of the Middle Ages were the clearing-houses of the Western World, and what went out of them was well distributed. But my real point is not the quality or the quantity of the goods distributed, but *the power of unselfish distribution which belongs to all highly spiritual communities or individuals*. We sadly need it just now. Socialism sees the need of it, but it lacks the spiritual vision to perceive from whence it comes or how it can be maintained.

There may be plenty of water and the house may be full of water-pipes, but without a steady and continual fire there will be no circulation of warmth. Unworldliness is one of the secrets of saintliness which the world, if only for its own sake, would do well to learn and put into practice.

KATIE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



THE lady from the Department of Agriculture, who lectured in the villages on Domestic Economy and the keeping of fowls, bees and such things, drove on an outside car along the flank of Sleive Beg. Below thundered the ocean, making a hollow, resounding roar as it broke against the great wall of perpendicular cliff.

It was autumn weather, and a day of gray colorlessness. Autumn hung no banners out in those parts, because there were no trees, but only the bogs and the mountains. Cultivation went some way up the side of the mountain, sparse cultivation in little nooks sheltered by the rocks. In tiny artificial fields formed by painful carrying of clay from the lower levels. High up, like a seafowl's nest in the cranny of the rock, there was a little dwelling, a few scraws on a heap of stones; it seemed at this distance as though the wind might blow it away.

"Yon'll be the Widow Dougherty's!" said the taciturn driver, indicating the remote little dwelling by a motion of his whip.

"My goodness me! how am I ever to get up there?" asked the lady, whose proper name was Miss Elsa Fanning.

"Deed then an' I'm thinkin' you'll have to climb it. There's a bit of a path that winds round and round an' you can't miss it. It'll just lave you at the dacent woman's door."

They had turned a corner now and the cabin was no longer visible. Miss Fanning's side of the car faced the steep wall of rock. She was glad not to be on the seaward side, although the sunset was magnificent beyond Tory Island and the ocean rolled, a great heaving mass of gold with no land beyond Tory nearer than America. She was not yet inured to the giddiness of looking down the sheer cliff from the unprotected road, where the feet of the passenger swung above space and there were about six inches of sandy road between him and eternity.

It was magnificent, but at the moment she would have given the superb view of sea and sky, which would have been hers for looking over her shoulder, for a lit Dublin street, the gay shop-fronts and the cheerful, friendly faces. She had had some weeks of these lonely wastes of land and sea, and she was beginning to desire the society of her fellow-creatures. The car-drivers were taciturn; apparently they had their melancholy faces set against any exploitation on the part of visitors. The accommodation at the hotels, so-called, was not good. The friendly and kindly priests had alone redeemed the situation, their rosy and cheerful faces making so many bright milestones along the bleak roads over which she had passed.

The car stopped abruptly at the foot of a narrow path, so precipitous that Miss Fanning looked at it in some dismay.

"Don't be afraid of it, Miss," said the car-driver, coming out of his taciturnity. "You're as safe as in your own bed unless you was to meet the Widow Dougherty's ould puckawn goat comin' down it and that he was to scatter you. Anyhow meself an' the mare 'll be here so that if ye kep' to the path ye needn't fall in the say. 'Tis worse comin' down nor goin' up, but maybe you're sure-footed."

"Maybe I'm not," Miss Fanning replied, taking a few tentative steps and hoping devoutly that the Widow Dougherty's goat would not take it into his head to come down the path just as she was ascending it.

She climbed up without mishap, although she had now and again an inclination to go on all fours and cling to the face of the cliff path. Presently, the track turned and grew wider. There were a few boulders on one side of it which made for security. Wishing that the return journey were safely accomplished, Miss Fanning found herself in front of the little cabin.

A woman stood in the doorway, her hand shading her eyes. She was too tall for the low door and her shoulders had taken an habitual stoop. The flooding sun, dropping lower and lower towards the west, revealed fine, aquiline features and a darkness of skin which suggested a far-back Spanish origin. Her lips had a patient droop. That was something Miss Fanning had grown accustomed to in women's faces in these lonely regions, where it was so hard to wring a bare livelihood from the rocks and the sea.

"You'll be—?" she said.

Miss Fanning had a curious idea that the dullness of the face was newly fallen upon it. The voice was lifeless, trailing off into a profound melancholy.

"I've come from the Department to talk to you about poultry. I'm told you are a proper person to receive some of the improved breeds."

Without speaking the woman stood aside and indicated to her that she should enter the cabin. She did so, stooping her head, although she was not very tall, below the lintel as she entered. Within, despite the glorious sunset, the place was dark, darker, perhaps, because of the flood of splendor outside.

The Widow Dougherty closed the door and went over to the hearth. She stooped and did something to the turf-embers. A trail of sparks shot over the darkness. Miss Fanning, standing in the middle of the room, if it could be called a room, the wing in her toque touching the thatch, felt somewhat affronted at the woman's attitude. It was as though she took no interest in the things Miss Fanning had to tell her, nor in the new breed of fowl which was to replace the old, unthrifty breed.

The woman mechanically pushed towards her a chair. Before she sat down Miss Fanning opened the door and let in a flood of gold, which but intensified the darkness of the spaces it did not reach. She was now ready to discuss the practical matters on which she had come to speak.

The Department was very anxious to foster and improve the cottage industries. It might even build a shed for a goat if Mrs. Dougherty seemed a fit and proper person to receive its bounties; a hen-house, too, was not beyond its possibilities. And bees! Did Mrs. Dougherty think she'd like to keep bees? The cottage with a gable facing south, and sheltered by the mountain, provided a most suitable place for bees by the white wall under the overhanging eaves of thatch. The Department was most anxious to foster industries that would keep the people alive on their little holdings, and prevent their going to America. It had become a serious matter about the depopulation of these glens and mountains. The Department wanted to employ the young people, so to keep the life in Ireland from dying out.

At this point, a windy sigh broke from the Widow Dough-

erty's lips, which, by its depth and intensity of mournfulness, fairly startled Miss Fanning for the moment. It was as though the banshee had cried. She paused for a second, but the long back of the Widow Dougherty—there was melancholy even in that back—glimmered in the darkness where she leant by the wall above the turf embers, motionless. The sigh was the woman's only comment.

After that momentary pause Miss Fanning went on. She had got her subject pretty well by heart and she was an enthusiast, although her enthusiasm had been somewhat damped by her experiences of the last month, and the fatigue of the long journeys on outside cars, with very indifferent hotels to house one at the close of the day.

She returned to the question of the poultry. Father Phil Kelly of Annalough had recommended Mrs. Dougherty as a person likely to profit by the Department's bounties. The Department would be willing, on Miss Fanning's report, to supply Mrs. Dougherty with a White Wyandotte Cockerel and some hens. The old, unthrifty broods must be got rid of.

All of a sudden she was aware that Mrs. Dougherty was not listening. Was the woman densely stupid or was she ill? There had been nothing in the face to suggest stupidity, yet those soft, mournful eyes, those dignified and tragic features; she had known them to be misleading before; she had found the possessors of such beauties to be as their own cattle in point of intelligence. Miss Fanning's observations had led her to believe that the *retroussé* features went more often with quickness of perception.

Then, something of a deadly fatigue in the long back and the leaning figure—he was by this time inured to the gloom of the cabin beyond the sunlight—struck her sharply. Her irritation changed to concern. This was surely a sick woman before her.

She was about to speak when the Widow Dougherty drew herself up wearily and came forward.

"You'd be likin' a cup o' tay, may be?" she said, in accents softly persuasive.

A cup of tea! Suddenly, it was borne in on Miss Fanning that a cup of tea was precisely the thing she needed. She had been existing since breakfast-time on an arid paper of sandwiches, and she had driven some forty or more miles.

"Sure I'll make you a cup in a minit. The little black kettle's just bilin'. Would ye like an egg, too, Miss? Polly's a terrible good little hin, though she's only common. She lays a nice little brown egg."

Miss Fanning hesitated to accept the hospitality where, plainly, there was so little to give. But she knew the people and how it pleased them to give hospitality, as though any stranger in need might be heavenly-folk in disguise, and she was hungry as well as thirsty and aching for a cup of tea.

Mrs. Dougherty moved about with a sort of lifeless bustle, set a clean, coarse cloth on the table, a flowery cup and saucer; brought a little basin of brown sugar and a jug of milk; flanked them by a griddle cake; "wet" the tea in a little, brown tea-pot and put on the egg to boil.

As she sat watching these preparations for her entertainment, Miss Fanning reproached herself. She noticed the lagging step, the weary movements. Of course the woman was ill, not stupid, not careless, only ill. There was a deal of illness in these glens, among these steep precipitous places, bred as often as not by the loneliness and the brooding quiet. And to be sure the young were gone or going. If the drain could not be arrested there would presently be none left but the old and the diseased and children born of the diseased and the incapable. Her knowledge of what the emigration was doing had made Elsa Fanning's labors as an instructress for the Department something of a Holy War. There was a deal of fiery energy and enthusiasm in the pale-faced, little woman, no longer in her first youth.

She accepted the cup of tea gratefully. How good it was! Despite the brown sugar, and the thick cup and saucer, it was delicious. The egg, too, was very good. Miss Fanning conceded to herself that the White Wyandottes could hardly have done better.

"You wor thinkin' I was stupid," said the Widow Dougherty, watching her guest eat with a melancholy air of satisfaction.

"I thought you were ill," Miss Fanning returned, feeling rather shocked at herself. There was no stupidity in that face. An efficient woman, too, after her way. Now that she could see she was aware of the dresser filled with gaily-colored crockery, of the pictures of saints and patriots on the wall,

of the bed in the corner covered with its clean patchwork quilt. Despite the smoke and the turf-ash the place was clean. With the reek of the smoke in her nostrils Miss Fanning acknowledged to herself that so much cleanliness was only arrived at by incessant toil.

"I'll tell ye now, Miss. Are ye marr'ed?"

Miss Fanning blushed. She was very well content with her spinster state. Nevertheless, she blushed at the abrupt question.

"No, I'm not married," she said.

"The Lord is good to some," the Widow Dougherty commented, with a bitter gentleness. "Ye'll never have to see the husband and the three sons of ye carr'ed out by a big wave that swallyed them up from ye, not even a grave left to ye, but only the big, bittther, cruel say where they're tossin' about till the day o' judgmint. An' then the wan, little girl that was the light o' yer eyes to go out of it to America! Sure if I had Katie back I could be joyful, even wid them drowned on me. I know I was happy enough before she wint."

"She should not have gone," said Miss Fanning in a sharp voice. "It is a shame for them to go, so it is."

"Whisht, ma'am," returned the widow, with an air of dignity that somehow quenched the seething indignation in the other woman's heart. "She didn't go light-hearted—not Katie. There's some that goes light-hearted. It wouldn't be Katie's way at all. It wasn't for diversion she wint, but because we couldn't keep body an' sowl in us in the winter, an' the eyes of her wor givin' out over the lace-makin'. Beautiful eyes they are, Miss. Ye'd never think to be lookin' at Katie's blue eyes that there was so little houldin' out in them, for the mists began to gather an' sometimes a big blob o' water 'ud fall on the work, drivin' poor Katie to distraction; an' Dr. O'Donoghue below, he met her on the road one day an' he tuk a look at her eyes an' says he: 'My girl, ye'll be blind before ye're thirty if ye don't give up the lace.' So she wint, God help her, an' she the sorrowfullest thing alive. 'Listen now, mother,' she says, whin we was waitin' for the long car to Derry. 'Listen now. Any day at all after two years is out ye'll look from the door, ma'am, an' ye'll see a car comin' round the road below an' a trunk on it. Aye, indeed,' she

says, the crathur, 'an' the money in the trunk to buy you an' me the little farm out o' sight o' the lonesome say.' There is a little place beyond Fanad, ma'am, where I was born, an' it 'ud be paradise if me an' Katie was to be in it together. Maybe I'd forget thin the say an' Pat an' the little boys tossin' about in it till the day of judgment. Well she knew it, did Katie, that maybe I could be thinkin' o' thim in heaven if I wasn't always lookin' at the say."

Something came in the widow's throat, and she went back to the fireplace and leant her handsome head by the wall with the air of tragic resignation which she had worn while Miss Fanning talked of the White Wyandottes.

"She'll come back," Miss Fanning said in a low voice. Inwardly she raged out of sheer stress of feeling. Doubtless the creature was forgetting her mother far away in New York. She was tired of hearing it said that they went because the life was dull. Shameful! If it was dull could they not make it otherwise themselves and not be flying away over the sea, leaving the country full of empty nests, of the desolation of love.

"She was gone two years in May," went on the widow in a voice resigned and passionless: "an' I haven't hed a sound from her these three months back."

"Oh, the wretch! the wretch!" Miss Fanning fumed in her heart. Outwardly she tried to show no sign, remarking in a voice she made as smooth as possible that doubtless Katie found it difficult to write.

"I do be trampin' down to Fanad times an' agin to look for a letther, an' Miss Bennett at the post-office she dees be sayin': 'Nothing for you, Mrs. Dougherty, but sure there'll be another mail in no time at all!'"

"Ye thought me stupid or sick," the widow went on after the pause. "I was. I do be goin' to the door an' lookin' out, an' if I see a car below on the road me heart gives a lep in me, an' I say to meself: 'Tis Katie.' An' then agin I say: 'Whisht, an' don't have the great foolishness in ye. It couldn't be Katie yet.' I was sayin' it before she was gone a month. There used to be ould Pinch, the dog, to push himself out beside me an' look too, but he gev up the first winter an' died. There's hardly a day in it that wan car at laste wad go the road."

She turned her mournful glance on Miss Fanning.

"There was a trunk on your car," she said. "An' I could see 'twas a girl sittin' on the side o' the car. But I said to myself: 'It can't be Katie *yet*' / An' I wint in an' shut the door. I couldn't hear much for the heart lappin' in me head; but I heard the little gate shut an' your foot come to the door. Yet I kep' sayin' to myself 'It couldn't be Katie *yet*. She'd never come as soon as all that.' Then you come in."

"Oh, you poor soul!" said Miss Fanning, and her eyes were filled with tears. "No wonder you were sick and stupid."

"I don't seem to get accustomed to it," said the widow.

"She's *quite* sure to come one of these days."

The assurance of Miss Fanning's words were belied by an angry doubt at her heart. Why would they go away so cruelly! How could they forget the broken hearts left behind them? To be sure they sent money. She was not in and out the cottages without knowing they sent money. And sometimes they came back, after many years, parched and yellowed, with dollars at their back, but their youth gone, and those gone who had hungered for their faces and their footsteps and their voices.

"Katie wouldn't be forgettin'," said the mother; and started at the sound of a foot outside, with a hungry hope in her gaze that was dead before it was born.

It was only Miss Fanning's carman who had climbed the steep path to procure a light for his pipe. He raked in the turf embers with a bit of stick till he had got it alight, applied it to his pipe and went off again with no more words than the "God save all here!" with which he had entered the cabin.

Miss Fanning followed him shortly. Despite her being accustomed to a certain routine, she simply could not bring herself to talk of fowls and bees and goats at this moment. The widow had promised to attend some of the poultry lectures in Fanad, if she could get a lift on a cart for part of the way.

Miss Fanning found her thoughts much possessed by the Widow Dougherty and her daughter during those days at Fanad during which she had the coffee-room of McElhatton's Hotel to herself when she chose to occupy it. Few people came to Fanad except it might be an occasional commercial traveler, a National School Inspector, an official from the Department,

and very, very rarely a tourist. She was accustomed to staying in these out-of-the-way places where her only visitor, perhaps, would be the priest.

The week came on very wet. Day after day it rained hopelessly. It was such weather as washed away the mountain roads and made communication with the mountains difficult, if not impossible. Miss Fanning's lectures had been sparsely attended. The Widow Dougherty had not been of her audience. In this weather she had not expected it.

The sun was shining on the side of Slieve Beg—his first appearance for a week—the day she left the district. She had to drive twenty miles to the light railway by which she would reach the nearest town. As she passed below the slope of the mountain she looked up. She saw, or thought she saw, the Widow Dougherty in the doorway of her cabin, shading her eyes from the sun and peering down into the many-colored mists that were swirling about the valley and the road. It hurt her heart to think of the woman saying: "It'll be Katie!" and then: "It couldn't be Katie *yet*. Sure, 'tis too soon."

She had Katie's latest address in her pocket. She was going to write to a friend of hers in New York to look for Katie, if she was not dead or gone under. But such thoughts were intolerable. Surely in the mercy of God the joy would come back to the lonely cabin up there overlooking the golden and cruel sea.

Five miles from her starting-point she came upon a wrecked car by the side of the road. The horse had been taken out of the shafts and was standing, placidly feeding, while his late driver seated on a boulder offered what was doubtless philosophic comfort to the girl who confronted him, with impatience in the whole aspect of her little body, as she stood by a trunk, stamping her foot.

"It *couldn't*, it *couldn't* be Katie," Miss Fanning said, unconsciously echoing the Widow Dougherty, as she assured herself that her wild surmise could not possibly be true, that things did not happen like that outside of story books; that Katie, not having written for three months, was probably dead or gone under.

Her own car had to slacken its pace; because the other

car lying on its side against the ditch gave them barely room to pass.

"I tell you I must get on," said the girl, with tears in her voice. "What's the good o' tellin' me that the mother's not goin' to run away. How do I know whin anybody'll come by to take up the trunk. I'll just step out an' be walkin' it."

She turned about and Miss Fanning saw her face, an oval face of regular features, beautiful despite a certain yellowness as from a torrid climate which had overspread its delicate tints. The eyes were the deepest blue; and the copper-colored hair in a great twist at the back of the small head shone in burnished splendor.

Could it be Katie?

The driver of her own car answered the wild surmise.

"You're welcome home, Katie Dougherty," he said. "Sure, 'tis yourself is a girl of your word. There'll be terrible great joy above on the hill to-night."

"My mother's well, Phelim?"

"Glory be to God, she only wants yourself to be the well-est woman betune the four seas."

Waves of joy were breaking over Katie's face, shadowed by a little doubt and perplexity.

"Isn't it annoyin', Phelim, that I can't get on?" she said, softly complaining. "The linch-pin's out of the ould car, an' goodness knows how long we'll be sittin' here by the roadside before anythin' comes to take me along. You'll maybe be comin' back this way?"

She turned her charming, exhausted face on Miss Fanning.

"If the lady had only been goin' the other way by the greatest o' good luck," she said softly. "I'd ha' been askin' her on my bended knees for a lift, so I would. I promised mother I'd come wid a trunk; an' I can't lave all I've got in the world lyin' out here be the side of the bog, for all that the people is honest."

Miss Fanning decided rapidly. She simply *must* see that meeting. And McElhatton's at Fanad would be no great hardship for another night.

"I think I'll drive you back, Katie," she said. "I know your mother. She's heart-broken because you didn't write."

"Sure I was sick in hospital. I wore meself out tryin' to make a bit for her; an' I'd never ha' done it if an ould gen-

tleman I worked for hadn't left me a fortune. The girls is terrible impident in America. I hadn't time to get impident like the rest, an' the ould gentleman thought too well of me for it. I've the price of a little farm in me trunk."

Katie was chattering as though she had known Miss Fanning all her days. The trunk was lifted up on the well of the car, and the two passengers took their seats.

Miss Fanning waited long enough to see the aching expectation of disappointment in the widow's face change to an incredulous rapture. She heard the thanksgiving cry raised to heaven. She saw Katie in her mother's arms.

"Sure I was a great, sinful fool to be lavin' me mother at all," said Katie. "'Tis the last time we'll part."

Miss Fanning turned about and retraced her way to the car, where the horse was picking a bit of grass on the edge of the precipice. On the way down she had to step behind the boulder out of the way of Phelim Goligher coming up with Katie's trunk on his shoulder.

MY LAND.

BY ALICE M. CASHEL.

Oh land, oh land of sunshine and shade,
Where the lark trills its joy from your hills,
Where the sun laughs down on the fields and the glades,
Where the rains make a thousand glad rills.

Oh land, oh land of shadow and rain,
Where the cold mists blow in from the sea,
Where the storm and the thunder clash loud in the plains,
Where the world hides shrinking from me.

Oh land, oh land of mountain and glen,
Where the wild fowl stealthily hide,
Let me rest far off, from the world of men
It's here that my heart would abide.

THE CATHOLICITY OF THE CHURCH.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.



IN the second chapter of his epistle to the Ephesians, St. Paul enlarges upon the call of the Gentiles into the Church of Christ, and speaks of the "enmities of the flesh," by which he means the national and racial antipathies which dominated the ancient world and separated Jews and Gentiles; and he shows that to break down this domination Christ purchased by His Blood a Church capable of uniting all races and nations "in one Body," so that they who before were hated foreigners might become "in Himself" fellow-citizens with the saints in a kingdom which transcends all such human divisions.

In this, then, lies the special characteristic of the Catholic Church, that she triumphs over the "enmities of the flesh" and unites nations and races most various in one world-wide, visible communion; while, on the other hand, all other communions, yielding to the "enmities of the flesh," to the jealousies and antipathies of the world, whether national, racial, or social, form organizations imposed by human divisions.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord . . . because Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God in Thy Blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us to our God a Kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." And hence St. Paul when addressing the clergy of Ephesus bids them remember that they have been ordained "to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own Blood"; while in addressing St. Timothy, their bishop, he speaks of the things which are pleasing to "God our Savior, Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth," since truth is of God and therefore is everywhere and always and for all men one and the same. He was mindful of the commission of our Lord to His apostles: "teach ye all nations . . . to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded

you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world"—words which explain the Catholicity of the Church as having reference to her extension to all nations, her teaching of all the truth, and her duration throughout all time, in accordance with what He had before declared: "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony to all nations, and then shall the consummation come;" a *visible* kingdom, therefore, and *indivisible*, because for a testimony, or *witness*, to all nations until the world's end.

Thus, the Gospel of Christ is no mere philosophy, quality of mind and thought, sentiment or subjective opinion; it is a substantive message from above, one and the same for all men, guarded and preserved for all time in a world-wide visible polity or kingdom; a kingdom not of this world, though in this world; a kingdom independent of the kingdoms of the world in the domain of religion; a kingdom superior to the kingdoms of the world, not only as being divine, but as transcending, also, all national frontiers and all the vicissitudes of time; a kingdom which, in the event, has seen the rise of every kingdom that has been since the Christian era began, and is destined to outlast all that now are—all that ever shall be—"not with an army, not by might, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

The term "Catholic" was applied to the Church by the early Christians to distinguish her from the sects that lay each in its own place over against her. As "heresy," explains St. Clement of Alexandria, denotes separation, so the words "Catholic Church" imply unity subsisting among many members; and St. Pacian explains the title as meaning that the Church is everywhere one, while the sects are nowhere one, but everywhere divided. St. Ambrose, with reference to the Church as the visible Kingdom of Christ, advised St. Augustine—in view of the latter's conversion—to study the book of Isaiah, who is the prophet, as of the Messiah, so also of the calling of the Gentiles and of the *Imperial* power of the Church. St. Augustine, in turn, in his controversy with the Donatists, appealed to the traditional name "Catholic Church," which is given, and rightly, to that one body only, which, unlike the Donatist schism, is diffused throughout the world; and again: "In the Catholic Church . . . I am held by

the consent of peoples and nations . . . by the very title of Catholic, which, not without cause, hath this Church alone, amid so many heresies, obtained;" and elsewhere, comparing the sects with the Church he says: "For they are not found in many nations where she is; but she, who is everywhere, is found where they are."*

Sects and schisms abounded in those early times even as they do now. "How," asks Newman with reference to those former times, "was an individual inquirer to find the Truth amid so many teachers?" and he supplies the answer—an answer as applicable to present-day conditions as to those of that past age:

The rule was simple. . . . The Church is everywhere, but it is one; sects are everywhere, but they are many, independent, and discordant. Catholicity is the attribute of the Church, independency of sectaries. . . . The Church is a kingdom; a heresy is a family rather than a kingdom; and as a family continually divides and sends out branches, founding new houses, and propagating itself in colonies, each of them as independent as its original head, so was it with heresy.

The Fathers of those early centuries did not consider that the Church's note of unity in universality lay simply in the fact that she was everywhere governed by bishops, priests, and deacons; and that, provided these apostolic orders, together with the creeds and sacraments, were retained, she might be parcelled out in pieces among the nations in accordance with the requirements of nationalism. She was governed, indeed, by bishops, and those bishops came from the Apostles, but she was a kingdom besides; "and as a kingdom admits of the possibility of rebels, so does such a Church involve sectaries and schismatics, but not independent portions." The Fathers regarded the Church as being an organized body covering the *orbis terrarum*, with everywhere one and the same jurisdiction and government—as a kingdom "at unity with itself;" and, so far from recognizing any ecclesiastical relation as existing between the sectarian bishops and priests and their people, they "address the latter immediately, as if those bishops did not exist, and call on them to come over to the Church individually without respect to any one besides; and

* De Unit, Eccles. 6.

that because it is a matter of life and death." It was nothing to the purpose that the Donatists, for instance, had four hundred episcopal sees; "the very fact that they were separated from the *orbis terrarum* was a public, a manifest, a simple, a sufficient argument against them."*

A political body requires government, and the larger it is the more concentrated is its government. Hence the Catholic Church has a centre of unity; and it is undeniable that her unity has from the first been centred in the Roman See. She therefore in no way remits her claim to Catholicity when she speaks of herself as "Roman." Her adversaries, who make use of the term by way of denying her catholicity, do but bear witness to the fact that she is that same universal Church whose unity in primitive times was centred in the Roman See. It was the distinctive mark of Catholics then, as now, to be in communion with this See. Of the Catholics of the period of the Arian Goths, Newman says they "were denoted by the additional title of 'Romans.' Of this there are many proofs in the histories of St. Gregory of Tours, Victor of Vite, and the Spanish Councils." The intercommunion of the Spanish and African Churches of that time with the Roman See was the visible ecclesiastical distinction between them and their Arian rivals. "The chief ground of the Vandal Huneric's persecution of the African Catholics seems to have been their connection with their brethren beyond the sea, which he looked at with jealousy, as introducing a foreign power into his territory." The African bishops in their banishment, to the number of sixty, with St. Fulgentius at their head, quote with approbation words of Pope Hormisdas which declare that they hold "what the Roman, that is, the Catholic, Church follows and preserves." St. Jerome says of the See of Peter: "on that rock the Church is built, I know. Whoso shall eat the Lamb outside that House is profane." And again: "If any be joined to Peter's chair he is mine." And in relation to the Donatist controversy, Newman observes:

Four hundred bishops, though but in one region, were a fifth part of the whole episcopate of Christendom, and might seem too many for a schism, and in themselves too large a body to be cut off from God's inheritance by a mere majority,

* Newman's *Development*, Ch. VI., Sect. II.

even had it been overwhelming. St. Augustine, then, who so often appeals to the *orbis terrarum*, sometimes adopts a more prompt criterion. He tells certain Donatists to whom he writes, that the Catholic bishop of Carthage "was able to make light of the thronging multitude of his enemies, when he found himself by letters of credence joined both to the Roman Church, in which ever had flourished the principality of the Apostolical See, and to the other lands whence the Gospel came to Africa itself." *

At the present day, as in those early ages of Christianity, schisms and sects abound, each in its own territory, or confined to race and nationality; and wherever they are found, as likewise where they are not, there, as formerly and in every subsequent age, is to be found that one only body which all along has occupied the *orbis terrarum*, and always has had for the centre of its worldwide circle the Roman See. Here is a Church, Catholic both as to extension and duration, absolutely without a rival in any age. She unites, and has ever united, as no other communion and no combination of other communions have ever united or could unite, nations and multitudes of every nation and race in one visibly organized body as a kingdom "at unity with itself," independently of the kingdoms of the world, despite their incessant and persecuting jealousy and opposition. No approach to a parallel to such Catholic unity can be found in human affairs; it transcends human nature, and cannot be accounted for otherwise than as being *divine*.

If the writer of this article may be permitted, by way of illustration, to speak of a personal experience, he would say that since his reception into the Church, to supply for the sacrifice of an Anglican benefice, he has received, here in England, foreigners desirous of learning English; the supply has been small and intermittent, nevertheless he has had pupils of more than twenty nationalities. Why have they come to him? They have come because they, each and all of them, are Catholics—"Romans," as the high-church folk at the Anglican church nearby would call them, though there does not happen to be an Italian amongst them. They never have heard of a Catholic who was not in communion with the Pope; the high

* *Ibid.*, Ch. VI., Sect. III.

Anglican pretence to Catholicity is quite unintelligible to them. Here, then, is a little object lesson in the meaning of Catholicity, and a small testimony to the fact of the Catholicity of that Church which is centred in the Roman See.

There is no Catholicity, there never has been any, to compare with hers on the face of this earth. Mohammedanism professes the propagation of a religion through the world, but while Catholicism has, as her enemies complain, been a proselytizing power for nineteen centuries, Mohammedanism has long since tired of its undertaking and has lapsed into a sort of conservative, local, national religion. The Oriental Churches are but local and national bodies, and do not pretend a wider occupation. The Anglican communion, though much smaller than the Eastern, is found in many parts of the world—in the British Isles, in Canada, Malta, Jerusalem, India, China, Japan, Australia, South Africa; but who will venture to call it Catholic? It is the religion, not even of a race, but of the ruling portion of a race; and its extension has been for the most part passive, by state policy and immigration; though several nationalities are doubtless represented in the membership of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

And so conscious are High-Church Anglicans of the insufficiency of the Anglican and Eastern communions, whether separately, or in imaginary combination, that they do not pretend to claim for them the Catholic note except as being—in their own imagination, for none but themselves imagine it—parts of the same Church with the Roman.

With reference to the Anglican contention that the Roman, Eastern, and Anglican communions form one visible Church, it surely need but be observed that to assert that three religious bodies, separate each from the other in administrative authority, government, organization, communion, doctrine, nevertheless form but one visible body politic, is to proclaim of all paradoxes the most impossible! The contention, at any rate, is peculiar to High Church Anglicanism, being unknown to the East, and without meaning to the mind of the Catholic.

But while the Eastern and Anglican communions depend, as Anglicans tell us, upon Rome for the Catholic note, Rome obviously does not depend upon them.

The Roman communion [if I may quote from what I have

elsewhere * written] is sufficient in itself to be the whole visible Church Catholic; the difference between the catholicity it at present manifests, and that which it would manifest did it embrace a larger proportion of the human race is a difference, not of kind, but of degree only; it has reference, not to a mere majority in numbers over other communions, and a wider representation amongst the nations and races of the earth, but to its organic unity and power to maintain that unity indissolubly throughout the world. Unity in universality of jurisdiction and organization is emphatically the characteristic which it alone of all communions possesses. The Oriental and Anglican communions, on the other hand, whether severally or combined, would be insufficient to form a Catholic Church, not merely because they are deficient in numbers and racial representation, but more especially because they possess no jurisdiction independent of national frontiers, and, consequently, no means of holding the nations or any proportions of their populations in unity of religion.

But the Anglican objects that to exclude the Greek Church—by which he means the sixteen national Churches of the East, of whose numbers the Russian Church comprises nine-tenths—is to exclude a fourth of Christendom (leaving out of this calculation the Protestant sects). The Greek Church, he contends, is coeval with the Apostles, and for more than eight hundred years has survived its separation from Rome; to exclude it would be suicidal. Nevertheless, he excludes the Nestorian communion, whose history is still more remarkable. Nestorianism came from Antioch, the original Apostolic See. It had its Apostolical succession, a formed hierarchy, and was administered by as many as twenty-five archbishoprics. Its ecclesiastical dominion lasted for more than eight hundred years, and was far more extensive than that of the so-called Greek Church. And if it be objected that Nestorianism was a heresy, this does but strengthen the force of the argument, *vis.*, that large and imposing communions, administered by bishops, priests and deacons, and which, therefore, look like necessary portions of the Church, may, notwithstanding, be, by reason of schism or heresy, outside the Catholic fold. If, then, the Nestorian communion, enormous, widespread and lasting as it was, was nevertheless external to the Catholic

* *The Fortnightly Review*, August, 1906, p. 282.

Church, by reason of heresy, why may not the Greek communion be likewise external, by reason of schism?* The Church is governed, indeed, by bishops, and bishops come from the Apostles; but she authenticates herself to be the Church, not by her orders, but by her notes, and chiefly by "the great note of an ever-enduring *cœtus fidelium*, with a fixed organization, a unity of jurisdiction, a political greatness, a continuity of existence in all places and times, a suitableness to all classes, ranks, and callings, an ever-energizing life, an untiring, ever-evolving history."† She is not a federation of independent dioceses or national churches; she is a Catholic kingdom; and as a kingdom admits of the possibility of rebels, so does her jurisdiction involve schismatics and sectaries, but not independent portions. She is a kingdom manifesting a visible unity the world over, not of mere origin or of Apostolical succession, but of government; and nowhere will you find, in any age, such a kingdom other than that over which the Pope as Christ's vicar and vicegerent reigns in every age.

Nor should the phenomena of such schismatical and heretical communions as the Donatist, Arian, Nestorian, and Greek, surprise us. "The law entered in, that sin might abound." A law is both the test of obedience and the occasion of transgression; and in this fallen, rebellious world we should expect to find transgression on as large a scale as obedience. In relation to the Church, moreover, we should expect to find transgression taking the form not only of human creations independent of her from the first, but also of schisms from her fold. "Of your own selves will arise men speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them," was the warning of St. Paul. And St. John explains: "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for, if they had been of us, they would no doubt have remained with us." Such was the perversity, apparent from the first, which, from small beginnings, developed later into large schisms and national apostasies.

The other Protestant sects taken together are greater in numbers than those of the Eastern and Anglican communions, yet Anglicans experience no difficulty in relation to these sects, and do but see in them the fulfilment of St. Paul's warnings:

* *cfr.* Newman's *Diff. of Ang.*, Vol. I., Læct. XI. 5.

† *Essays Crit. and Hist.*, Vol. II., p. 76.

In the last days shall come dangerous times ; men shall be lovers of themselves . . . proud . . . having an appearance, indeed, of godliness, but denying the power thereof . . . erring, and driving into error. . . . There shall be a time, when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires they will heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and will, indeed, turn away their hearing from the truth, and will be turned unto fables.

By the words "appearance of godliness," or piety, Newman understands St. Paul to mean an appearance of orthodoxy; and, indeed, he quotes the text in connection with a reference to the Greek schism, and observes "that were such imposing phenomena as the Greek Church taken out of the way, it would be difficult to say how the actual state of Christendom corresponded to the apostolic anticipations of it."* St. Peter, however, as by prophecy, provides an especial warning to Protestants, who usually extract their Scripture scraps and chips from St. Paul's epistles; he says that in these epistles "are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." St. Jude provides a warning against schismatics and sectaries in general: "I was under a necessity to write unto you to beseech you to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," against those who "despise dominion," and "blaspheme whatever things they know not . . . walking according to their own desires, and their mouth speaketh proud things;" and he bids us be "mindful of the words which have been spoken before by the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who told you that in the last times there should come mockers, walking according to their own desires in ungodliness. These are they who separate themselves, sensual men, having not the spirit." And St. Augustine tells us that what they separate themselves from is that Catholic Church, which in its unity in universality covers the *orbis terrarum*. Schisms and sects all are separations from the Catholic Church. They lie separate from her, and from one another, each in its own period and region, being dependent on time and place for their existence. And meanwhile the Church remains visibly one throughout the

* *Diff. of Aug.*, Vol. I., Lect. XI, 3.

world in every age—the visible and indivisible kingdom of Christ, secured by His endowment, in accordance with His promise, against all the disintegrating forces of the world and Satan.

The state of Christendom is not dissimilar in the present day to what it was in the first age and has ever since been. It is likely, moreover, so to remain despite the present day human expedients to unite Christians, in preference to that divinely-appointed unity which has all along existed, and now, as ever, is visible to all men, and may now, as always, everywhere be found. The revolt from this divinely-ordained unity is likely to continue in a world which fell through pride and disobedience, and which, ever since, has been proud of its pride and characterized by the spirit of rebellion and conflict. Nor can a mere natural love of brotherhood avail against "the enmities of the flesh"—against national, racial, and social antipathies and jealousies. To love, besides those who are of our family, nation, or race, "strangers or foreigners" and those who are "afar off," and to desire association with such as "fellow-citizens" in a higher than a mere earthly kingdom, requires a *supernatural* love. It needs "the charity of God poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost," Who under the Gospel dispensation has expanded the operation of brotherly love, and "for a testimony to all nations" has made its embodiment a Catholic Church.

And the Catholic Church, opposed in every age by schisms and sects, has everywhere ever been manifest and marked off from among them by reason of the fact that she has—as no other communion ever has had—a government transcending all human divisions, administered from an extra-national centre, uniting her visibly throughout the world in Catholic communion. Harnack tells us that the conception of Catholicity arose in the first ages from the consciousness of organic unity centred in Rome. And, indeed, it is the simple and undeniable fact that there is but one communion that has thus manifested the Note of Catholicity—the one which now, as ever, occupies the *orbis terrarum* and is centred in the Roman See.

CONSEQUENCES.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Senator stooped as he offered his arm to Jane.

"We seem to belong to each other," he said, as he pocketed the small card that bore Miss Tully's name. "You are a stranger and so am I. We will take care of each other."

She rested her hand timidly upon his coat sleeve. It was plain that she had never been asked to accept the courtesy of a man's arm before. At first she had felt half-afraid of this tall, ugly man, but his voice reassured her. She had read about dinner-parties in books, so when she saw the others trailing off through the long, wainscoted hallway, she fell instinctively into line.

Mrs. Dandrey's dinners were famous throughout Washington. She always announced that all the food on her table was home-grown, home-made. This fact seemed to differentiate her dishes from the catered creations of her friends. An old, ante-bellum mammy ruled despotically in the big, brick kitchen, where she worked a sort of witchery with herbs and spices, and concocted wonderful sauces, salads and pastries that would have tickled the most jaded of epicures. And when these delicacies were served on royal Worcester, inherited from a remote ancestor, while the table blazed with ancient silver, elaborated with the family crest, a dinner proved to be a function that one did not soon forget.

Jane regarded everything with interest. It all seemed so wonderful, so different from accustomed conventual simplicity. The flowers, the soft, wax lights, the low-cut gowns of the women, the number of courses, the confusing array of spoons and forks at her place.

"Which do I use first?" she asked, turning frankly to the Senator.

"The Lord knows," he answered smiling. "I always pick up the wrong one, but I don't suppose it matters since the end is accomplished."

"But there must be a difference," she persisted.

"I suppose there is," he admitted resignedly, "but it's a gamble. Now you pick up that crooked one and I'll take this straight one and let's see who'll finish first."

She laughed aloud. "What manners for a dinner-party," she exclaimed.

The laugh was so spontaneous that the other diners paused. Mrs. Dandrey hoped to give the conversation at the other end of the table fresh impetus.

"What are you both having such a good time about?" she asked.

"We are wondering about forks and spoons," said the Senator promptly. "You see, we are both new at dinner-parties, and it's rather difficult for a man who has lived all his life on the Western plains to get used to such a number of things. I remember once we were snowed up in a cabin in the mountains, with one tin spoon and a gimlet in the way of cutlery. I chose the gimlet; it wasn't in great demand and the spoon seemed a little too popular. Unfortunately, I had read about germs."

Jane was blushing at this confession. It was all very well for a man who was a United States Senator to acknowledge his ignorance of trivialities, but it did not seem to save the situation for her. The Senator, glancing from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, realized, with an intuition rare in men, that he had embarrassed her.

"Men are natural blunderers," he said, addressing no one in particular. "I'm getting slowly used to the fact and resigned. I blundered into the Senate and I suppose I'll blunder out again." So saying the Senator turned to his neglected plate.

The dinner proved to be a very gay one. Bainbridge was extremely affable in his position as host. Madge always chattered volubly. Mrs. Dandrey understood how to fill in threatened pauses. Jane, alone, said nothing. She had caught a glance from Madge Warden's eyes when she had made her first confession, that had robbed her of all joyousness. She was suddenly conscious that her dress was absurdly out of

date, that her hair was arranged in a most unfashionable way, that her arms were thin, her manners awkward, her ignorance grotesque. It was a relief to leave the dining-room to put those mocking eyes behind her, to join old Mrs. Van Doran who had a word of praise for her in the beginning.

"Don't let the men stay in here and smoke," said the old lady, stopping on the threshold of the door. "Women get so deadly dull after dinner, when there are no men around, that I always go to sleep."

The men followed the old lady obediently; she had been a personage in Washington so long, that everyone accepted her blunt speeches as part of her delightful eccentricity. Her husband, long since dead, had represented his government in important diplomatic positions abroad. His widow explained that her feelings and opinions had been so suppressed during her long career as the wife of a diplomatist, that she had been talking too much ever since.

When the party fell into groups again in the drawing-room, Jane, much to her own discomfiture, found herself near the piano with Madge, Lord Alan Hurst and the Senator. Mrs. Van Doran had sought a place by the fire and gathered the others around her just as a dowager duchess might have insisted on a number of respectful retainers.

"I have wanted to see you for a long time," she said to the young clergyman, and she sank down in a brocade covered chair. "Why on earth did your Bishop send you to this God-forsaken, little country parish?"

Mrs. Dandrey rushed frantically to her minister's assistance. "I think it was out of consideration for us," she said, smiling. "We have had a most dreadful lot of boors to pre-side over our parish."

"Hm," sniffed the old lady. "I don't know that Chesterfield would have adorned a pulpit. I know I'm plain-spoken, and I suppose all plain-spoken people ought to be avoided, but I have known you all my life and I am very much interested in religion since I left your church."

"Left the church," repeated the young man in some dismay.

"Yes." The old lady's sunken eyes gleamed with mischief. "And I must confess that you are directly responsible for my becoming a Romanist."

Paul Hartford looked much annoyed. Mrs. Dandrey was vexed. There were times when this favored dowager presumed too much upon the tolerance of her friends. Bainbridge was too much amused at the outcome to interfere, though he knew it was his place to prevent a religious discussion.

"I'll not tease you any longer, Paul," said the old lady, growing serious, "but since we are all such good friends I want to tell you that I have followed your career with varying emotions. When you wanted to keep the sacrament in your church for adoration, I knew your Bishop wouldn't permit it. That monogram of yours was a strong plea for auricular confession but none of your congregation wanted to confess their fashionable sins, and the Bishop did not want to try and make them. I was angry with the Bishop, Paul, and because I was angry—well the Lord works in devious ways—I came to the conclusion that I had to have some definitely defined truths [to cling to. You and your crowd of high churchmen were believing in the Real Presence, and a service close akin to the Mass, and the rest of your church was calling it 'Popish idolatry.' You were refusing to perform the marriage ceremony for divorcees, and the Bishop was lugging them all to his church festivals, and hugging them to his expansive bosom."

"I protest in the name of the Bishop," said Bainbridge laughing.

"Oh well," agreed Mrs. Van Doran easily, "Paul's Bishop lives in the West you know, and his manner is proper but effusive, and he pounced upon Paul in a way I cannot forgive. I suppose it's all very well for you young people to be wandering around in the dark, but when one is as old as I am, I don't want to enter a supernatural world as blind as a bat and as ignorant as the rest of you."

"Dear me!" gasped Mrs. Dandrey. "Do you really mean to say that you have been to confess?"

"Certainly," replied the old lady, "and a hard time I had of it. The way I have talked these fifty or a hundred years about everybody living and dead, seemed to make a confession one endless chain of enormities I couldn't calculate by the year or the month. I had to come down to days and hours. The Lord knows I am trying to be charitable, but

people are absurd and I suppose I am a confirmed scandal-monger. But please let us discuss something pleasanter than the state of my soul. You've turned the tables on me in a very clever way, Paul, sitting there as silent as a sphinx. I'm coming to see you some day and convince you that if you want ritualism ready-made, you've got to come to Rome for it."

The young man rose slowly from his chair. He wanted to escape from this terrible old woman.

"You would have some difficulty in turning me Rome-wards," he said. "You forget that I am a Puritan."

"I wish I had been one," she sighed good-naturedly. "They only half live and have so few regrets to plague them. I know you have always been a dear, good boy, and I am very proud of you, but when I thought of you as a beetle impaled on a pin—the pin being the Bishop, I was glad in my heart that your dear mother hadn't lived to see it. Now go ask Madge Warden to sing; I know you want to get rid of me. Some one was telling me that her voice had improved greatly. I am sure there was room for it."

He murmured some commonplace, and moved slowly away. As he joined the younger group, Lord Alan Hurst held out his gold cigarette case. "We have permission to smoke," he said.

The young minister shook his head. "No, thank you, I am afraid I never learned how."

"I would like to teach you," said Madge gaily, as she selected a cigarette and lighted it. "They are most soothing when one is tired or worried or bored."

"Has Lord Alan Hurst bored you, or worried you, or made you tired?" questioned the Senator jovially.

Lord Alan Hurst smiled wanly at this blunt, American humor, and passed his cigarette case on to Jane.

"I don't know how either" she said, half apologetically.

The Senator looked relieved. "I'm glad of it," he said, in an undertone, "and yet I don't exactly know why. Sometimes our prejudices are stronger than our principles."

But Jane did not hear. She had no desire to smoke or to learn how, but again she felt the older girl's attitude towards her was one of pitying disdain for prudery and provincialism.

CHAPTER V.

After some polite persuasion, Madge sang one or two little love-ballads. Lord Alan Hurst played her accompaniments. Her voice was thin and weak and barely filled the big drawing-room. She was wise enough to know that she had no great talent, but she felt that her music was effective. It proved a willingness to contribute something towards the entertainment of the guests, and for the time it made her the centre of observation, a position which she always strove to occupy.

When every one had praised her, Madge turned to Jane: "Perhaps you will sing for us," she said, with conventional politeness, feeling that she had ignored her host's ward too long.

"No," answered Jane. "I was not taught."

"Then you play," insisted the older girl.

"No I am not musical; I only act."

"Act!" exclaimed Madge in some bewilderment. "Oh yes, I see. You mean elocution. How delightful. Won't you speak for us?" As she made the request she turned to look at Lord Alan Hurst. She felt that the young Englishman was enjoying the situation as much as she, for Madge was clever enough and spiteful enough to urge Jane on to any childish performance that would make her appear ludicrous in the eyes of George Bainbridge. She did not like to think of this girl being domiciled in the house. She had been interested in its master ever since her debut and it piqued her to think that she could not command his allegiance.

"Would you really like it—would you all really like it?" asked Jane eagerly.

"Of course we would," answered the Senator, blissfully oblivious of any feminine plot.

"Then I'll do the sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*," she said, "if you will all come out into the hall."

"We will come anywhere you say," agreed the Senator. "Lead on and the audience will follow."

Madge lingered for a moment in the doorway, and whispered to Lord Alan Hurst. "The sleep-walking scene! Fancy! I wonder she didn't recite 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.'"

Paul Hartford overheard the remark. "She is nothing but a child," he said, tolerantly.

"She's twenty."

"Age is counted by experience and feeling," he said.

"Then you must be a septuagenarian." Like most Southern girls she could not resist talking personalities with young, attractive men.

Paul Hartford made no reply. He had little knowledge of women, and he did not know how to meet their raillery or sympathy. He was still wincing from his experience with old Mrs. Van Doran. He felt unequal to further discussion of any sort. He was seeking some plausible excuse to go home; he only lingered because he did not want Mrs. Dandrey to believe that he had been offended by the onslaught on his religion, but when he reached the hallway he became interested in spite of himself.

Jane was transformed. She had been so quiet, so self-effacing during the evening, that no man, ignorant of the ways of women, could understand the change that had come over her. She was giving orders and dictating to those around her with the assurance of a theatrical star arranging a proper stage-setting. Her eyes were bright with excitement, her cheeks burned. She had forgotten her strange environment—Madge's critical gaze. Her artistic temperament was roused. Nothing mattered except the part she was to play.

"Please place your chairs against the door facing the stairs. Now put out the lights. Give me a candle. Someone raise that shade on the landing so the moonlight can filter in. Will someone hold my hairpins? I must have my hands free." And she ran lightly up the stairs while her audience waited in the dark for the scene to begin.

Old Mrs. Van Doran, always curious to know what was going on about her, said with her usual candor: "I must find out where those young people have disappeared. I'll wager something pretty that Madge Warden is making Jane uncomfortable."

"How?" asked Mrs. Dandrey vaguely.

"Don't ask how, Marian," said the fat old lady, rising with some difficulty from her chair, "women have been trying to make their own sex uncomfortable ever since the world began. Madge has been out several seasons and looks a bit tired and

jaded. Jane is a fresh, young thing with possibilities of beauty and brains that will overshadow Madge completely. I would like to know how you came to inherit James Tully's daughter?"

Bainbridge was a little afraid of his sister. He knew that if she expressed regret over her charge that Mrs. Van Doran would publish it, and the old lady's remarks had a vast circulation in Washington, so he made haste to answer.

"Her father was my best friend. My sister is an angel of mercy."

"And where have you kept her all these years?"

"At school in a convent."

"Good," said the old lady. "I like convents. I don't know much about them, but they seem to instill some obedience, some sense of reverence in their girls. When my poor, dear husband was Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, I could always tell the convent girls; they knew how to courtesy, they were never officious and they all had a good, French accent. And what became of the child's mother?"

"I never knew her."

"And neither did I. I fancy she was some awful creature that James Tully was ashamed of. I believe she died, or she would have held on to the child like a wildcat."

They had reached the darkened hall. A suppressed laugh from Madge was the only sound that came from the shadows.

"I told you so," said the old lady, pressing Bainbridge's arm, "I told you so. Where is Jane?" she asked aloud.

"She is going to act for us," said the Senator innocently. "Here is a chair Mrs. Van Doran. Mrs. Dandrey take my place. Here comes Lady Macbeth now."

"We are going to have the sleep-walking scene." Madge's tone was unmistakable now.

Bainbridge started to turn on the lights; he wanted to stop the unkind performance, but Paul Hartford restrained him. "Let her go on; she is so happy in doing it."

In the faint moonlight Jane moved slowly down the stairs, her dark hair falling about her shoulders almost to her knees; the trailing gown with its flowing sleeves seemed made for the part. Her eyes were staring and apparently sightless, the candle she held high above her head cast a big, black shadow on the wall that contrasted strangely with the small, spectral figure by its side. The old hall hung with ancient tapestries,

the wonderful effect of a real moon shining through the diamond-paned window, the creaking steps, the tense expression of suffering on the young actress's white face as she came nearer and nearer, roused in her audience, satiated with much theatre-going, a sense of the unusual.

She put her candle upon the newel post, and then, sitting down upon the lowest step, she began with the words, made hackneyed, almost ridiculous by much school-room declaiming: "Yet here's a spot."

Her voice with its strange, musical cadences arrested attention at once. She began sleepily at first like one too weary to realize her own misery, and then, with marvelous skill, she depicted a primitive soul striving to regain some of its past evil bravado and then becoming a victim to its own womanhood—a woman who had known protecting tenderness for her offspring, passionate love for her mate.

Holding up her frail hands, forever stained, she seemed to crave forgetfulness, peace, pity; all power was impotent, all life remorseful agony. When, with a last, sobbing sound, she turned to go up the stairs, her audience was breathless with amazement. It was not until she reached the landing, that the applause began, then Bainbridge realized that this was the dangerous talent of which the nuns had written. Where had the child learned to comprehend and interpret such a complex character as this mediæval queen?

Mrs. Van Doran, as usual, was the first to recover herself.

"What a wonder the child is," she said, fanning herself energetically. "She gave me the creeps with her acting. What a responsibility for you, George Bainbridge."

"Where did she come from?" whispered Madge.

"A professional no doubt," said Lord Alan Hurst.

"It's all very mysterious," added Madge.

"For God's sake keep her off the stage," implored the Senator.

Paul Hartford made no comment. He had been shut away from the world so long in theological seminaries that he knew nothing of actors or stage settings. He had forgotten Jane. The old, familiar tragedy had merely accentuated the suffering of the world in which he seemed to stand with futile hands, craving to bring the supernatural into lives made horrible by sin.

Mrs. Dandrey was smiling with genuine delight. Jane's advent no longer seemed an affliction since she had made the evening memorable.

"It is so difficult to create any entertainment out of the ordinary at dinner-parties," she said.

CHAPTER VI.

The audience fell into little groups, and bored one another discussing theatres in general, and great actresses they had seen. Jane did not reappear.

"I suppose she has gone to her room to do up her hair," said Mrs. Dandrey to the Senator, who first noticed her absence.

"Bashful, no doubt," said Mrs. Van Doran. "Thank God there are some girls who still cling to the traditions of their grandmothers."

"And what are those traditions?" asked Bainbridge smiling.

"Blushing and fainting and staying at home and not knowing how to spell."

"To spell?"

"It's no disgrace, my dear George," she said convincingly. "I mention spelling as merely indicative that they were ignorant of many things that are now considered essential. Now my own grandmother's letters were atrocious, but she managed a plantation with three hundred slaves, kept them clothed and fed, taught them their Bible, and their duty to God and each other, kept families together and never permitted my grandfather, who seems to have been an unpleasant person, to sell any husband away from his wife."

"And if she had lived to-day," suggested Bainbridge teasingly, "she would have taken to the suffrage platform and traveled all over the world."

"Perhaps," admitted the old lady, "but that does not disprove that there are traditions to cling to. Of course, I realize that I almost antedate the flood and that railroads were certainly curiosities in my grandmother's day, and that traveling in stage-coaches was most uncomfortable, but she was contented and capable and kept her place."

Bainbridge was laughing now. "Her place, Mrs. Van Doran. Would you expound a woman's place?"

The old lady was on the defensive at once. She snorted like a war-horse. "I'll do no such thing," she said. "I never cared for my own sex collectively, but I'll not abuse them to a mere man; they have entered the business-world and have become money-getters, money-makers; they are pushing into all the professions; if they get to the polls they will also claim the privilege of proposing, and then there will be few eligible bachelors to plague inveterate match-makers like me. Why haven't you married in all these years?"

"I am waiting for the millenium of which you speak," he said. "No one has asked me as yet."

They were interrupted here by Paul Hartford. He wanted to say good-night and, though he dreaded a further attack from his old friend, he was too punctilious to leave without speaking to her. Fortunately she was too busy with Bainbridge to give him much attention. She pressed his hand and said with unexpected softness:

"If I have been a rude, old woman, Paul, pray forgive me. Don't harbor malice over night. I'm coming to see you when, no doubt, I'll make myself more disagreeable, if possible, than I have to-night."

He made some conventional reply, and shaking hands with Bainbridge he moved slowly up the stairs to get his hat and light-weight overcoat that he had worn as a precaution against this changeable, autumnal weather.

Jane had turned out the lamp in the upper hallway when she was arranging her scenic effects, but the moon was very bright and the white woodwork of the many doors on either side of the long corridor, seemed to reflect the spectral light. The way was not unfamiliar to Hartford. Mrs. Dandrey always reserved the west-wing for her bachelor guests; the rooms were large and exceedingly comfortable, and he had often enjoyed their hospitality. But to-night, as he had explained to his hostess, he could not stay; he was to have early service in the morning, and he must see his sexton about opening the church.

Half-way down the hall, a sobbing sound attracted his attention; a few more steps and he saw a white figure move from a window that jutted out over the front door. It was a deep recess and made a cozy nook just large enough to hold a writing desk, a chair, and a pot or two of trailing ferns.

Hartford knew the place well; he had often sat there to send a hasty note or to enjoy the widened view of the river, but to-night it all seemed strange to him and he stopped breathless for the moment with an inherent awe of the supernatural. Absurd stories of the haunts of this old house rushed vividly to his mind to be dispelled the next moment when Jane spoke.

"Are you not going to stay?" she said regretfully.

He went up to her in the deep embrasure of the window. Her long hair still fell about her shoulders, her eyes were heavy with tears. He felt vaguely that she had turned to him for some sort of assistance and he waited awkwardly for her to explain.

"Are you not going to stay?" she repeated.

"No, I am going now. I was startled for a moment. I thought you were a ghost."

"I wish I were," she said fervently.

Because he knew little of women he was always literal with them.

"What for?" he asked.

"They are but wandering souls," she said, "suffering their purgatory, perhaps, while I—" she tapped nervously upon the window-pane—"while I am so tempestuous that I often doubt if I shall save my soul at all."

He looked sympathetically down upon her, feeling that the evening had not been all in vain if it had brought him in touch with a soul in need of spiritual comfort, but he had lived so apart from people all his life that when a longed-for opportunity presented itself, a sensation of helplessness came over him. He had no self-confidence to balance his eagerness, no spontaneity to meet emergencies. His sermons which were deeply spiritual were always carefully prepared weeks before he delivered them. In the dim peace of his study he could write brilliantly, sometimes, very rarely, he could forget himself and talk with equal eloquence, but to-night he was confused, afraid.

"You are very young to be so despairing," he said.

"Perhaps it is not quite despair," she smiled. "Where is your church? I'll come in the morning."

"It is only a mile from here, a pleasant walk. I'll be so pleased to have you a member of my congregation."

"And I am so glad that the church is so near. Please, can't you hear my confession before you leave? I am a stranger in a strange land. I tried to find the church this afternoon but I could not. I must have taken the wrong road."

He had never met such a request before, and for the moment he did not know how to answer. Whole paragraphs of his maligned pamphlet defining auricular confession seemed to stand out like writing on the wall, convincing him that he had the right—the sacramental right—to forgive sin and then the tirade of his Bishop filled him with doubt. The old struggle that had worn him out body and soul seemed to begin anew. He had sought peace in passiveness; this young girl had made him suddenly conscious that his quiescence had been mere cowardice.

Jane was on her knees before him. The situation and the request did not seem strange to her. As a child she had often knelt and made her confession to the infirm, old chaplain in the convent parlor; this recessed window promised privacy. Her appeal was made to her parish priest, her soul was troubled with passion.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned," she began. "I believe I have committed murder in my heart to-night. I have been so full of rage and my vanity must be great, because I was so hurt when they—when she—assumed that I did not know that I was to be made a laughing-stock." Tears choked her voice; the words came incoherently.

Paul Hartford leaned weakly against the window-sill.

"Don't—don't go on," he protested. "I think—I think you have made a mistake."

She looked up at him wonderingly in the moonlight. "A mistake, what do you mean?" she said.

He seemed to gather himself for a supreme effort. "I—I am not sure that I have the right."

"But you are a priest?"

A sudden illumination came to him. "Not your sort I'm afraid."

"You are not a Catholic?"

"Not a Romanist."

She sank into a quivering, little heap on the floor. "Why didn't you tell me? Mrs. Dandrey called you 'father.' You wore the Roman collar. It was not fair to me—not fair."

He stooped to lift her to her feet; her hands were very cold. "Forgive me, forgive me," he cried, moved by the fact that she felt he had injured her. "You cannot guess what all this means to me. I have believed in confession—believed in its sacramental force—I was off my guard—I did not know—I could not think—until I realized that you had been trained to it and I had not. The evening has been a hard one on us both."

She stood up beside him. The intonations of his voice had roused her sympathy, his apology was so complete, so abject. With quick intuition she realized that he referred to some hard, religious struggle the end of which he could not see.

"I suppose it was my fault," she said. "I am so impetuous, and I have no knowledge of the world except from books. I have read that Catholics were not very numerous in some parts of Virginia and that priests, when they visited country houses, heard the confessions of the family and said Mass for them next day. So I started to make my confession to you, and now that you know the worst about me please don't tell anyone. I hope Miss Warden is not a special friend of yours for I hated her to-night. Of course, I'll have to get over the feeling and forgive her, but I am afraid I won't forget."

"I'm afraid you won't have an opportunity to forget her," he said smiling. "Mrs. Dandrey seems very devoted to her."

"Then she will not be devoted to me. I do not believe she wants me here. Does—does Mr. Bainbridge live here always?"

"He has lived for the last ten years in Europe."

"Oh, I hope he will take me back. I don't believe I shall like it here."

Paul Hartford was bewildered. "You do not know them," he ventured.

"No," she said, seeming very small and pitiful in her loneliness. "I know no one. It may seem a strange thing to say, but I suppose you know me better than any one in the house to-night."

"I?" he questioned. "I hope we shall know each other far better, for as yet I don't believe I know your name. I did not hear it clearly when we were introduced."

"My name is Jane—Jane Tully," she said simply.

"Tully!" he repeated, and the name seemed to hold some

unpleasant association, for his kind face looked white and stern. "I suppose the name is not an uncommon one—I once knew someone by the name of Tully, but it was so long ago—years ago."

"I may have relatives in this country, but I don't where or who they are. Mr. Bainbridge was my father's friend. I am his ward. I never saw him except once until to-day."

"Do you mean that he never came to see you all the time you were at school?"

"I was in Paris, he was traveling. He could not know how alone I have felt in all these years—how friendless."

"But you will make friends now. Here is one that you can count on," he said, with a stiffness that had grown with his seclusion. "Let me serve you in any way I can. Let me make some amends for to-night."

She did not have time to reply, for footsteps sounded on the stairs, and as she moved a little away from him he saw her take a bottle from the desk and deliberately pour its contents over her dress.

"It is red ink," she said quietly. "I was going to put blood stains on Lady Macbeth's hands, for I wanted to do that other great scene, the one after Duncan's murder, you know, but I couldn't act any more before Miss Warden. I did not want to go downstairs again because my eyes were swollen from crying. I must have some excuse for not reappearing,"

The footsteps reached the landing. Jane went forward to meet Mrs. Van Doran, who came puffing up the remaining stairs.

"Mercy child!" exclaimed the old lady. "Are you hurt?"

"No, no," answered Jane, and her laugh sounded mirthlessly through the still hall. "It is only ink—red ink. I spilled it on my dress."

Paul Hartford moved unseen into the spare room, his brain awl.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day was Sunday. Breakfast was always an unsatisfactory meal. The merciless sunlight, shining through the long casement windows, showed tired eyes, encroaching wrinkles and powder not carefully applied. Madge's morning dress was

not altogether fresh, the lace in the neck was a trifle soiled, and the frill of her silk underskirt was frayed at the edges.

"Breakfasting is a barbarous custom," she announced openly to Mrs. Dandrey. "Only the memory of your hot waffles lured me from my bed. In my next incarnation I trust I shall be a bat or bird that begins to move only at nightfall."

"How unpleasantly dismal," said Lord Alan Hurst, busy with his plate. "Would you foreswear your taste for waffles?"

"Well, perhaps not," she answered, smiling. "If they were served with maple syrup I might be content to rise at noon-day."

Jane came into the room at this moment dressed in the black uniform she had worn at the convent. The gown was perfectly plain, but it had been made in Paris by a little woman that understood the art of "lines." She had also comprehended the possibilities of grace and style in Jane's slender figure. The dress was a triumph of simplicity, but Jane, craving brightness and color after her austere monastic years, did not realize that Madge's critical eyes were at last bent upon her with begrudged admiration.

Bainbridge rose from the foot of the table and pulled out her chair, which he had had placed near his own.

"Good morning, Lady Macbeth," he said, kindly. "Why did you desert us all last night?"

"Such a sight as she was," said Mrs. Van Doran, raising her lorgnette to view the girl approvingly. "She met me at the stairs, her dress covered with red ink. She had been putting blood stains on her hands to harrow up our feelings further, and she spilled the bottle."

"I am glad it did not spill over the carpet," Jane said easily. "I'm sorry I startled you. I suppose I looked like a real murderess in the moonlight."

"You did, indeed," agreed the old lady, "and that beautiful dress! Why, child, you can't buy that white, silvery tissue now for love or money!"

"It was an old dress," said Jane. "It was one of my mother's stage costumes."

Madge looked at Lord Alan Hurst. Mrs. Dandrey stiffened perceptibly. She had hoped to keep Jane's family history in the background; there was no use in exploiting it. Unknown Parisian actresses never sounded quite respectable. The Sen-

ator was conscious of a certain frigidity of atmosphere, but he was not subtle enough to realize what had produced it. Bainbridge hastened to relieve the situation by saying:

"Your mother had great talent."

Jane turned wonderingly to him. "Why I thought you never knew her," she said.

Mrs. Van Doran, secretly enjoying the whole situation, plunged in at this point, determined to champion this girl who had taken her whimsical fancy.

"I knew your dear father well, child, and he could not stand anything mediocre. He was the most critical person I ever met! Toleration is the secret of much happiness. I once said to him: 'No perfectionist gets much satisfaction out of life.' I remember he laughed and said: 'Who is insane enough to look for satisfaction or happiness?' I could never persuade him to talk about himself. Perhaps for that reason he was the most entertaining man I ever met. Now, please tell me who is going to church this morning?"

She changed the subject with such startling suddenness that they all looked up quickly from their plates.

"I'm very sorry," began Mrs. Dandrey, "but I must confess that I forgot all about church. I left my automobile at the garage yesterday. It really is a most unsatisfactory car; it seems to be always in need of repair; and my brougham, that I always depend upon, met with some sort of an accident coming from the station. There's my riding-horse, and Lord Alan Hurst and the Senator both rode over last evening, so their horses are in the stable, but there is no vehicle except the hay wagon, and your church is three miles away."

"Then I'll have to stay at home," said Mrs. Van Doran promptly. "I can't ride, that's certain." And she looked down upon her "roly poly" figure with a mild sort of forbearance. "The Lord knows my spirit is willing, but He's given me a body that would burden any horse."

"Do you care to go?" asked Bainbridge, turning to Jane. "I am afraid that I am not strong enough to ride myself, but I am sure—"

"That I will go with her," interrupted the Senator. "I am a Catholic, even though I wasn't brought up in a convent. I suppose it is safe to assume that Mass is at eleven."

"I'll lend you the skirt of my riding-habit," said Mrs.

Dandrey, anxious to get this difficult young person out of the house even for a short time. She wanted to take Bainbridge aside and tell him that he must warn Jane to keep silent as to her antecedents if she wished to remain under his sheltering roof.

"Thank you," said Jane, after a moment's hesitation. "I should like to go very much."

As she passed through the doorway to get ready for her ride, she turned and courtesied to the guests.

Mrs. Dandrey looked aghast. "She has no notion of the conventionalities," she said apologetically, when Jane was safely out of hearing.

"I fancy it's a conventual custom," said Madge, wishing to appear generous.

"I think it's charming," commented old Mrs. Van Doran, "a young girl showing such respect for her elders." And she lingered spitefully on the last word, and looked at Madge. "God knows we lack reverence everywhere. There is something wrong with an education that does not inculcate it. I don't expect you to agree with me, George Bainbridge. You were born a cynic, but don't spoil Jane, I implore you, by trying to get her to share any of your savage ideas."

While the old lady continued to thunder good-naturedly at her host, the Senator escaped to the stables to superintend the saddling of his own horse and to help Jane to mount, but it was not until they were fairly started on their way that the girl confessed to him that she had never ridden in her life.

"I'm afraid we shall have to walk our horses all the way," she said. "If they begin to trot I'll never be able to stay on, I know."

"Well, I like your courage," he said laughing. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because—" she stopped, remembering his frankness of the evening before, "I would tell you but—but you publish my revelations, and I'm proud and vain and small-minded and self-conscious and all the other things that one's friends are supposed to forget."

"Jove!" he exclaimed, his small eyes twinkling with amusement. "I'll promise to enter into any plot you please. Just go ahead; you seem to need a safety-valve, or it looks to me as if you'd burst."

"As bad as that," she said gaily. "First show me how to hold these reins. I haven't an idea about a horse. Now I couldn't confess to anything before Miss Warden. She thinks I'm atrocious already."

"And exactly what do you mean by atrocious?"

"Impossible, socially." She made a wry face. "I'm not used to smart people, fashionable living, dinner-parties. They doubt whether I'm quite respectable, and from their point of view I don't know whether I am or not. Did you see how they all looked when I said my mother was an actress?"

"Good Lord! What rot!"

She turned her head quickly. Her movements had all the alertness of a bird's.

"What—what's rot?" she asked.

"It's slang," he said. "I wanted to swear—I wonder—I really never stopped to consider the matter before—but I wonder what these blue-blooded aristocrats think of me?"

"You?"

"Yes, my father was a cowboy in the true sense of the word—lived among them. Cold nights, when there wasn't any other place to sleep, he would huddle down among the cattle just for the warmth of their bodies. I don't care who knows it. My mother did the washing and cooking and helped build the house we lived in—I'm proud of it. They belonged to the pioneers who made the West what it is to-day—God's country. They had no traditions to weigh them down. Washington is full of people too proud to accept charity—too gentle to work. No doubt if they starve they will do it gracefully, but they will do it without witnesses, and even their emotions will be lost to society. I suppose you will agree that real emotions let loose would be a great aid to you in your profession."

"My profession!" she repeated.

He did not answer her question. His eyes looked sternly ahead of him. He seemed oblivious to the wonders of the woods around them. It was an ideal Indian summer day. The maples had long ago offered their golden holocaust to the brown earth, and they stood etched against the sky, full of graceful beauty in their barrenness. The oaks flamed scarlet, the honeysuckle, still hardy and green in the sheltered places, had run rampant over rotting stumps and leaning fences, the far-stretch-

ing fields of golden-rod had grown gray and feathery in the frost, a blue mist marked the river.

"Some day, I suppose, you will go on the stage," said the big man slowly, "but before you make up your mind, I would like you to promise me—of course I realize that I am a stranger—but I'd like you to promise me that you will tell me—tell me before you go."

She gave the promise lightly enough, thinking nothing of her future. Her troubled mood had changed, the witchery of the woods claimed her whole attention. She wanted to stop and swing in the grape vines. She insisted on gathering an arm-load of oak branches for the church. She seemed to have found a new sense of liberty in this enchanted forest, and as she rode on under the great gnarled trees, she wove together old fairy stories and legends and pretended that they were true.

The Senator knew nothing of fairies, gnomes or goblins. He had never had time in his work-a-day boyhood for the childish joys of make-believe, but he followed her fancy with rare sympathy, adding the reality of the woodland knowledge he had learned as a hunter, to make her dream-world more complete.

"Suppose, oh, let us suppose we are lost in this beautiful wood!"

"Then we shall have to study the mosses on the trees to find our way out."

"But we don't want to find our way out yet," she protested. "Oh! look at that beautiful, bright green space. I believe the fairies dance there at night; they ride on grasshoppers and daddy-long-legs, and the fairy knights carry grass-blades for spears and they fight for their lady-loves when the moon is bright and full. Oh, suppose we stay here until evening! Look at that great hollow in that tree. Wouldn't it be charming to build a fire there if we were really lost children, and had anything to cook?"

"I reckon we wouldn't be carrying provisions if we were lost children, but I tell you what we could do. We could stop at this little stream and I could tear my cravat into strips, and we could fish here with a bent pin and a wriggling worm until we had something for dinner."

"Oh, let us do it now. Nobody cares whether we come back or not. Let us stop and have dinner in the woods."

"I thought we were going to Mass."

"Oh, I forgot for the moment! I actually forgot," she added remorsefully. "Let us hurry. I'm afraid we shall be late. Here is the open road. The sisters at the convent used to tell me that I was the most forgetful girl they ever knew; and to-day—my first Sunday in America—I forgot for the moment that we were going to church. I never saw a wood like that before."

And once more in the open the Senator had to continue his riding-lessons to his young charge. A short distance brought them to the church, the doors were closed; a card nailed against the pillar of the entrance proclaimed the fact that Mass was said every other Sunday. The priest who served this mission had to divide his time among several churches many miles apart.

"We have done our best," said the Senator. "Now, I suppose, we must go home. Hold your reins a little tighter. Don't touch him with your whip. He's more anxious to get back than we are, and we don't want him to go galloping."

The girl acted intelligently upon all his suggestions, and, becoming braver as she grew more accustomed to the saddle, she let her horse fall into an easy pace a little in advance of the Senator's. Exhilarated by the exercise and proud of her first attempt at horsemanship, she turned her head to see how close the Senator was following. The wooded roadway was very quiet and peaceful. Behind some screening trees she could get a glimpse of another small church and a cottage close by; the path leading up to this tiny rectory was bordered with late blooming roses. These cultivated flower-beds seemed so incongruous in this wilderness of growing things, that Jane stopped to examine them. As she attempted to pull up her horse he shied at a bit of old newspaper that had been caught in the brambles of a blackberry bush, and pitching Jane from him, he galloped on without her.

The Senator was beside her in a moment. She lay white and inert in the heavy dust of the roadway. He bent over her anxiously, his fingers on her pulse. "Thank God she was not dragged," he said, prayerfully grateful. Then picking her up he carried her along the rose-bordered path, cursing himself for his carelessness, his heart full of tender pity for the girl in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REVISED PSALTER OF THE BREVIARY.

BY CHARLTON BENEDICT WALKER.



THE latest Revision of the "Psalter" of the *Roman Breviary* calls for some notice by those who are interested in liturgical matters. It is not often in the history of the Church that a reform so profound and far-reaching in its effects has been brought about with so little of the dispute and discussion which has attended previous attempts at reconstruction.

It is necessary to carry our minds back to the last Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, opened by Pius IX. over forty years ago, and never formerly closed, and to recall certain important demands there made by prelates from all parts of the Catholic world. The commission appointed by Pius IX. in 1856, had reported that the *Breviary* required revision, that the time was ripe for such revision, and that the Rubrics needed special attention. From a negative point of view the commission reported, that the time was not opportune for a revision of the legends, homilies and antiphons. From all parts of the world opinions were, later on at the Vatican Council, gathered upon the question and submitted to the assembly in order to draw attention to the matter. Following Dom Bäumer and Dom Baudot, we may group these opinions according to the nationality of those who presented them.

The French scheme desired the expurgation of the lessons (of the *Sanctorale*) from apocryphal matter, the correction of the "Hymnal," a re-distribution of the "Psalter," a limitation of the power to transfer feasts, the recasting of the Calendar in order to give less prominence to purely Roman saints, and an abridgement of the office as a whole.

The German scheme, characteristically, devoted itself to the question of the expurgation of doubtful matter, and required further, permission to anticipate Matins of the following day at any hour after 2 P. M.

The Canadian scheme placed chief stress upon the need for a re-distribution of the "Psalter," in order that as far as possible the whole "Psalter" should be recited weekly, and

that the office should be shortened with a view to relieving priests whose time was largely occupied with the cure of souls.

The Italians desired correction of those parts of the *Breviary* which did not concur with the results of modern criticism, that more appropriate homilies should be chosen for certain days, and that some arrangement should be made by which the whole "Psalter" might be recited at least several times a year.

For our present purpose it is enough to note that in three out of these four schemes a desire is expressed for a better recitation of the "Psalter."

The present distribution of the Psalms amongst the hours of the day and week dates back, at any rate in its main features, to the beginning of the ninth century. Previous to that date we know that St. Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century, had given certain directions as to the distribution, and that either he or one of his successors had laid the foundation of the recitation which became universal in all churches of the Empire after 802. In Rome itself it seems almost certain that the adoption of this scheme was later, for Amalarius records that the length of Matins depended upon the hour of dawn, and that Lauds invariably began at that hour whether Matins were finished or no. It is usual to speak of this distribution of the "Psalter" as "Gregorian," and though no argument as to authorship is intended to be conveyed, it is convenient to retain the term here. At this period it seems quite certain that a weekly recitation of the "Psalter" was regarded as the rule.

No doubt this rule was largely an imitation of the monastic custom defined by St. Benedict (c 529). The distribution was, it is true, widely different when adopted by those who lived outside the cloister, and adapted in various ways to their particular requirements. But it was weekly, and so it has remained to the present day.

The only other distribution of ancient date which need be noticed here is the Ambrosian. This is spread over two weeks; but it is rash, with our limited knowledge of the history of the Milanese rite to hazard any suggestion as to the period at which it was ordered. It is a hope which I am sure is shared by all liturgical scholars, that more time will be devoted in the near future to its study.

So the question remained settled until the time of the Council of Trent, when the revision of the *Breviary*, which was, indeed, long overdue, was again set on foot. In 1535 Cardinal Francis Quignonez had published a *Breviary* for private recitation by ecclesiastics, out of choir. He arranged the "Psalter" to be said weekly; limited the lessons to three, confining them for the greater part to Holy Scripture alone; in his first edition abolished even antiphons, and omitted all the short chapters and the responds at Matins and the Hours. His underlying ideas, true in the main, that the *Breviary* is made for man and not man for the *Breviary*, and that the essential matter is that God should receive His due meed of praise from a willing, and not from an overburdened heart, was shared by others, amongst whom was Blessed Joseph Maria Tommasi, himself one of the greatest liturgical scholars of that or any time, who had obtained a personal privilege from the Holy See to recite only the Office of the Season, and who projected a reform of the *Breviary* for private use. Paul III. countenanced the *Quignonian Breviary* so far as to allow seculars, who obtained leave, to substitute it for the Roman Office in private. But the reform which it advocated went too far outside the limits of tradition, and overthrew too much which was rightly regarded as essential, and it never attained anything like popularity. In 1558 the Pope refused to authorize a reprint.

The revision of the *Breviary* by the Council of Trent under St. Pious V. aimed at providing one *Breviary* for the whole church, in which local necessities could find their full lawful expression without interfering with the idea of unity, so greatly desired in the troubled state of the times. And it is important only to note here that the tenacity with which the Church has clung to the Pian reform has been largely due to the paramount necessity of preserving this idea, and that the suppression of local uses, such as those of the dioceses of France, was undertaken, not so much because they, themselves, contained what was harmful to faith and sound doctrine, but because they struck across that unity in prayer which goes hand in hand with unity in doctrine. It is true that the Jansenist heretics made free use of the *Breviary* in later times to promote their designs, and that in her warfare with heresy the Church, taught by bitter experience, uses no half-measures. But no one can close his eyes to the excellence

and beauty of many of these local uses, or do else than welcome the day when it may become possible for the Church to adopt them as her own. That day has dawned by God's good providence, and "we may rejoice and be glad in it."

When our Holy Father ascended the Pontifical throne, the note which he struck was "the restoration of all things in Christ," a solemn note and one which has been destined to arouse harmonies throughout the whole Catholic Church. It is not my duty, nor am I in any degree capable, to express the extraordinary *personal* affection which attaches to Pius X., in the heart of every sincere and humble Catholic. But one cannot escape the conviction that the triumphs of his reign, already many and deeply significant, are due to his ability to go hand in hand with the poorest and meanest of his subjects to the throne of Christ our Lord, to his marvelous capacity for understanding the needs and desires of his children, and for removing bravely and unhesitatingly whatsoever causes "one of these little ones to stumble."

We have noticed that one demand stands out in nearly all the projects for the reform of the *Breviary*—the redistribution of the "Psalter" in order that it may, in accordance with ancient custom, be frequently, and in the Roman Church, weekly, recited by all those bound to the Office. Every writer upon the *Breviary* has expressed the opinion that the "Psalter" is that part of the Divine Service which is absolutely essential.

Everyone with a knowledge of the history of worship deplores that with regard to the psalms "of late time few of them have been daily said, and the rest utterly omitted." But most happily this defect has nothing whatever to do with those whose duty is to recite the "Psalter." No obligation in any department of life, ecclesiastical or civil, is discharged more faithfully. I say this with the utmost confidence. The real difficulty has been hitherto that the arrangement of the "Psalter" in the Common of Saints has not been proportionate to that of the Ferial Office. This probably arose from the custom of adding the Office of the Saint to that of the Feria, (much in the same way as at the present time, the Little Office of our Lady is said in addition to the Canonical Office), and so producing a *double* office. When the burden of so lengthy a form of prayer became impossible to ecclesiastics who were engaged in other forms of spiritual activity, the lengthier

Ferial office was discarded and that of the Saint retained. In course of time we "even find that one of the reasons for canonization was that the Saint might be honored in the Office. St. Antoninus writes:

Canonization adds nothing to the merit or essential reward of sanctity, but earthly veneration and glory; in order that after this solemn process the Saint's office may be solemnly celebrated with gladness and rejoicing, which otherwise could in no way be observed. (Martinez, *Vita B. M. Teresæ* . . . auctore R. P. Francisco Ribera 469.)

We can only be thankful that this prominence given to the friends of God has been preserved inviolate to our own time.

When reform became an absolute necessity, the Gregorian distribution was felt to be of such venerable antiquity that to touch it would open the way to changes of a less desirable nature, and up to the present time liturgists have loyally accepted this position and sought in other directions for some way out of the difficulty. The compilers of the local uses in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did redistribute, and had they not vitiated the whole of their work by an attitude of disregard, and in too many cases of open contempt, for the ruling of the Holy See, their efforts might long ago have succeeded in bringing about reform. It was only by bringing back unity of prayer that the seal could be set upon the work of restoring the unity of faith, and the Church, with the Gregorian distribution intact, dared not cast it on one side.

But in these days when she has found peace within her walls, it is possible to consider the domestic needs of her own household, "to restore all things in Christ." And so we are given the new "Psalter," and may briefly consider its main features. I give herewith a table of the distribution which may be compared with that of the present *Breviary*. (*See opposite page.*)

Matins, you will observe, on Sundays and week-days alike, has nine psalms. The present *Breviary* has eighteen on Sundays and twelve on week-days. Further, you will note that long psalms, e.g., the ninth and the seventy-seventh, are divided into portions, each portion being treated as a separate psalm. The Gregorian precedent for this is the well known treatment of Psalm 118. Lauds has five psalms, the grouping of Psalms 148-150 being dropped, and a larger selection of

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Psalterium Breviarii Romani cum ordinario divini officii jussu SS. D. N. Pii PP. X novo ordine per hebdomadam dispositum et editum. Editio typica. Romæ. 1911.

	<i>Sunday</i>	<i>Monday</i>	<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Thursday</i>	<i>Friday</i>	<i>Saturday</i>
<i>MATINS</i> 1 Noct. 2 Noct. 3 Noct.	1. a. 3 8. 9a. b. 9c. d. 10	13. 14. 16 17a. b. c. 19. 20. 29	34a. b. c. 36a. b. c. 37a. b. 38	44a. b. 45 47. 48a. b. 49a. b. 50 (or 49c.)	61 65a. b. 67a. b. c. 68a. b. c.	77a. b. c. 77d. e. f. 78. 80. 82	104a. b. c. 105a. b. c. 106a. b. c.
<i>LAUDS</i>	9a. 99. 6a Benedictie 148	46. 5. 28 Benedictus es 116	95. 42. 66 Magnus es 134	96. 64. 100 Hymnum cant. 145	97. 89. 35 Audite verbum 146	98. 142. 84 Vere tu es 147	149. 91. 63 Misereere nostri 150
Septuag. to Palm S.	50. 117. 6a Benedictus es 148	50. 5. 28 Confitebor tibi 116	50. 42. 66 Ego dixi 134	50. 64. 100 Exultavit cor. 145	50. 89. 35 Cantemus 146	50. 142. 84 Domine audivi 147	50. 91. 63 Audite cæli 150
<i>PRIME</i>	117 or 53 118a. b. Quicumque	23 18a. b.	24a. b. c.	25 51 59	22 71a. b.	21a. b. c.	93a. b. 107
<i>TERCE</i>	118c. d. e.	26a. b. 27	39a. b. c.	53. 54a. b.	72a. b. c.	79a. b. 81	101a. b. c.
<i>SEXT</i>	118f. g. h.	39a. b. c.	40. 41a. b.	55. 56. 57	73a. b. c.	83a. b. 86	103a. b. c.
<i>NOVE</i>	118i. j. k.	31. 32a. b.	43a. b. c.	58a. b. 59	74. 75a. b.	88a. b. c.	108a. b. c.
<i>VESPERS</i>	109 110 111 112 113	114 115 119 120 121	122 123 124 125 126	127 128 129 130 131	132 135a. b. 136 137	138a. b. 139 140 141	143a. b. 144a. b. c.
<i>COMPLINE</i>	4 90 133	6 7a. b.	11 12 15	33a. b. 60	69 70a. b.	76a. b. 85	87 102a. b.

Canticles, many of which will be familiar to those bound to the Monastic Office, is provided for week-days. Prime and Hours have three constantly varying psalms, the *Quicumque* being retained on Sunday as in the present Office. Vespers has five psalms, as now; Compline three psalms, varying from day to day.

In order to make this arrangement one of practice, new rubrics have been put forth which make wide changes in the relation between the Ferial and Festal Office. Except on certain feasts—roughly speaking, all doubles of the first and second classes and within their octaves—the Psalms as in the “Psalter” are to be said daily. On these feasts Matins and Vespers are said as in the Proper or Common. Lauds and the Hours have their Antiphons and Psalms from the “Psalter,” and the rest (Chapter, Hymns, etc.) from the Common or Proper. On all other feasts, unless a proper Office be already existing, the Antiphons and Psalms are from the “Psalter” and the Lessons of the First Nocturn at Matins are from the Scripture occurring.

Side by side with these changes, and, again, laid down in order to render them effective, come the Rubrics concerning the translation and occurrence of feasts. Briefly, the Sunday Office is given an importance which will enable it to take its rightful place throughout the year. Now that its length has been rendered more reasonable, no one will regret this, and benefactors of churches will please note that suits of green vestments will probably prove acceptable presents for next Christmas. Doubles of the First and Second Classes, when transferred, are to go to the first day not already filled by a feast of the same class. Other festivals are not to be transferred at all, but either commemorated or entirely omitted *pro hac vice*.

The Office is further shortened by the concentration of the Suffrages of the Saints into one memorial; all the week-day Votive Offices of 1883 are suppressed and the obligation of the Office of the Dead on certain days is removed. All Souls’ Day has a new Office (to be used this year) and this supersedes that of the Octave of All Saints, which formerly gave a Double Office to this day. This is a return to a pre-reformation use which was a feature of the *Sarum Breviary*.

The new “Psalter” comes into use at the end of this

year, and the subject is one of such interest and importance that I may with confidence ask pardon for this somewhat long notice of it. To those who find their strength increased from day to day by the constant intercourse with God through the official prayer of His Church, the opportunity afforded by the revision for a greater familiarity with the "Psalter" will be welcome; to some of those to whom the length of the old Office has hitherto presented insuperable difficulties—I speak of course of the laity—this shorter Office, which loses nothing of the beauty of the old, may serve, as I pray it may, as an introduction to that marvelous storehouse of the prayers and wisdom of men of old time—the *Breviary of the Catholic Church*.

ST. JOSEPH.

BY HILDEGARDE.

WHAT guidance lacked I from thy counsel wise,
There in those dear, dim days of long ago,
Where myriad pathways met in lines obscure,
And self-alluring scenes perplexed me so?
Thou, who didst guide o'er Egypt's trackless sea
Thine own Creator's steps—didst beckon me.

What lacks me now, of comradeship divine,
Now that the road is gained, the pathway clear?
Shall aught intimidate me, aught dismay,
Clasping thy hand, shall I have aught to fear?
Thou who hast always in thy blessed sight,
Him, Whom the stars obey—dost guide aright.

And what of thy dear ministry to me
When matched against the foe, with strength unmeet?
If then, God's dear ambassador I see,
Is not my fondest death-bed dream complete?
Thy summons found thee, wrapped in His embrace.
O! be my pledge that I shall see His Face!

"APPROVING THE BETTER THINGS."

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



CHRISTIAN and religious perfection is a word that is easily open to much misunderstanding. One thinks that if he fasted on bread and water he would be perfect. But St. Francis de Sales says that one may do that and yet "drink deep of his neighbor's blood by detraction and calumny." Prayer is a necessary means of perfection. But one may say a great many prayers and even go often to the sacraments, and be only a great annoyance among his fellows; nor will he forgive injuries. Charity to the poor is a sign of perfection, but not an infallible one; for there are those who are generous to the poor, and yet so imperfect as not to pay their debts.

What, then, is perfection? St. Bernard tells us that it is a sincere purpose to go forward and increase in virtue, that is to say, in loving God and our neighbor. So does St. Paul teach the same doctrine: "That your charity may more and more abound in knowledge and in all understanding, that you may approve the better things" (Phil. i. 10).

One sees an admirable spirit of progress in this. However little virtue we may have, let us strive in God's name to get a little more. The moment a sinner is absolved in a good confession and then receives Holy Communion, the test of his sincerity is his purpose to do "better things"; courageously to cut out the roots of evil habits, manfully to despise and avoid bad company, firmly to keep faith with God and his father confessor about his prayers and his return to the sacraments. The way of perfection is just a strenuous endeavor to get further and further away from sin, and become more and more sincere in love of virtue.

What is a bright sign of the beginnings of perfection? That with sincere humility one makes up his mind immediately to begin with the lowest works of the Christian life. Listen to the Psalmist: "And I said: Now have I begun; this is the change of the right hand of the most High" (Ps. lxxvi. 11).

I.

St. Bernard expressed his doctrine in the motto he gave the Knights Templars in their Rule, A. D., 1128, describing a life and death earnestness: "Alive or dead we are God's." Not merely the desire but the resolute desire to advance in virtue for God's sake is the root of perfection.

The ordinary Christian says in his prayers: O my God! I love Thee; and this he repeats with the monotonous ebb and flow of a placid sea. The more aspiring soul does the same with a deeper consciousness of the divine deservings; but especially with no monotony but rather a ceaseless variety of reasons and intuitions, and an occasional onflowing of a tidal wave of joyous purpose. Of all the incidents of such a life none equals the absorbing self-gratulation of discovering the littleness of self and the greatness of God. The spiritual elation of fervent souls may be thus interpreted: How glad I am of my love for Jesus Christ! And, on the other hand, the real sadness of their life is the chagrin at some sudden slip of the tongue, or some unbecoming greediness at table—a sadness not unwelcome because it measures the most needful of all virtues, humility, a feeling peculiar only to those whose "sole object is real perfection, which is the fervent resolve to please God in all things and themselves in nothing" (St. John of the Cross, *Obscure Night*, Book I. ch. iii).

It is of the state of aspiring love named Christian perfection, that the spouse speaks in the Canticles: "If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing" (Cant. viii. 7). The good of anything and everything is really known only by one who knows the good of close union with God. The worth of any joy is its rate of exchange for the love of God. There is no living without loving. The only loving is in loving God the infinitely lovable; all other love is of something wholly His, or comes from loving Him, or flows towards loving Him. How this drawing towards heaven should be cultivated by sanctifying our affections is thus stated by St. Teresa: "Let your *desire* be to see God; your *fear* be lest you lose Him; your *grief* that you do not enjoy Him; and let your *joy* be for what may lead you to Him" (Maxim 69—Dalton).

Promptness, heartiness, eagerness—be possessed of these

qualities about religion, and you need only be broken into the harness of holy discipline to achieve perfection.*

II.

We see, then, that perfection is not exactly the practise of virtues for their own sake, such as poverty, chastity and obedience, mortification and humility—no, nor even for God's sake, but rather it is the spirit which inspires this practise. The perfection to which all are called, to which some are specially called, is a holy ambition for a closer and closer union with God—"an interior binding to God," says Tauler, "joined to a great longing for eternity:" not saintliness ready made, but gladness and eagerness to become a saint by longings and strivings, labors and sufferings for the things of eternity.

"Whatsoever thy hand is able to do, do it earnestly" (Eccles. ix. 10). Make this energetic maxim a rule for spiritual exercises as well as for outward good works, and you have the plan of advance. Perfection as a condition is earnestness in praying and suffering and laboring. St. Francis de Sales interprets the inspired definition just given, when he says that perfection "presupposes not a partial but a thorough love of God. As divine love adorns the soul, it is called grace, making us pleasing to the divine majesty; as it gives us strength to do good, it is called charity; but when it is arrived at that degree of perfection, by which it not only makes us do well, but also work diligently, frequently and readily, then it is called devotion [perfection]" (*Devout Life*, Part I., Ch. I). But one must realize that neither in spirit nor practise is this condition motivated by human reason, but by the instincts and inspirations of divine grace. Under this progressive influence the worship of mediocrity is impossible. The motto is no longer, "Be safe," but, "Be noble." Nor need one be scared by the task, for the easy safety of such a soul is in the choice of humble works rather than of showy ones. "There are no short ways to perfection, but there are sure ones," says Newman—namely, to do the ordinary work of each day thoroughly well, only regretting it were not done better.

* "Devotio nihil aliud esse videtur, quam voluntas quaedam prompte tradendi se ad ea quae pertinent ad Dei famulatum." "It would seem that devotion [perfection] is only a certain kind of good will promptly to deliver oneself up to those things which pertain to the service of God." (Summa, 2a. 2ae, qu. 82, a. 1).

III.

We must not insist that obedience to the call to perfection is a condition of salvation. Yet not seldom it is so plain, so imperative, that neglect of it is extremely dangerous. "If thou sayest: It is enough! thou hast perished," exclaims St. Augustine, referring to such a case. This has a closer, practical bearing than may at first sight appear. For if one says: It is enough for me to keep out of mortal sin—this self-bestowed license to commit venial sins quickly demoralizes his reckonings about mortal sins. After losing the eager outlook for increase in virtue, one soon begins to degenerate. Growth is a law of life, of the spiritual life above all others. "The path of the just man as a shining light, goeth forward and increaseth, even unto perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18). Desire is the inner source of holiness, but practise is necessary, for that alone gives development, and its neglect is attended with penalties, the chief of which is that form of spiritual sloth known as "low views." Purpose is the sap of the tree, practise the branches. Lop off a few lower branches to concentrate growth in the higher ones and you do well. But excess in this process of pruning stagnates the sap of holy desire and the whole tree soon rots and dies.

IV.

The supreme law is love; and fortunately the love of God has many ways of drawing us. Of all of these the imitation of Jesus Christ is the compendium. He has abundantly emphasized three forms, which are the triple cord of union: imitating His poverty, by making little of the good things of this life; His chastity, by bridling, according to one's state of life, the concupiscence of the flesh; and His obedience, by subjecting self will to God's will, as God lives and acts among us by our lawful superiors. These form, we say, the triple bond of union when inspired by love, the one virtue sanctifying them all: "Above all these things have charity, which is the bond of perfection" (Col. iii. 14). Done for the sake of imitating Him who is all in all to us, these three Gospel virtues, as they are called, perfect the love of God in a Christian soul. By them does God make us "conformable to the image of His Son" (Rom. viii. 29).

We are supposing, meanwhile, the atmosphere of devotion, consisting of a regimen of prayer, spiritual reading, occasional intervals of recollection, all established upon a sufficiently frequent reception of the sacraments. Let him who desires to be a true Christian say to God incessantly: O God! teach me to love to say my prayers, give me joy in reading good books, make attractive to me a quiet half hour in hearing Mass, deepen my sorrow in confession and my joy in Communion. Thus to petition heaven earnestly is to be nigh to the company of the saints. The frequent advice, and now and then the authority of a spiritual director who is wise and calm and experienced, is, of course, taken for granted.

V.

Much, indeed nearly the whole of our visible striving, consists in curbing tendencies to evil, for when evil goes, holiness comes. Hence the Apostle's admonition: "Purge out the old leaven, that you may become a new paste" (I Cor. v. 11). Perfection, as a course of conduct, is mainly a vigilant watch over venial weaknesses, resulting in due time in freedom from deliberate venial sins. To this process of purification is joined a constant elevation of motives, an unceasing recurrence to the original purpose; for, says St. Teresa, "God will not show Himself openly, or reveal His glories, or bestow His treasures, save on souls who prove that they ardently desire Him, for these are His real friends" (*Way of Perfection*, Stanbrook, xxxiv. 11). It must never be forgotten that it is rather in the motive than in the act that one increases in spiritual stature. Action may be now and then wisely limited, but there should be no limit to our purpose. The one indispensable quality of a seeker for God's perfect will is interior energy. "Paradise is not for sluggards," says St. Philip Neri; "nor for sleepy heads," says St. Teresa.

To this fervent and therefore sure adhesion to God all men are remotely called, and many specially and directly bidden. Too often they forfeit, or at least but partially use their glorious privilege. The principles of religion which involve grave obligation and are armed with eternal penalties, we hold in practical mind and we sternly observe them. But it is different with God's counsels—the free invitations of our Master to the nobler ways of love. And yet, are the principles

which concern not the salvation but the perfection of the soul less true that we should hold them only speculatively? How great a difference does the threat of penalties make in our acceptance of God's truth as a rule of life.

VI.

Here is a question both curious and critical. How much is one's progress hindered by persistence in some single unmortified practise, such as by full indulgence of appetite at table, by waste of time and of mental force in newspaper reading, or by long talks with favorites. What effect has any one of these practises (for a congestion of them all means a hopeless spiritual malady), on such essential conditions as purity of intention, or love of prayer, or zeal for souls? According to spiritual writers such unmortification, if of frequent occurrence, blocks advance all along the line and threatens retrogression.

Holy living is seldom achieved *per saltum*—by one bright, quick leap from the earthly into the heavenly character. This or that virtue may rise of a sudden into maturity, but even this is rarely the case. The habit of responsiveness to God's instincts within us is of gradual growth; often, nay usually, almost imperceptibly gradual. Allowing for exceptional cases of prodigies of grace in those destined for canonization, the Psalmist's teaching is of universal application: "In his heart he hath disposed to ascend by steps in the vale of tears, in the place which he hath chosen. For the lawgiver shall give a blessing; they shall go from virtue to virtue" (Ps. lxxxiii. 6, 7). Through the vale of tearful penance, along roads of the Lawgiver's, often mysterious, selection, now by the beaten track of common practice, again by the secluded by—path of peculiar guidance, one spends his days and his years in this career, seldom pleasing to flesh and blood; never without joy to the spirit, because it is always an upward way and the touch of the divine hand is never absent.

The dignity of character generated by this search for God, is shown by the content of the soul with divine things alone. No one in the world is so independent of the frenzies of our fallen nature; no one so clearly reckons the true values of existence; no one has the divine standpoint so easy of access. They who strive after the better things are the real leaders of

mankind, stout-hearted champions of peace and of mutual affection and of the sorrows of the Crucified.

For this class of souls, as valiant for God as they are patient with men, do all things exist; they are God's favorites, and through them does He lavish his gifts upon the more faint-hearted masses. "And I will give them a heart to know Me, that I am the Lord; and they shall be My people and I shall be their God; because they shall return to Me with *their whole heart*" (Jer. xxiv. 7).

THE DISCIPLE.

BY ANNA BUNSTON.

"How far to Calvary?

And when shall I be there
To hang my bruised body
On the heavy tree I bear?"

"Not far to Calvary

Thy pilgrimage not long
For close to holy cities
Are the hills of human wrong."

"How long on Calvary?

For God hath turned away
And what if faith should fail me
Whom all things else betray?"

"Not long on Calvary

With daylight dies the sword
And thou shalt keep in slumber
The sabbath of the Lord."

THE RESULTS OF THE REFORMATION.

CONCLUSION.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

THE shipwreck of the old united civilization of Europe in the sixteenth century has produced in the long process of three hundred years the intolerable thing which we call "Industrial Civilization." Such is the chief material effect of the catastrophe, and that effect being very visible and closely affecting the lives of not quite half of the modern European world, is the most prominent phenomenon connecting us to-day with the disaster of three hundred years ago.

This terrible modern and final effect of the Reformation—the Industrial System—is the more prominent and better recognized because of its intensity: the intensity of the suffering it causes, the intensity of the peril which all modern society is incurring through its evil influence. The segregation of the means of production into few hands, proceeds, as we have seen, from the Reformation; and particularly from the Reformation in Britain. The false philosophy which bred that piece of social injustice tended also as time flowed on to emphasize it in every way. By insisting upon individual effort and individual competition as opposed to the old corporate life of Catholic Europe, that false philosophy vastly increased the activities of the individual speculator and the inventor, yet in the result obtained no advantage but rather further evils for mankind as a whole. In a society already consisting of a privileged minority holding in its power a dispossessed majority, in other words, in a society already *capitalist*, the new processes of industry which were developed in the eighteenth century produced what in a juster society they could not have produced, to wit, the vile fruit of industrialism.

From Britain as a centre the plague spread. It achieved fantastic, incredible proportions as the nineteenth century drew to a close, and those unhappy sections of our race now suf-

fering from that disease are divided into a millioned proletariat serving—without hope, without tradition, without even the memory of true citizenship—some few thousands that control the means of production.

Against this abominable state of affairs a remedy has been proposed as evil as the thing itself; a remedy utterly inhuman, mechanical, and patently carrying in itself the seeds of a future general decay. This remedy is called *Collectivism* or *Socialism*: the putting of the means of production into the hands of politicians, who shall thus order the lives of all, guaranteeing, indeed, sufficiency and security, but destroying the dignity, because destroying the liberty of men. So arranging that all men shall live, but that no family can through property react upon the state or its fellows.

This consummation will not be achieved. The propaganda carried on in its favor, wide-spread and enormously successful upon the intellectual side, will not result in the realization of a Collectivist State. Under the influences of that propaganda the Capitalist is in no way menaced in his possessions, the proletariat are not relieved, by one tittle, of their servile disabilities. What happens under that propaganda—what is happening under our very eyes to-day—is an accumulation of laws in the Protestant countries of Europe, which laws are forming a whole social code of servitude imposed upon the poor by the rich. These laws and that code are designed to secure the unearned enjoyment of the few, and to organize at their service (with guaranteed security and sufficiency, but with no property or grip upon the means of production), the millions who labor for their profit. The poor are to be compelled to work for the rich. If they will so work, they shall have a certain minimum of comfort, a certain inspected security of material things when they are disabled or old. It is designed to enregiment the proletariat under the officials of a Capitalist State. All this is the tendency of the time in Protestant Society. There is no tendency towards Collectivism at all. The ultimate social effect of the Reformation, then, if it were left unchecked by the reaction of Catholic countries, would be the reestablishment in Europe of that which was its basis before the advent of the Church—slavery. Of modern countries it is difficult to say whether Protestant Britain or Protestant Prussia has advanced furthest along this road.

Such (to recapitulate what was said in my last article) are the principal results of the Reformation in their tangible and material aspect.

But these in turn must repose upon a certain philosophy.

All the material, external characters of a state, its economic organization, that is, its provision (or lack of provision) for the food, clothing, housing and corporal needs of its citizens, and the form its whole arrangement takes, proceed from its philosophy or religion. No change in material circumstance will greatly modify the social mind. All modifications of the social mind modify at once, and in responsive degree, the material conditions of society. For in things corporate as in things individual the mind is the cause.

What, then, to conclude, shall we say is the mental attitude which we may observe as the last phase of the disruption of Europe? To what philosophy or state of thought or religion has non-Catholic society tended as the end of its long development since the last strong anarchy of the sixteenth century began to attack the unity of Christian men and the binding power of the Universal Church?

Though this last spiritual product of the schism is not demonstrable as is the material thing we have just described, yet certain characters in it may be noted with exactitude; and our perception of them will be of practical importance, for their discovery will enable us to judge the future perils which our civilization may have to undergo.

The first and most salient character discoverable in non-Catholic thought to-day is the undue extension of authority.

I know well that this statement will seem to many extravagantly paradoxical. I do not on that account hesitate to make it. For though deliberate paradox is, in controversy or in statement, a hateful and despicable trick, yet a truth must not be shirked merely because it is so unusual as to strike the reader with a note of extravagance when first he meets it.

All those who have closely concerned themselves with the nature of the human mind agree that it displays a certain appetite for authority. The human mind is limited, and, at the same time, conscious of its own limitations. It possesses avenues of approach towards many a truth, the possession of which is serviceable to its happiness, conducive to its satisfaction, or necessary to its operation, and yet not attainable by

its unaided powers. This craving and necessity of the mind for something not obtainable by the mind unaided, is observable in every attempt the mind makes towards the attainment of knowledge and in all its instinctive actions for the satisfaction of its primal appetite—which primal appetite is the appetite to repose in reality and in a secure possession of the truth. So simple a case as the trust which men give to the evidence of others upon foreign countries, and, indeed, upon all matters which extend knowledge beyond the narrow circle of individual observation, is a proof of this. Equally a proof of it is the trust reposed in transcendental statements, false and true, provided for men by the traditions of their religion.

It is to be observed that this appetite for authority does not vary in proportion to test and proof. Though a man be filled with knowledge of the widest sort, which he has personally been able to submit to experiment and has not found wanting, yet will the overwhelming majority of his actions and his opinions still depend upon the faith which gives evidence of affirmations presented to him under conditions which forbid the application of experiment and test. The learned man who might seem to need it least is full of this hunger. The most ignorant is as full. For it is infinite in relation to all men and concerns man's immortal destiny.

Now it is remarkable that where an exact training in the nature of knowledge and of its criteria is absent, this appetite for authority grows astonishingly uncritical in its exercise. There never was, will be, nor can be, so admirable an instrument for assuring the mind both of its own powers and of their limitations, as is the developed theology of the Catholic Church. It might be imagined by the superficial (indeed most young men so imagine) that, the most obvious and respectable of the reactions against the Faith being the Rationalist Reaction, Rationalism would proceed from one emancipation to another, until that society which suffered or enjoyed its influences would end by an exact appreciation of the differences between those things which can, and those things which cannot be subjected to positive proof. The first would be accepted in a society which had done with the Faith, the latter would be rejected.

As a plain matter of history the exact opposite is the case. Rationalism enjoys, in any human society, a dignified and not unadmirable, but a very brief, career. There succeeds it, and

there springs from it, a condition of the public mind in which, so far from its reposing in the known and the obvious, and so far from stifling the "great curiosity" upon the nature and destiny of man, all that necessary quest of the mind receives an added fire. What may or what may not be true of things not provable is first fiercely debated, then at last some one, or many unprovable schemes are eagerly accepted by society. And when we come to think of it, it must be so. It could not be otherwise. For the things demonstrable to ordinary experience are not certain in proportion to their importance. The nature and the needs of man are not first and best satisfied by knowledge which he easily and universally acquires. The pain of loss occasioned in the mind of man by death is more serious than the pain of loss occasioned by the destruction of some inorganic possession. A chair or table is burnt—all men agree. But a man dies—what is that? The sense of justice is more permanent, more real and more vivid by far even than the very obvious lack of any provision for its satisfaction upon this earth. Do me a wrong, and I know you have done me a wrong. I know it more certainly than I know that you will suffer.

In a word, men deprived of religion because religion does not, or cannot universally prove its thesis, do not upon that account neglect the problems which religion professes to solve. They rather reapply themselves to those problems with a sort of fever when the rule of religion is no longer present to aid and yet to restrain them. Hence you may perceive, as a note running through the modern world wherever the effects of the Reformation are most prominent in it, a simple unquestioning faith in mere statement, which the simplest Catholic peasant could discover to have no true intellectual authority whatever. First you will notice the almost childish repetition of *known names* in proof of doubtful or quite unprovable assertion. There is a sort of consensus in such societies that a name, if it has been sufficiently repeated is not only that of a great, but of an authoritative, man. Thus, Charles Darwin was possessed of certain qualities which are of the simplest kind, and, one may add, of the most honorable. He loved truth, he was enormously industrious, and wherever we meet them we do well to respect the love of truth and industry. But his name carries weight in non-Catholic society for reasons that have nothing whatever to do with either of these excel-

lent virtues, and he is seriously proposed by thousands of educated men as the originator of something he never originated, as the demonstrator of something which he never even attempted to demonstrate, and finally, as a man who, though you may not know what the process of his work may have been, you must accept with more humility than men ever accepted any religious document or transcendental doctrine vouched for by the sanctified experience of chosen men and of an institution particularly designed for authority in such things. Men will tell you in a wild extravagance or riot of faith that Charles Darwin originated the theory of evolution; which is as though a Catholic were to say that St. Philip Neri had originated the idea of daily Mass. They will next inform you that the same Charles Darwin proved by his enormous labors, by that patient accumulation of evidence which was his claim to fame, that Transformism had taken place in a particular fashion. They will conclude by assuring you that this matter is now part of the "Established Scientific Truth" upon which "modern life reposes." That Charles Darwin did nothing but add one particular hypothesis to the immemorially old theory of Transformism; that this hypothesis was hardly tenable by a thinking man (for it was Materialist); that this hypothesis proposed a perpetual flux of living organisms ever differentiating from year to year by infinitesimal degrees; nay, (and much more) that this hypothesis is now admitted to be false—of all this I say, not one in ten thousand of the men who accept in the full spirit of an exaggerated religious faith, the name and authority of Darwin, has the faintest idea. Such men must believe something and they believe that. Why they believe it they cannot tell.

You may further note an acceptance in this spirit of one hypothesis as the consequence of another, without apparently any check being afforded to the process by the increasing improbability of each new guess which is advanced to protect the authority of the last. Thus energy (whatever that may mean) must—by a first hypothesis (utterly unproved)—be propagated in tri-dimensional waves. Next, therefore, some substance susceptible to impact must be imagined in order to distribute energy through the interplanetary space. Therefore—a third step—you must accept and not deny an "ether" more rigid than steel by far, and (what is odd for a material thing), offering no resistance to the passage of great bodies

through its substance! Thence may you be led at any moment to the necessity for affirming some newer fourth, and if possible, much wilder thing, because this hypothetical ether chances some day no longer to work and because its hypothetical nature at fourth hand would break down unless you predicated that newer and still wilder proposition. Men have already been found under the influence of this spirit of authority to deny the continuity of space or to affirm of time that it has "a cellular structure." With each new expansion of actual knowledge some further monstrosity of the sort is given to us as the true faith. Precisely the same process may be observed in the history of Chemistry, which, when it had formulated its hypothesis of atomic structure, was compelled to defend it (in the light of new discoveries) by further hypotheses more difficult to believe, and may at any moment be compelled to fall back upon a third line of defence, which shall involve quite palpable absurdities.

To any one growing suspicious of this extension of authority into spheres where its action is not legitimate, the reply given, the tone of it, and the immediate citation of name instead of proof, is evidence of just that same quality in the mind (though diseased) as (in its right use) strengthens, receives or develops the Faith.

I have taken examples from physical science alone. It would be easy to complete them with hundreds of examples taken from every branch of human discovery. In Economics, quite unprovable things (as for instance the necessary coalescence of capital into large bodies, a thing only "necessary" because the mind of society so wills it) are presented as though they were demonstrable truths like the Ricardian Laws of Rent; and the present writer has frequently heard the particular and highly controversial doctrine known as Monometallism expounded at Oxford with just that sort of pitying contempt that should attach to the exposition of demonstrable physical truths to an ignoramus who might doubt them.

Now this phenomenon, whose general name is the improper extension of authority, has a vast practical significance, and chiefly in this: that it has laid open the modern world to the influence of *suggestion* as never perhaps was mankind laid open to it before. It has coincidentally laid it open to management and wire-pulling by a few sharpers, as

never was human society before. And I will personally ascribe the lack of self-government in any true sense, our decay in democratic power, the doubt of such elementary dogmas as the equality of man (in those unhappy societies which are so affected), to the absence or weakness of the Catholic Church.

But this is a small matter, you will say, compared with the general and fundamental philosophy which underlies the whole. To what is modern non-Catholic society (if it shall manage to survive) drifting? In what, if it ever reposes, will it repose as a general doctrine? Here opinion only, rather than observation, can avail me; but I will hazard the opinion that it will soon repose in a vague form of Pantheism, which will very quickly develop in its turn, as Pantheism must, into a Polytheism, perhaps not unlovely, probably tolerable, and certainly untrue. To-day that statement sounds absurd. No man can challenge posterity. Yet am I not at all certain that what were called "the gods" will not return if, or when, what was once a Christian Europe shall in places sink back to its originals. But I will let this *caveat* at least be entered. Paganism rediscovered will not rediscover beauty. Paganism did things and thought things which our modern æsthetes could not bear to look on or to think. It is a goal not lightly to be approached, and the Fathers were not fools when they spoke of the worship of demons.

For the rest we all know that in non-Catholic society—and notably in modern Prussia and modern Britain—men must pass through the doubt, and perhaps the destruction, of the fundamental institutions upon which Christendom reposed. That most in peril is the institution of marriage. Perhaps the word "peril" is hardly to be applied. Perhaps it would be truer to say that the meaning and sanctity of marriage have already disappeared in the directing minds of those Protestant societies.

So stated, this picture is but a picture of the tragic end of what was once our civilization.

I have called these papers as a whole, "Europe and the Faith." Certainly without the Faith all that we know as Europe would be gone. To that tragic phase of dissolution which I have just recounted, would succeed age after age of continual decline. For after the lesion of power in abstract thinking would come the corresponding lesion of power in

manual construction, in the application of scientific knowledge, and then we would witness a general return to old and evil, though simple, things.

So point the Protestant societies, but I confess that the picture I have in my mind of Europe as a whole is of another kind.

Europe was wounded in the sixteenth century—indeed the crisis of that disaster is now upon us. But Europe was not killed. At the door of every society sinking through the lack of the Faith lies some other society now rising through the consistent preservation of it. The arena of central contest is, of course, Gaul. Gaul has always been the Arena. And upon the fate of the Church in France will, in my opinion at least, depend the final issue.


Well, observation leads me to conclude at last and after many years, that the battle in France is inclining towards the ancient philosophy of civilization; the truth without which we would not be ourselves. Now the mind of France so moulds and dominates that of all Europe, that I can easily believe the Catholic reaction (for I am not ashamed to use that word) will spread from that centre outwards some little time after the generation in which we who now live are watching the development of this tremendous drama. I can believe that the assault upon the Church will develop elsewhere and later, as it has developed in France, but it will be the less fierce elsewhere on account of the French experience and victory. Already the Masonic organization, which was the very centre and core, or (to use a military metaphor) the *staff* of the attack, has broken down through ridicule. But it is not by such external tests that the great issue is best known. Rather is it to be judged by the spirit in which the younger generation is beginning to envisage the mortal facts, the bearing of children, the dissolution of the human being in death, man's dignity, his questionings, his agonies and his indomitable soul.

The French are essentially a military people, the Church a military thing. I expect developing alliances between the existing national temper, and the ancient traditions of the race. I am not certain that they will not come through war.

But, after all, of the future we know nothing. It has been my business in these few papers to present Europe past, and to show it living and one, by its one great Institution, which is the Catholic Church. *Videat Deus.*

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, LL.D.

HE advantages or disadvantages of being the able son of a distinguished father form the kind of topic which might offer pabulum for an evening's discussion at any debating society. But apart from, and beyond, any such ephemeral consideration, there is really deep ground for reflecting upon the alternatives in the case. Does the kind of start which the father's position gives to the son compensate for the manner in which his personality and his reputation, already gained, are bound to overshadow, at least for a time, the growing fame of the younger generation? To be the son of one's father presents, under favorable circumstances, advantages solid enough, no doubt, but like most other things in this imperfect world, it has the defect of its quality and presents also its very solid and very real disadvantages.

Father Ryder—everybody always called him so, even after he had been made a Doctor of Divinity by the Sovereign Pontiff—was somewhat in this position with regard to his spiritual father, the first Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, Cardinal Newman. That great man claimed and secured from his spiritual children the affection and respect which are due to an ordinary parent, and he secured them in a measure by no means vouchsafed always and to all ordinary parents, even when well deserving of it. And when one reflects that he possessed a great mind and was undoubtedly a master of English literature, one hardly wonders if those who grew up under him were daunted by the almost unapproachable greatness of his work and his literary style. Whether this be so or not, and I put forward the hypothesis as one worthy of consideration, there can be no question that the fame of Newman's successor in the Provostship of the Birmingham Oratory has never stood as high in the estimation of the general public, I think not even in that of the reading

public, as it ought to do. Here was a man of whom W. G. Ward, no mean judge on such a point, spoke in 1881 as "by far the best theologian in England." So Mr. Wilfrid Ward tells us in the delightful essay on Father Ryder which he published in the *Dublin Review* in 1908, the year after the death of the subject of his discourse. Any one who reads that essay will have an opportunity of discovering that Father Ryder was also a poet and a genuine poet. And those who give themselves the pleasure, and a most intense pleasure it is, of reading the volume of essays from Father Ryder's pen, gathered together by the filial piety of one of his spiritual sons, Father Joseph Bacchus of the Birmingham Oratory, and recently reviewed in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, will have little difficulty in recognizing the fact that he was a master of English style worthy of comparison even with his great predecessor in the superiority of the House to which they both belonged.

The recent publication of these essays has caused me to live over again in my memory a time when Father Ryder and myself were on terms of very intimate friendship—a recollection never very far from my mind—and to set down for the readers of this review a few personal recollections of one to whom I personally owe more than I can say, and for whom and to whom my affection and gratitude can scarce be expressed in words.

What I have to say will be poor and inadequate enough, and, as it is mainly of a personal character, I must plead, with Thackeray, to be allowed to adopt "the simple upright perpendicular" letter "I," and to intrude myself upon the scene far more than I should desire.

I hardly know where to begin. Perhaps, as in other things, it may be as well to begin with the beginning and to tell how I made acquaintance with Father Ryder by name long before I ever met him; and became even then his debtor for as long as I live and, as I hope and believe, for all eternity as well.

It was at a time when I was considering the grave step of becoming a Catholic. After the first impetus in that direction, most of my Romeward path was trodden amongst books, and I had read myself at least on to the threshold of the Church before I ever spoke to a priest or even to any Catholic on the subject. Amongst the books which were put into my

hands by those who, most justifiably from their own point of view, desired that I should not take the step which I was meditating, was a once famous manual of controversy, Littledale's *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*. I read it with great care; and the conclusion, after reading it, seemed to be that it was impossible for a rational—not to say an honest—man to be a Catholic. Whilst in this state of mind I happened to see in the window of a Catholic book-shop, into which I was looking, a volume on the cover of which was printed *Catholic Controversy—A Reply to Littledale's "Plain Reasons."* Littledale and Ryder were to me names and nothing more at that time but I was anxious to give both sides a chance and I went in at once and bought a copy of the book.

I have just been looking it over again, it and Littledale's work which stands beside it on my book shelves. I doubt if I have ever looked inside either of them during the nearly thirty years which have elapsed since I became a Catholic, but I see from the markings and references that I must have read both of them closely and, indeed, I well remember that when I had finished Ryder's book I said to myself "One of them is a liar and I will find out which." I also remember marking a dozen passages and going off to a library where I could consult the Fathers and see for myself which writer had misrepresented them. I need not say that I soon discovered where the truth lay and so, in a way, Littledale made a Catholic of me. I hope it will be counted to him for righteousness.

New in this very remarkable book Father Ryder really achieved a most extraordinary, one would almost say an impossible, result, for he produced a reply which was almost exactly the same size as the attack. A fool can put more questions in five minutes than a wise man can answer in a year, and to reply to all Littledale's misrepresentations (and perhaps even worse) in the same compass as they occupied is a task which few would have attempted and very few indeed have accomplished. No one could have done it but a man with an absolute mastery of his subject and of the English language and an unerring judgment as to what to choose and what to reject. Point by point he takes up Littledale and answers him and, so it seems to me, not only answers him but abso-

lutely pulverizes him. It is undoubted and it is unfortunate that Ryder's reputation rests so largely on this book; unfortunate, because, like other manuals of controversy it seems bound to sink into oblivion. Who reads *Pope and Maguire* now? Who even knows the name of that once famous controversy save those who delight in *Curiosa Literaria*? The centre of gravity of controversy had shifted since Pope and Maguire's time to the Littledale and Ryder period. It is shifting rapidly away from that now to a dispute about the fundamentals of religion where the Church is even now the chief champion of religious truth, even of the truths nominally held by all Christian Churches, and soon, so it seems to some of us, will be the sole antagonist of agnosticism and unbelief. When that moment comes, and it may come much quicker than some imagine, Littledale and Ryder will both become *Curiosa Literaria* as it is the lot of such things to become as opinion grows and shifts.

Father Ryder was a man of scrupulous fairness and spared no pains to get at the exact facts in connection with any point on which he was working. I remember the time when he was engaged in writing the *Essay On Certain Ecclesiastical Miracles* for the *Nineteenth Century*, republished in the volume previously alluded to. This was a reply to an attack by Dr. Abbott on some views put forward by Cardinal Newman. Amongst other things there was question of the sixty African Catholics whose tongues were cut out by King Hunneric, an Arian, and who yet were able to speak perfectly after this terrible treatment. It is not necessary to re-discuss the question here. All that I desire to say is that I spent a very long afternoon at his request, with Father Ryder in a Medical Library exploring every possible book on the subject of removal of the tongue. The results of our explorations are summed up in less than a dozen lines and might seem to be scarce worth the trouble that they cost. But they show how anxious he was to get at the exact facts in any subject with which he was dealing.

In his controversy, as elsewhere, he resembled his great Superior in possessing a lambent humor, a humor which, when he chose, could scorch. Everybody has read Newman's *Present Position of Catholics*, and everyone, therefore, knows the delightful passages in which the Cardinal's humor plays round the subject matter of his pages. Far fewer know the humor

of Ryder, different in character but no whit inferior in quality. Newman dealt with the lion as pictured by the man; here is how Ryder dealt with the Catholic and the Anglican bodies in England as certain modern Anglicans would have us picture them. The passage is from *The Pope and the Anglican Archbishops*:

Our [*i. e.* the Catholic] sole representatives in pre-Elizabethan history written up to date are, unfortunately, just those whom we could best afford to dispense with—the leaders, to wit, of the fierce Papist reaction under Mary, who kindled the fires of Smithfield and threw away a noble opportunity. Here we are distinctly wanted, and we appear upon the stage for the first time to burn a few blasphemers of the Mass, not Anglicans certainly, neither are Anglicans as yet anywhere distinctly visible. In the next reign we appear again, and a goodly number of us are disembowelled at the hands of very emphatic Protestants, Anglicanism the while “mewing its mighty youth” in the safety of some “green retreat,” and leaving such rough companions to fight it out for themselves. An invisible Church, heir at once to the memories of the past and the hopes of the future, I see her slowly materializing beneath the royal smile, a kneeling figure conscious of having chosen the better part, whilst Papists and Protestants busy themselves in various ways, mainly at each others throats.

But he could be severe towards the same baseless pretensions, when those who made them were guilty of false accusations against the Catholic Church. In the article on “Ritualism, Romanism, etc.” which is a reply to Doctor Littledale—for whom, since they are both dead, it is now no harm to say that he had a most hearty and wholesome contempt—he replies to certain baseless accusations against the Church:

Truly a most repulsive picture, to which we hardly know where to find a parallel, unless it be in the Ritualist conception of the Church of England in the sixteenth century, firmly holding the integral Catholic faith whilst coquetting with every fiercest devastator of God’s vineyard which those unhappy times produced; tenderly preserving her belief in the Mass and confession, and the Madonna, whilst cheerfully assisting in the person of her ministers, for the most part of the second order, at the infliction of protracted torments upon Mass-priest after Mass-priest (against the most of whom no charge could with any plausibility lie, except that they said

Mass and strove to preserve or restore the Catholic faith in the hearts of their countrymen); instead of whispering the consolations of a common faith, assailing the martyrs' defenceless ears with studiously articulated blasphemy.

I said just now that Father Ryder had a hearty contempt for that most unscrupulous person, Doctor Littledale; it peeps out in a passage in the same article. Littledale, unable to deny the flow of converts into the Catholic Church, tries to belittle them and urges—absurdly enough, for the very opposite is usually charged against them—that they sink into coldness and indifference. Further, one convert had become “a house decorator”—surely a harmless and even honorable occupation if properly carried out—another “a low-comedy reciter and author”—this was, I believe, Mr. Arthur Sketchley whose “Mrs. Brown” books were the delight of mankind when I was young—a third “a billiard-room loafer.” After mentioning the real facts about the two former cases Father Ryder continues—and when I read the words I can hear the tones of his voice as he would have said it: “As to the billiard-room loafer and Doctor Littledale’s other acquaintance, who got drunk and assaulted the police, I abandon them regretfully, feeling sure, from the mere fact of their appearance in the excellent company of Doctor Littledale’s black list, that there must be a world to say in their behalf.”

So far for Father Ryder in the capacity in which the general public knew him best, and that in which he most often came in contact with them, that of a controversialist. I will turn to a more intimate side of his character, that which he revealed to those friends to whom he gave his confidence. He was not a good conversationalist in general companies. Whether it was due to reserve or shyness or indifference I know not, but I never knew him to shine on such occasions. But when he liked his company, and was in the vein, he could and did converse as few other men whom I have met could converse. When I lived near the Birmingham Oratory, as I did for several years, it was my good fortune that he chose to come to see me nearly every Sunday afternoon. He would sit himself down by my study fire in an arm-chair, light a large pipe and proceed to talk about whatever had specially interested him during the week.

Sometimes—indeed very often—his conversation would be about the books which he had been reading, and he was an omnivorous reader. He delighted in good novels and many a protracted discussion we have held over the meaning of some of George Meredith's more difficult passages and phrases. Sometimes he would come in, full of some new line of study on which he had entered and radiating his enthusiasm for the finer passages which he had discovered. No man ever had a surer eye for a really fine bit of literature. I particularly recall his embarking on the reading of the French chroniclers, Villehardouin and de Joinville, not then so easy to secure as they have become since they were republished in the *Everyman Library*. He asked me whether I knew anything about them and I was obliged to admit that I did not. Then he began to quote from them, and amongst other things which he quoted was what he declared to be one of the finest things which he had ever read. I have never forgotten it; and I am going to quote it myself now because I find by experience that very few people have ever seen it; it is, in my opinion at least, a passage which everybody should know and which all must admire and last of all, because it is an excellent instance of the kind of passage which never failed to kindle the flame of enthusiasm and admiration in Father Ryder's heart. I shall not attempt to put it into his words, though after a lapse of fifteen years or so I think I could almost do so, but will content myself by a paraphrase and an extract from the original.

The narrative deals with a certain theologian, who confessed, with bitter tears, to William, Bishop of Paris, that he could not in his heart feel for the Blessed Sacrament "like as Holy Church teaches," yet knew well that this was a temptation of the enemy. The Bishop asked him whether the temptation gave him pleasure, to which he replied that it troubled him more than aught else could; and to a further question he replied, that he would rather be torn limb from limb than say anything against this holy sacrament. Then comes the passage which Father Ryder so much admired:

"Now I will say something more," said the Bishop. "You know that the King of France is at war with the King of England, and you know too that the castle that lies most exposed in the borderland between the two is the castle of La Rochelle in Poitou. Now I will ask you a question: If the

king had set you to guard La Rochelle, which is in the dangerous borderland, and had set me to guard the castle of Montlhéri, which is in the heart of France, where the land is at peace, to whom, think you, would the king owe most at the end of the war—to you who had guarded the castle of La Rochelle without loss, or to me who had guarded the castle of Montlhéri without loss?"

"In God's name, sir," said the master, "to me who had guarded La Rochelle without losing it."

"Master," said the Bishop, "my heart is like the castle of Montlhéri; for I have neither temptation nor doubt as to the sacrament of the altar. For which thing I tell you that for the grace that God owes me because I hold this firmly, and in peace, He owes to you fourfold, because you have guarded your heart in the war of tribulation, and have such good-will towards Him, that for no earthly good, nor for any harm done to the body, would you relinquish that Faith. Therefore, I tell you, be of good comfort, for in this your state is better pleasing to our Lord than mine."

He was very fond of epigrams and apt comparisons, and made many himself. Both of the following were favorites of his: "I marvel at the courage of those who undertake matrimony. It is like putting your hand into a bag full of adders to extract the one eel which it contains." I have been told this was originally said by Blessed Thomas More. And "There never yet was a sermon from which I did not learn something, if it was only patience," the author of which I do not know. George Herbert wrote something very like it.

On many occasions Father Ryder's conversation would turn on art. He had a really great knowledge of such subjects as ceramics, glass and water colors, and when he was out for a walk would often turn into a second-hand shop, and have long talks over things of this kind with the proprietor. He had a few—a very few—bits of china and glass in his always pathetically untidy room, which he used to look at with great internal contentment and joy. It was wholly characteristic of him that above all the pre-Raphaelite and other pictures in the Birmingham Art Gallery he preferred a picture of Morland's—certainly a masterpiece—representing some pigs lying in a straw yard, if I remember aright, but certainly some pigs. There is real humor in this picture, and it appealed to him not in vain.

This is not the place, nor am I the person to speak of

Father Ryder in the discharge of his priestly duties. I could not, if I would, tell what he was to me and, I doubt not, to many others, in hours of deep trouble, nor can I do more than admit my gratitude for the advice and assistance which he gave me during the years that he was my confessor. These things are too sacred to be discussed, but that aspect of the man must not go unmentioned, lest it appear that the points upon which I have dwelt at greater length were those which made up the whole of his character. There is, however, one remarkable thing connected with his priestly functions, which he told me not once but several times, and I think it may be interesting to set it down here, as I believe it never has been printed:

At one time Father Ryder was Catholic chaplain to the Children's Hospital at Birmingham. He was visiting there one day when he was shown a Catholic child in an unconscious condition and obviously dying of a disease known to medical men as "noma." I say obviously dying because, as medical men well know, a child whose case was so advanced as was that of this child, from the very vivid description which he gave me of it, and a child which had sunk into the coma of rapidly approaching death, may correctly be described as dying. It was a tiny child, and there was nothing to be done for it but say a prayer for its painless issue out of this world. Father Ryder had in his pocket, encased in a leather box, a relic of St. Philip Neri, which he had been taking to some other sick person who had expressed a desire to venerate it. Acting on a sudden impulse he took this from his pocket and touched the diseased cheek with it and then went away. He did not return to the hospital for a week or so, and then said to the ward sister—not a Catholic: "When did that poor child die?" "There is the child," said the nurse, pointing to one which was sitting near the fire. "What," said he, "do you mean to say it didn't die?" "No," was the answer, "it began to get well from the moment that you touched it with that box which you had in your hand." Father Ryder, the most cautious of men, never, of course, claimed this as a miracle, but those who know the nature and usual results of this disease at the stage which it had then reached, will, at least, not deny that it was a very remarkable incident and a very remarkable grace, if it be put no higher.

New Books.

PILGRINAGES FRANCISCAINS. By Joannes Joergensen. Translated from the Danish by Teodor de Wyzewa. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

This account of the pilgrim journeys of the Danish convert, Joergensen, breathes in every page the poetic charm and religious fervor of Franciscan Italy. Few writers have grasped so completely the spirit of the thirteenth century; few men have written so eloquently and so beautifully of St. Francis and his sons.

He visits in turn Greccio, the home of the first Christmas crib; Forte Colombo, the origin of the Franciscan rule; La Foresta, the scene of the miracle of the grapes; L'Ereno, the hermitage of St. Francis; Foligno, the home of the Blessed Angela; Cortona, the home of St. Margaret; Assisi, the home of St. Clare; Mount Alverna, the Franciscan Calvary, where the Saint received the stigmata as a proof of his burning love of Jesus Crucified.

He points out to us *en route* all the relics of St. Francis in the various churches and convents, tells us of the chanting of the Office in choir or some procession in honor of a Saint, gives us an insight into the Christian character of a true Italian home, and a charming portrait of a perfect Franciscan friar—all the while quoting the beautiful legends of the old mediæval annals, and describing the beautiful landscape and mountains of his beloved Umbria.

Listen to Father Samuel of Mt. Alverna describing his Mass upon the holy mount:

I had the great happiness of saying Mass here, [said Father Samuel, as if answering my unspoken question]. It was on a summer morning, just as the sun was rising, while I was making the sign of the Cross at the beginning of Mass, the crimson rays of the sun shone out resplendent over Mt. Casella. And when I turned to the people to say *Dominus Vobiscum*, what a glorious sight the whole landscape presented, with the sun's rays darting forth to drive away the morning mist! I was so overcome with the sense of God's greatness that I could scarcely pronounce His Name; and

every time I had to repeat the words *Dominus* or *Deus*, I hesitated and trembled with fear, like the children of Israel at the foot of Sinai. I did my utmost to banish every earthly thought from my soul, as Moses took off his shoes before the burning bush. In very truth, this is the place to say, *Sursum Corda!* Lift up your hearts! (p. 298).

Or listen to the kindly old Franciscan of Assisi:

Yes, [he said to me] nature is always beautiful, and the best of temples wherein to praise and worship the Creator of all things, the most loving Father of all living creatures! How blessed, indeed, is the warmth of this glowing sunshine; how easily the lungs inhale this pure and fresh morning air. See how the very drops of dew on the grass glitter, while they reflect the red, and green and blue of nature! Hear how joyously the birds are singing; look yonder at the delicate blue outlines of those distant mountains, while around us the smoke of many a farmhouse mounts up in the clear air like incense towards the throne of the Most High! . . . How many men alas! even among Christians believe that our holy religion consists in hostility towards life and nature. Oh! that was never the thought of our Holy Father Francis! He was not a hater of humanity; he was not a modern misanthrope or pessimist. Schopenhauer who declared the will to live an evil, borrowed his philosophy from Buddhism not from Christianity. We are not Manicheans; the same God who created the world redeemed it. The same God who said in the beginning: "Increase and multiply" said, in the fulness of time: "He who does not take up his cross and follow me, cannot be my disciple" (Pp. 210-212).

There are many allusions throughout the volume to beautiful Italian customs, and traits of character. The ignorant and prejudiced tourist from England or America frequently comes back from Italy with a mind fully convinced of the superstition and externalism of the poor benighted Italian Catholics. With an abundance of money and a modicum of culture he goes about with eyes that cannot see; and often his prejudices are intensified by some anti clerical guide, or by a Methodist preacher of Rome who is most anxious to offer hospitality to a body of anti-Romanists. What an insight into Italy of to-day, what a grasp of the Catholic spirit this convert's book would afford them!

Our pilgrim is treated with the greatest kindness by the friars in their convents and the people in their homes. The son of the Mayor of Poggio Bustone is only too glad to carry the luggage of "one who comes to Italy for the love of St. Francis." The pilgrim is touched by the piety of the novices who kiss the piece of bread they are about to eat, and the simple devotion of the monks who with all their austerity are full of the joyful spirit of their founder. He wonders at the people's "*Gràzie, Gràzie, San Felice,*" and discovers that they are thanking the saint beforehand for the miracle they are praying for with all their hearts. His temptation, doubts and depression disappear before the kindly admonitions of a saintly old friar, while his heart is touched by the tears of another at receiving a message from the dear folks at home.

Sabatier is called to task occasionally for some minor inaccuracies, and especially for his false picture of St. Francis as independent of church authority. But still the author praises him for his great work in arousing general interest in Franciscan studies.

Let me close with one of his many beautiful descriptions of Italian scenery:

While I was sleeping, a beautiful and bright spring morning had dawned, flooding Mount Alverna with its golden sunlight. From the tiny *piazza* in front of the chapel and convent I could see outspread before me a vast panorama of wild, picturesque scenery. Leaning over the edge of the parapet, I could look down into an abyss of dripping wet rocks. Far below them stretched the verdant fields, with huge boulders here and there, and bare poplars erect like sentinals on guard. I could clearly trace the road by which I had climbed Mount Alverna the previous evening in the pelting rain.

But when I looked upward, I saw nothing but mountains *à l' infini*! Those nearest me were of a yellowish brown color; those more distant were purple, flecked with brown, black and green. The chain of mountains, peak after peak clearly marked in the beautiful blue horizon, resembled a petrified sea, with waves of many colors. Bibbiena lay far below me; the mountains I had climbed yesterday seemed mere ant-hills. It was a boundless sea of mountain peaks, as vast as the heavens above me. (p. 293).

The translator in his preface informs us that Joergensen in

the first period of his literary career was one of the most enthusiastic followers of the school of Georges Brandes; that most of his lyrical spirit may be traced to his early devotion to Heinrich Heine; that his frankness, his naturalness, his accuracy in the use of words and his exquisite delicacy of expression are due to the influence of Karl Huysmans. The volume before us is a welcome addition to the author's *Levi du Route*, which tells of his conversion, and his charming *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*.

THE OBEDIENCE OF CHRIST. By Rev. Henry C. Schuyler, S.T.L. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly, 50 cents, net. London: George Keener & Co.

There can hardly be any doubt that the virtue of obedience is seriously undervalued and neglected at the present time, not merely in a negative way and through thoughtlessness, but positively and of set purpose. The spirit of individualism—a splendid, wholesome thing when rightly understood and handled—has had at times the disturbing effect of new wine in many heads. The ideas of some who would discuss it become confused. Authority takes on the ugly shape of tyranny; obedience wears the mien of slavery. Most of them, it is true, admit on pressure that authority and its correlative, obedience, are as yet somewhat necessary in the family and the state, if the human race is to avoid destruction, but they give these things little play in their own lives and aim at rooting them out of society. They speak of obedience as degrading. It may, indeed, be required of the criminal, for he has proved himself unfit to enjoy the boon of freedom. It may even be expected of children, for a little while and within narrow limits, for they are as yet unable to appreciate the blessings of liberty. The hand of authority, however, should rest lightly on their shoulders; it should suggest, not compel; guide, not restrain; encourage, not repress. Authority if it goes beyond these limits is to be guilty of a crime against the child and against society—against the child, because it destroys his initiative, robs him of spontaneity, and dwarfs his development—against society, because its interests are bound up in those of its various members, especially the young, and because its future depends on the freedom of individuals to work out their destiny according to their own bent.

Ideas of this sort have been proclaimed so often and under so many guises that they have influenced mankind more than is generally thought. It is good, therefore, to let men know clearly and unmistakably, before it begins to be too late, that obedience to parents, to legally constituted civil authority, and to God's representatives in the Church, is now, as of old, a virtue; that it is in no wise a degradation to obey superiors, even when they are neither so wise nor so good as one's self; that, on the contrary, it is a most acceptable proof of our allegiance to God, by Whom "kings reign and lawgivers decree just things." The absolutely convincing proof for Christians, that obedience is not a flaw but a perfection, is to be found in the words and above all in the example of Him Who not only went down to Nazareth and was subject to Mary and Joseph, but also, when He might have been an earthly king, became obedient, even unto the death of the Cross. In his *Virtues of Christ Series*, of which the first two volumes have already been reviewed in this magazine, Father Schuyler takes up this phase of our Lord's conduct. His work is well and delightfully done. The book sets forth the obedience of Christ in such wise, that no one who reads it can fail to derive instruction and inspiration from His example.

THE TRUE DANIEL WEBSTER. By Sydney George Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2 net.

This latest addition to the True Biography Series, which is being brought out by Lippincott, is a complete and formal biography, more compact than the *Life of Webster*, by Curtis, his literary executor, and more sympathetic (rightly or wrongly) than the shorter biography, written by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. The author, in his exhaustive accounts of Webster's political dealings and in his criticisms of Webster's literary claims, gives an admirable, intelligent tribute to the man's undoubted genius; in his descriptions of Webster's personality, he offers an earnest, if at times slightly inconsistent, defence against the charges of drunkenness, dishonesty and immorality, so widely repeated against the character of the statesman. These, he believes, were for the most part scandal, having origin solely in the hatred of the New England abolitionists.

The book has more than twenty good and well-selected illustrations.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF CLASSICAL TEACHING. Irish and Continental. 1500-1700. By Rev. T. Corcoran, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.75 net.

The first part of this scholarly work deals with the life and labors of Father William Bathe, S.J., and his method of language teaching (pp. 1-130); the second part with the practice of classical teaching in the Post-Renaissance period (pp. 133-247).

"The preparation of the first part of the volume was rendered possible by the discovery at Madrid in 1907 of a complete copy of the *Janua Linguarum*, issued in 1611, at Salamanca, by the Irish Jesuits, who then directed the college of their nation in the University" (III.).

Father Corcoran, Professor of Education at the National University of Ireland, has given us a most interesting sketch of the personal history of Father Bathe and his collaborators (pp. 1-34). Father Bathe was ordained in 1602 at the Jesuit College in Padua; in 1605 we find him on the staff of the Irish College at Salamanca, where he died in 1614.

The object of the *Janua Linguarum* was to provide a new plan, whereby missionaries, confessors, teachers, travelers, envoys and all students of "the nobler modern languages," might acquire them accurately and quickly. "The elaborated grammar and exercises of our day were unknown in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Learners of spoken languages at that time invariably used the natural or direct method; the notion that this plan is of recent discovery is, of course, utterly baseless" (p. 62). Father Bathe's idea was to combine the accuracy of the grammar process and the facility of the direct method.

Of course Bathe admitted that his *via media* would not give the knowledge, required by school practice in his time, of grammar as a self-contained art or science; and so he hinted that a scheme for the use of his sentences in a formal grammar process would be forthcoming later. It is interesting to read of Melanchthon styling the direct method, or the departure from "rules," as a basis for learning languages, an irreligious idea, which should be punished as a criminal offence.

Father Corcoran follows the *Janua* in its travels through England, Germany, Italy and Portugal. He notes how English prejudices failed to give due credit to its author, while fully

acknowledging its merits as a text-book. Even to this day, in the British Museum Catalogue and in the new Catalogue of Early Printed Books at Cambridge, the Irish Jesuits' text-book is inaccurately ascribed to Comenius (Komensky), whose *Janua Linguarum Reserata* is a later and much inferior work (pp. 104-105).

In the second part of his work, Father Corcoran shows in detail how differently the main subject of language-study in the Post-Renaissance period was organized as an instrument of education (p. 135).

A final chapter gives us a copy of John Dury's "Description of a Transmarine School" (Brussels?), published in London in 1645. It is the account by an eyewitness of the working of a class in a Jesuit college, although, true to the Protestant tradition of the time, he is careful not to give any direct indication of the college he visited, or of the special character it had as conducted by a religious order (p. 232).

The appendices give us the preface and some representative sentences of the *Janua Linguarum* of both Father Bathe and Comenius, together with a life of Father Bathe, published at Prague in 1694. We advise the students of our colleges to attempt the translations of some of these sentences; it will be a good test of their scholarship. We notice that on the last lines of pages 212 and 213 some words are omitted, which make these sentences unintelligible. We trust this will be amended in the next edition.

MARRIAGE, TOTEMISM AND RELIGION: AN ANSWER TO CRITICS. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury. London: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

In 1870 Lord Avebury published *The Origins of Civilization and the Primitive Conditions of Man*, which was not received with unanimous approbation by anthropologists. It met with much adverse criticism from eminent scientists who differed from the author on several important points. To review his position and answer his critics after a lapse of thirty years is the *raison d'être* of the book which now lies before us.

The basic principle on which Lord Avebury differs from his critics is that he holds marriage in the strict sense not to have been present among primitive mankind; that instead of

it there was what he calls "communal marriage," a term which suggests the borderline of a condition incompatible with rational man, the work of God. But Lord Avebury is an evolutionist, if he is anything. His theory is that the idea of marriage evolved by degrees; that at first, during marauding expeditions, the chiefs of tribes took prisoners who afterwards became the wives of the victors. From this, he maintains, arose the well-known fact of exogamy which is practiced the world over by the aborigines of various countries. Ten different theories which are given to account for exogamy are examined by the author and disposed of to his own evident satisfaction. The peculiarities associated with the prohibition for the men of a tribe to marry women of the same tribe are discussed in detail with considerable clearness, as is also another strange custom, the segmentation of a tribe.

Lord Avebury's theory that totemism and nature-worship were identical was also attacked. He re-asserts this theory and examines those of his critics. There is a distinction, he maintains, between a fetich, a totem, and an idol: the first is a single object the possession of which is a possible power over some demon; the second forms a class of objects which a savage regards as something having a peculiar relationship to himself, from which he derives his origin and to which he gives a great respect; the idol is in some sense or other the seat or emblem of a god. He is of a firm opinion that totemism led to religion; indeed, at one period, was religion itself. This, of course, is contradicted flatly by other writers. Several strange beliefs among savage tribes are given in connection with the use of totems; that concerning the naming and birth of a child among certain Australians being perhaps the strangest of all. Following upon the consideration of totems comes a chapter on witchcraft and magic which is replete with examples of how savages deal in the "black art"; two citations from Graah and Williams will cause the Catholic reader to stop and make a comparison between the extraordinary occurrences these writers chronicle and certain phenomena sometimes asserted to have been witnessed among Spiritualists. From magic to religion seems an easy step for Lord Avebury. His last chapters, accordingly, are devoted to this question.

Dr. Westermarck, M. Roskoff, and others have given the

greatest attention to the above theories and have put forward others not in agreement with them.

While there is evidently much among the savages of the globe to uphold various views of marriage among prehistoric mankind, it seems to us that undue value has been put upon the observations of travelers and scientific explorers, some of whom, already prejudiced by pet theories, sought every title of evidence to strengthen such theories, and missed—we do not wish to insinuate intentionally—many valuable points which would render their views worthless. Besides, much of the evidence in this book has been gathered too recently to bear weight with independent thinkers. In connection with the aboriginal tribes of North America, this is especially noticeable. Indeed, it appears to us that Lord Avebury neglected more valuable sources of information than those of which he has made use.

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents a volume. *William Shakespeare*, by John Masefield. *Crime and Insanity*, by Charles Mercier, M.D. *Medieval Europe*, by H. W. C. Davis, M.D. *The Opening Up of Africa*, by H. H. Johnston.

William Shakespeare. By John Masefield. No matter how brief may be the treatment of Shakespeare's works by Mr. Masefield it cannot help being of considerable interest were it only to satisfy a natural curiosity of seeing how a modern dramatist looks upon his sixteenth century fellow craftsman. A large section of the modern school of writers (those of ability and those without it) are so prone to "brush aside" the writers of another day that it is a cause for genuine pleasure to read Mr. Masefield's glowing tribute to the dramatic workmanship of Shakespeare. He is particularly decisive on this point in those pages which he allots to *Julius Caesar*, where he contrasts Shakespeare's treatment with that which would be probable at the hands of others. "Little more," he writes, "can be said of it at this time than that it is supreme."

Perhaps at times, not often, Mr. Masefield is not as careful about his statements as one would desire. Apart from this the book, which contains first a short life of Shakespeare, and then an almost equally brief analysis of each play, will

form a suitable companion volume to one of Shakespeare's works for any student of the great poet-dramatist. At one point we cannot help expressing dissatisfaction: the bibliography is far from good. In no department of English literature can so much valuable time be lost as in reading the fantastic effusions of almost countless writers on Shakespeare and his works. To steer the student clear of these should have been (in our opinion) the prime object of the writer.

From the very first page of *Crime and Insanity* by Charles Mercier, M.D., we found an interest quite unusual in scientific writings of the sort. Chapter by chapter he deals with particular phases of crime which may and are usually associated with insanity, and also those crimes which are never the outcome of mental derangement. Where so much is good, and of the greatest utility to students of sociology, it is a pity not to be able to recommend the book on account of two pages which come towards the very end. But in these pages Malthusianism is openly taught. Coming from a medical man who has just dealt with two crimes against the human race, to have a third not only condoned but encouraged is deadly; especially so because of the medical explanation of results to individuals. It is with regret that we cannot feel at liberty to recommend this book which otherwise contains so much of real value.

We had not far to go in *Medieval Europe*, by H. W. C. Davis, M.A., before we discovered its tone, which is a combination of flippancy and sarcasm when any question of the Catholic Church turns up. The book will appeal to ultra-Protestants and to those who profess what is known as free thought. But to Catholics it will appear to be nothing more than an invidious attempt at tract-making under the guise of history; that kind of tract such as is manufactured in England to be slipped under the doors of the poor Irish Catholics to bring them out of the darkness of Popery.

In *The Opening Up of Africa* we have a rapid sketch of the whole history of that country. The author is well known for his knowledge of Africa, since he has been used by England in the civilizing process. There are some things we like in his book, but there are many others that we cannot approve.

He is certainly a better historian when dealing with far-away periods, but his evolutionary theories are wholly unsuitable for a history such as he proposes to write. When he comes down to the more modern period of the exploitation of Africa for commercial purposes by European nations, there is just the suspicion that partiality is creeping into his pages. He is liberal in the use of his adjectives when Protestantism appears in the field, but merely states facts rather curtly when the services of Catholics come up for review.

But, taken on the whole, Sir Harry Johnston has provided us with a useful work for those who desire to gain a close political knowledge of Africa both ancient and modern. Two maps, though badly printed, add to the value of the book.

NEW SERIES OF HOMILIES FOR THE WHOLE YEAR. Vols. V. and VI. **CHRISTIAN MYSTERIES.** Vols. I., II., III., IV. By the Right Rev. Jeremias Boromelli, D.D., Bishop of Cremona, translated by Right Rev. T. S. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Nashville. New York: Benziger Bros. \$2.50.

"One of the purposes, and not the least," writes Bishop Boromelli in his preface to the fifth volume of his homilies, "I had in view in writing my series of homilies was, and is, to bring back this kind of preaching to the ancient pattern, such as we find it in the Fathers. The homilies of St. John Chrysostom, of St. Augustine, and St. Bernard . . . are commentaries on the sacred books, in which dogma and morals are woven together with admirable art, and the errors of their age touched upon and refuted as the occasion arose. . . . In as far as my poor abilities permitted I endeavored to imitate them, taking always for my secure groundwork the sacred text." Even in his four volumes on the *Christian Mysteries*, he sometimes adopts the homily form, as in his sermon on the birth of Christ, his commentary on the epistle and gospel of the Ascension, the gospel of Pentecost, Trinity, etc. (Vol. I., p. 93, Vol. II., pp. 203, 231, Vol. III., p. 43, Vol. IV., p. 9).

The Bishop of Cremona in advocating a return to the homily of the early Church, is very severe in his denunciation of some tactless and inaccurate Italian preachers. The translator adds: (p. 5, footnote), "What is said here of Conferences may be applied to much of the pulpit oratory of this country."

In his homilies the Bishop, by simplicity of speech, directness and frequent use of the word of God, reaches down into the hearts of his hearers.

The four volumes of the *Christian Mysteries* are grouped under the headings of the Incarnation, the Epiphany, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Trinity, Pentecost, the Eucharist, and All Saints. Many different themes are treated such as Baptism, Confirmation, the Holy Name, Faith, the Church, Church and State, Salvation outside the Church, the Communion of Saints, External Worship, Indifferentism, etc., etc.

The Bishop of Cremona is most honest in quoting his authorities whether they are St. Ambrose or St. Augustine, St. Anselm or St. Thomas, Monsabré or Mgr. Freppel. Some sermons are based entirely on St. Thomas, as his "Why did Christ rise from the dead?" (Vol., II. p. 89 seq.) There are many repetitions both of ideas and illustrations (1.331, 2.192, 2.131, 3.161, 3.183, 2.24, 2.73, 2.209, 3.285, 4.20, 3.72, 2.285, 1.331, 2.192, 1.344, 3.106, 3.168, etc., etc.), but it is naturally difficult to avoid this, when so many discourses are given on the same subject. While for the most part kindly in tone, the Bishop can be sarcastic at times.

He insists frequently on the fact that the Church "does not forcibly thrust her faith and her laws upon any one; on the contrary, she proclaims openly that she detests physical force and advocates only persuasion"; although in a footnote he grants that "some poorly instructed individuals did at times use force to constrain others to receive Catholic doctrine" (3.106, 3.168, 1.344). While praising England and the United States for the liberty the Catholic Church enjoys today in both these countries, in a footnote he has a mild criticism of our beloved Cardinal Gibbons which we think uncalled for (1.345, 2.194, 3.316, 3.324).

We thank Bishop Byrne for his excellent translation. He will pardon us if we call attention to a few minor faults, *vis.*: the use of "don't" and "does'nt" (1.262, 1.410), of "Good God," and "Great God" (1.415, 3.217), and an occasional faulty sentence.

The dialogue on the Separation of Church and State is poorly connected, and the repetition of so many various verbs rather palls on the reader or auditor.

We notice that, owing to a mistake of the binder, a number of pages have been omitted, *vis.*: pp. 338-9, 342-3-6-7, 350-1-2.

PIONEER PRIESTS OF NORTH AMERICA, 1642-1710. Vol. III.

By Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. New York: The America Press.

Father Campbell deals in this volume chiefly with the evangelization of the Algonquins. The careers of Paul Le Jeune, James Buteux, Gabriel Druillettes, Charles Albanel, Claude Allouez, James Marquette, Francis de Crespieul, Anthony Sylvie, Anthony Dalmas, Gabriel Maret, Peter Laure, John Aulneau and Sebastian Rale are dealt with. It is difficult to say what part of the volume is the most interesting, for a thread of excitement and adventure is woven throughout. It is, indeed, a wonderful history—the endeavor of these priests to carry the Faith to the Indians. No labor, no hardship, no suffering was thought too much; revolting surroundings, filth, disease, hunger, were accepted with a light heart. The most marvellous of all is the courage of the missionaries in facing the red men, and the respect which they instilled into all among whom they labored. Without any exaggeration we may say that it was with great regret that we came to the last page of this book; its three hundred and odd pages were all too short for our craving for more knowledge of such heroic virtue as these Jesuit Fathers exhibited.

Father Campbell points out in his Introduction that the Algonquins were not a whit better than the other tribes of America. The subsequent pages of his history prove this assertion. Throughout, we have evidence from the missionaries of the degradation to which these Indians had fallen. It was hard work teaching them the truths of Christianity, but somehow or other these French priests had a wonderful knack for teaching religion. Some of them began without a knowledge of the language of those whom they desired to convert. The picture the author draws of Father Le Jeune making an attempt to harangue the Indians at a banquet and his reception with shouts of laughter, owing to the mistakes he made, will surely draw a smile. But the Father was not beaten. "Wait," said he, "till I can speak and I shall tell you plenty of things that will make you listen."

The manner in which some of the converts applied the teaching they received is curious. In one instance Father Buteux found a number of pots of meat hung up in the graveyard. The Indians assured him that they had not done this from superstition, but as a mode of attracting the poor who when going to get the meat would pray for the souls of the departed. In another case they rebuke the priest for showing a disinclination to partake of certain food. They tell him that he must conquer himself. And their devotion, their fervor, their desire for prayer, remind one of the ascetics of the East. Still, in the twinkling of an eye, the savage reappears as strongly as ever. They loved and hated in equal degree. The ferocity of their hatred causes a shiver as we read of the atrocities they perpetrated on their enemies; then there was no mercy; the priest had to keep in the background and hold his tongue.

American readers will perhaps turn first to the life of Marquette. The account of his journey with Joliet to discover the Mississippi is very well done. That splendid achievement in the face of overwhelming difficulties reads like a romance. Still we think that most readers will prefer what is to our mind even more wonderful—the life of Gabriel Duillettes. Here we have the story of one of the world's heroes; an indomitable man, nearly blind, pushing on in the wilderness to save souls, submitting to the barbarous operation of a squaw, who rasped his eyes with a rusty piece of iron to bring back the sight, and only succeeded in making them worse.

Several illustrations and maps add to the value of the volume, which for those who take an interest in Church history cannot be left unread. Father Campbell uses the caution of a true historian; in one place only does he become apologetic, and then he has every right to defend the fame of a good man.

PRIMITIVE CATHOLICISM. By Pierre Batiffol, Litt.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1911. \$3.50.

Liberal Protestantism in Germany has been discussing for the past seventy years "the formation of Catholicism." Historical critics like Neander, Baur, Ritschl, Harnack and Schenke have gone deeply into the study of Christian origins, editing

and classifying with painstaking energy, text after text of the New Testament and the Fathers, to show that the dogmatic and authoritative religion known as Catholicism began somewhere about the middle of the third century. "In its essence it has little in common with primitive Christianity" (Harnack).

Sabatier has popularized the current views of these German rationalists in his book: *The Religions of Authority*.

The theories advanced by these modern opponents of Catholicism, are generally presented with a great show of erudition and pretense of objective treatment. Their viewpoint is biased throughout by an *a priori* subjectivism, which cannot grasp the possibility of the Catholic synthesis of a divine external authoritative society existing solely for the development of personal spirituality.

Mgr. Batiffol, in his *L'Eglise Naissante et le Catholicisme*, which has been so ably translated by Father Brianceau of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, meets these critics on their own ground and with their own weapons. Harnack wrote of this book over two years ago: "The author has rendered his church a most signal service, for one could not undertake with greater special knowledge of the subject to establish the original identity of Christianity, Catholicism and the Roman primacy. He does not seek to prove his thesis by means of metahistoric speculation which does not concern itself with the chronology of events, but confines itself to territory of facts and their consequences, and seeks to furnish a truly historical demonstration" (VIII.).

Some conservative Catholics have a sort of horror of the historical method, as if, forsooth, it implied a compromising of our dogmatic position. In Mgr. Batiffol's inquiry into the evidences of Catholicism for the first three centuries, they will see it employed in so thorough and scholarly a fashion, that their prejudices must needs disappear.

The author proves that Christianity was not organized in imitation of the Jewish *diaspora*, but a society divinely original and authoritative, "a religious revelation, a rule of conduct, a covenant of hope" (p. 36). For our Lord's teaching in detail he refers us to his own work "*L'Enseignement de Jesus*" (p. 76), although his excursus on the value of Matt. XVI. 18-19 is one of his best chapters.

The Epistle of Clement "from beginning to end proclaims the unity of the Church through authority" (p. 123). In perfect accord with the Pastoral Epistles, the Didaché, St. Ignatius of Antioch, etc., it insists on the authoritative character of faith, the recognition of a settled hierarchy as an institution of divine right to safeguard the divine teaching and to command obedience in the name of Christ, the rejection of heresy, the traditions of men and unauthorized observances. (Pp. 114, 115, 117, 127, 132, 134, 143, etc.) Both St. Clement of Rome and St. Ignatius of Antioch tell us that Rome "already seems conscious of possessing a supreme and exceptional authority" (p. 130).

The second century also in the person of Polycarp, Papias, Hegisippus, Abercius, Pantænus, Dionysius, Hermas, Justin, and Irenæus witnesses throughout to the Catholic thesis.

The witness of the third century is to be found in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Origen, and St. Cyprian. Perhaps the ablest chapters of Mgr. Batiffol's work are the two in which he defends the great Alexandrians, Clement and Origen, against the false theorizing of Harnack.

St. Cyprian decidedly cannot be claimed as the originator of the hierarchical idea. In accord with St. Ignatius he proclaims the law of the unity of the Church in each city; he asserts the authority of the bishops, and denounces most strongly the evil of heresy and schism.

We consider this work of Mgr. Batiffol one of the best contributions to our apologetic literature that has appeared in years. His researches are carried on partly in the form of a dialogue with Harnack, the ablest non-Catholic historian in the world to-day. Reviewing the period which Harnack has made especially his own, Mgr. Batiffol disputes at every turn his opponent's faulty hypotheses, insinuations, and inferences and at the same time brings out clearly his candid admissions that make for the Catholic position. He proves, finally, from the witness of the first three centuries that: "the true essence of Christianity, its divine originality, manifested itself from its very beginning, in that it was neither a philosophy, nor a people, but a revelation and a church. Christianity was the preaching by Jesus of a kingdom of God, not an apocalyptic kingdom, but a kingdom that was at once interior and transcendent, a kingdom revealed by Jesus, and thrown open by

Him" (p. 404). "It was not mediocrity which in Christianity founded authority; it was the Gospel which founded authority" (p. 406).

We commend this book highly to all students of early Church history. It will help, as no other work has, to destroy that deep-rooted prejudice of the rationalistic critic of to-day who believes that Catholic scholarship is absolutely distrustful of the historic method; it will be an inspiration for many a humbler apologist of the Catholic claim. We anxiously await the author's promised volume that will carry on the present thesis to the days of St. Augustine and St. Leo.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By George R. Clarke, William O. Stevens, Carroll S. Alden, Hermann F. Krafft. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3 net.

The authors state in their Introduction that this work originated in the necessity of providing midshipmen in the United States Naval Academy with a text-book suitable both in scope and treatment; added to this is the hope that the book may be useful to others who desire to gain a knowledge of the subject. The authors claim that what they have written is devoid of any regard for personal, sectional, or national prejudice. We are of opinion that they have substantiated this claim in a very remarkable manner.

On May 11, 1775, the United States Navy began with a lumber sloop manned by woodsmen of Maine and led by one, O'Brien, who having beaten a British schooner, seized the cannon and ammunition to arm his own vessel. In the same year Washington fitted out a few small vessels which he manned with soldiers. These caused considerable damage to British shipping, and captured thirty-five vessels. On the first of November (same year), Congress voted \$100,000 to buy ships for a naval armament, which was organized on December 22, with Esek Hopkins as commander-in-chief. The noteworthy name of John Paul Jones was the first on a list of lieutenants commissioned for the fleet, which consisted of four ships augmented later by two sloops and two schooners, carrying all told 110 guns. This fleet was expected to fight the British fleet (in American waters) of 78 ships with 2,078 guns. No

great prophetic powers were required to foretell the result of the encounter.

Against the failure of this fleet and that of Benedict Arnold on Lake Champlain can be set the brilliant work of the Atlantic privateers, among whom were Wickes, Conyngham and John Paul Jones. Conyngham showed splendid ability in the *Surprise*. His feat in getting her out of Dunkirk, manning and arming her off that place, and immediately beginning operations by seizing an English packet-boat, shows of what stuff he was made. The career of Jones is too well known to our readers to need reviewing; the same may be said of the work of Barry, whose single-handed fight with two of the British ships (one of 50 guns) is a remarkable example of naval bravery. In spite of this work, however, the superiority of the British navy was gradually being proved by the losses among the Americans, who had at the end of 1778 only four ships. Seven years later the country could not even boast of these, since for one reason or another not a single ship of war remained flying the American flag.

The internal needs of the new Republic were so pressing in other directions that the question of armed vessels received no attention until Algiers began to give trouble to American shipping. In 1794, an Act was passed to obtain six frigates to proceed against that country. This was the beginning of a new navy. Additions were quickly made to the original six and in 1796 there came an authorization for thirty ships. The augmentation did not come a moment too soon, for war was declared by Tripoli in 1801 and lasted till 1805. Then came the War of 1812 with England. This latter was incidentally the cause of strengthening the navy and putting it upon a permanent fighting basis. There had been a strong opinion in the country that the naval expenditure was a useless waste of money, but Captain Hull's victory in the *Constitution* over the English *Guerriere* changed all that by arousing the country to a sense of the possibilities of naval defence.

The evolution of the navy being sketched, the authors proceed with its subsequent history, even to the most recent case of the navy's being requisitioned for service. Throughout all the pages there is evidence of great painstaking to arrive at correct conclusions. A very pleasing aspect of the book is a number of copious extracts from eyewitnesses and par-

ticipators in various engagements. Some of the accounts are most fascinating. We cannot recall at present any piece of action which has more dash and vigor than the story related by Cushing of his successful attempt to destroy the *Albermarle*; in it is all the strength of truth and realism, and an absence of literary straining after effect; it is captivating even to the reader who may not perhaps have sympathy with the deed.

To those of our readers who may wish to learn something of our sea force, and of the status its work has given the United States among the Powers, we heartily recommend this volume, whose value is enhanced by a large number of well-executed illustrations.

THE LIFE OF VENERABLE FRANCIS LIBERMANN. By G. Lee, C.S.Sp. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25.

"Then it was, that, remembering the God of my fathers, I cast myself on my knees and implored Him to enlighten me on the true religion. I conjured Him to make known to me that the belief of Christians was true, if it was so; but if it was false, to remove me instantly far from it." So opens the account of the Life of Venerable Francis Libermann.

Born the son of an orthodox Jewish rabbin, he was named Jacob, and grew up in an atmosphere of the most conservative Judaism. Most remarkable then, is the story of his yearnings toward the Christian Faith. He was twenty-two, poor, alone and far from home when he sent up the prayer with which the book opens. His conflict did not last long. In one great flash of understanding the truth is revealed, and he enters the Catholic Church and takes up his cross and follows on to victory with Christ.

OUR PRIESTHOOD. By Rev. J. Bruneau, S.S. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. 90 cents.

The conferences that make up this little book were originally prepared for the benefit of students at Saint Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. They are now set forth in print, partly to comply with the wishes of many who heard them, partly to offer a token of affection to Cardinal Gibbons on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. They are a spiritual commentary on the words and ceremonies used in conferring Holy Orders. Separate chapters are devoted to Tonsure, to

Minor Orders, and to each of the three Major Orders. At the head of each chapter stands in Latin the full form of ordination to the office under discussion. Then comes a study of the order itself: its meaning, the honor it confers, the obligations it imposes, the symbolism of the rites employed, the virtues demanded for its faithful discharge. The words and acts of the ordaining prelate are carefully analyzed, and the wealth of inspiring suggestion they contain is zealously brought to light. At the end of the volume we have in English the letter on the Priesthood which our Holy Father gave out on the occasion of his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee. The long-standing, richly-merited reputation of the Sulpicians as capable teachers of those who aspire to serve the altar is well borne out by this little book. It is a practical volume both for the young man on his way to the altar, and for the priest who has already served it many years.

UNDER THE ROSE. By Felicia Curtis. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.60.

An unusually good specimen of the historical novel is *Under the Rose*, by Felicia Curtis. The figure of Queen Elizabeth, her character and statescraft, and the fashions of her court, have paid the bills of so many novelists since *Kenilworth* first appeared, that the subject would seem threadbare. But the present author succeeds very well with it; she writes accurately, vividly, and knows how to brighten with fresh colors her somewhat tarnished stage setting. The plot of her story winds about the religious persecutions inaugurated and ruthlessly carried out by Elizabeth, and concerns itself also with the intrigues and follies of the court.

ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND. Notre Dame Series. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.25.

This little volume is one of unusual merit and interest. While the author does not ignore the traditions and miracles that cluster around the name of St. Patrick, his strong personality is made a vivid reality. The appendix, giving St. Patrick's sublime *Prayer Before Tara*, and his wonderful *Confession*, put into faultless English verse by the poet Aubrey de Vere, opens genuine treasures to the reading public.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH.
75 cents net. *The Life of Union With Our Divine Lord.*
60 cents net. (New York: Benziger Bros.) Both these books are translations from the French. The first named is a selection from Father Nepven's *Christian Reflections for Every Day in the Year*. The thirty meditations are particularly suitable for people living in the world, and desiring to spend a short time daily in meditation. The fundamental truths are simply set forth; the conclusions are practical and well-fitted to aid in the leading of a good Christian life. An appendix contains morning and evening prayers, devotions for Mass, and for the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

Addressed to souls who have attained some degree of proficiency in the practice of mental prayer, the second named book treats of that union with our Divine Lord which is to be attained by living continually in His presence. It contains exercises or meditations for one month whose aim is to teach the soul to sanctify and permeate all the ordinary actions of the day with the spirit of Jesus. Abundant quotations from Holy Scripture and from those saints who have been eminent masters in the ways of God, set forth most persuasively the sweetness of the yoke, the lightness of the burden, whose bearing is to result in so rich a reward. The work is translated from the French of the Abbé F. Maucourant.

IN THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART, (New York: Benziger Brothers, \$1.25), Mary Agatha Gray, author of *The Turn of the Tide*, takes as hero a young monk who leaves his Abbey for a musical career; who finds that career "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" and who is finally permitted to return to the order. It is a well-meaning story, but pretentious beyond its powers.

GOD: HIS KNOWABILITY, ESSENCE, AND ATTRIBUTES, by the Rev. Joseph Pohle, Ph.D. Translated by Arthur Preuss. (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$2 net.) In the general introduction to this treatise, Dogmatic Theology is dealt with in its various aspects. Following a definition of its natural divisions comes the author's special work on God. This he divides into three main parts, comprising chapters and theses relating to the Knowability of God, the Divine Essence,

the Divine Attributes. The book is a welcome addition to theological treatises in the English language, though we imagine that it will be found less easy reading than some other similar works that have come to our table.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR, by Joseph P. Conway. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 35 cents.) We are at a loss to review this book. Its sub-title "A Survey of the Position and Influence of the Catholic Church in the United States," caused us naturally to pay particular attention to its pages; but it was like seeking a needle in a bundle of straw to discover where the question of the hour enters. The author moves along like a whirlwind, scattering piecemeal knowledge of the Catholic Church in North America and Europe. With a grandiose literary style he strikes and slays, capping his climaxes at times with a fine poetic couplet. Still the whole thing is unconvincing. He had a good theme but has failed to handle it satisfactorily. Here and there we obtain some useful statistics—as in the chapter on "The Church in the Nation," or the details on education on another page—but these hardly suffice to make the author's effort a successful one. Moreover, accuracy is not always maintained.

BARBARA, OUR LITTLE BOHEMIAN COUSIN, by Clara Vostrovsky Winslow. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 60 cents.) Barbara might be used advantageously as supplementary reading in the geography course, either at home or at school. It is one of the *Little Cousin Series*, and Barbara is the forty-fourth.

THE CHRIST CHILD, by M. C. Olivia Keiley, sold by Benziger Brothers, is a well-illustrated book which if read to very young children, will acquaint them with the fundamental truths of Christianity. Cardinal Gibbon's gracious preface says, "It is intended for the youngest children capable of learning the simplest lessons of our Lord's life."

GOOD WOMEN OF ERIN, by Alice Dease (Benziger Bros. 60 cents), is a collection of short stories founded on Irish legends of the days of St. Patrick and St. Brigid. They

are well-written little tales colored with the Irish reverence for the tenderness, strength and purity of womanhood.

UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP: THE HILLS THAT JESUS LOVED, by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J., published by the Apostleship of Prayer (801 West 181st Street, N. Y. City. 50 cents). All readers of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* turn eagerly to that portion of the periodical where appears "Under the Sanctuary Lamp: The Hills that Jesus Loved." A number of these touching chapters on our Lord's Life and Passion are gathered here in book form. They are beautifully illustrated, and will serve admirably as reflections for the Holy Hour.

HEROES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE, by Fannie E. Coe, published by Ginn & Co. (Boston and New York. 40 cents), is described as a reader for the upper grades, but the tales which it holds, should not be limited to the enjoyment of school-children. An older, wiser circle of readers would find profit and pleasure in them. Extracts are given from the works of such men as F. Hopkinson Smith, Gustave Kobbé, Jacob Riis, and others, who have written worth-while chronicles of men in the every-day walks of life.

LAMENNAIS. Introduction by Paul Agnius. (Tourcoing, France: J. Duivivier. 3 fr. 50). We have in this volume a selection of the best writings of Lamennais. With the well-written introduction of M. Agnius, in which there is a good biographical sketch of Lamennais, and a couple of indexes, this volume will prove of service to anybody anxious to see in the original how and about what the unhappy priest wrote. We may add that the volume has passed through the hands of a censor and has received an *Imprimatur*.

LA LOI D'EXIL, par Edmond Thiriet. (Paris: Pierre Téqui). *La Loi d'Exil* gives a touching and graphic picture of the personal results of the tyranny of the French Government to the religious orders. Isabelle de Valois and her noble father offer their lives in reparation for the crimes of their countrymen against religion. Isabelle joins the exiled Carmelites in England and her father seeks a home in a Trap-

pist monastery. The characters of Paul Maillet, the rabid politician and persecutor of the Church, and the General, Robert de Valois, are well drawn. The rapid sale of *La Loi a'Exil*, sufficiently indicates the demand for books on the present religious conditions in France.

L'ACTION CATHOLIQUE, par le R. P. Janvier. (Paris: P. Lethielleux). Anything from Père Janvier is always an intellectual as well as a spiritual treasure. Language with him is the polished instrument by whose use the exquisitely chiseled thought is embodied in its ultimate perfection. These discourses were delivered before various Eucharistic and other congresses, and are all upon subjects of vital interest to every Catholic. Where all is admirable, it is impossible to select any portion for special praise. The author's incisive logic of thought is as remarkable as his burning, impassioned eloquence which never fails to hold thousands spellbound.

LA DOCTRINE MORALE DE L'EVOLUTION, par Emile Bruneteau. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie). This present volume is a valuable addition to the *Bibliothèque Apologétique* and M. Bruneteau writes with a conviction and logic that cannot fail to reach the minds of his readers. He systematically refutes the sophisms of those who are known as the great evolutionists—Spencer, Guyon, Hæckel and others.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (27 Jan.): The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has returned, for the first time as a Cardinal, to his diocese. The public welcome and reception in the Cathedral was attended by the Lord Mayor of London and "many representative non-Catholics who had expressed a desire to be present on this great occasion."——Sir George Askwith has obtained a settlement of the strike among the cotton-weavers in the Manchester mills.——The appearance of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Newman* was greeted by the press as an event of unusual importance. "Column after column gave itself up to Cardinal Newman, even the leading column in Printing House Square."——"Twice within two months important deputations have waited upon and won the active sympathy of the Home Secretary on behalf of a strengthening of the law for the repression of pernicious literature." The second deputation consisted of editors, publishers and news agents, and was introduced by the Editor of the *Spectator*. Appeal was made for a greater clearness in the laws on the subject, thus enabling the police to seize and prosecute with more freedom and security.

(3 Feb.): "Priests and the Income Tax," by R. H. G. Marquis. The secular clergy have a just cause for complaint in the over-assessment of income tax. That portion of their income which is devoted to charity is not exempt from the tax. "The priest gives to the members of his flock, and what he gives he must pay taxes upon, because the Inland Revenue authorities do not recognize charity. This disallowance for charities in the case of any priest or minister of religion is absolutely unjust."——An official of the Sacred Congregation of Rites has given the following information concerning the use of existing editions of the *Breviary*: "For the present, and for a long time to come, the clergy may rest assured that the *Breviaries* they have will not be useless, and that they will remain perfectly serviceable if the new Psalter be added to them."——Lisbon is once more in a state of siege. The prisons are crowded

with thousands whose crime is their "suspected attachment to the monarchy and their known fidelity to the Catholic Faith." A committee of prominent British residents, formed to investigate the conditions of the thousands of prisoners awaiting trial, reported that: "The prisoners have to submit to the worst insults; they are not allowed to hear Mass on Sundays; there is no permanent medical attendance; and in each prison, a single infirmary has to suffice for all the prisoners and every kind of disease."

(10 Feb.): "The Portuguese Horrors" gives the full text of the report of the English Committee of inquiry into the condition of the political prisoners now waiting trial.—Lord Braye emphatically condemns a play—"The Miracle"—now being staged in London, as does Colonel Vaughan; while Sir Francis Fleming contributes a letter in its favor.—In a little more than a week the household of the Vatican has lost by death three chief officials.

The Month (Feb.): Rev. Sydney Smith reviews Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Newman*. A definite judgment is not expressed; but the author is praised for his thoroughness, his objectiveness and his caution in expressing an opinion regarding motives.—George Thomason's collection of tracts, pamphlets, broadsides, etc., begun in 1642 and continuing for eighteen years, has been catalogued by Dr. G. K. Fortescue. While in the main excellent, J. B. Williams thinks it too largely disregards Thomason's dates and notes.—Rev. Herbert Thurston writes on the magnificent production in mediæval form of "The Miracle"—the legend on which Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" (produced at the New Theatre, N. Y.) is based. He traces it back to the thirteenth century.

The National (Feb.): "Is Eton Up-to-Date?" The question is answered in the affirmative by "One Who Knows."—Work for the Navy War-Staff by "Navalis" outlines the war needs of Great Britain, and urges immediate action on the part of the War-Staff.—Earl Percy, in writing of "Russia's Rôle in a European War," says that "it is time England recognized the value of Russia, for without her support the future domination

of Europe by Germany is a foregone conclusion."——Copious examples are given in the article entitled "Kent and the Poets" by Bernard Holland to show that the county of Kent may properly be called the home of English poetry.——Aubrey F. G. Bell describes a "Winter Walk in Andalusia."——"One of the biggest fights ahead in 1912," writes the author of "Feminine *versus* Feminist," "is that of Anti-Suffrage *versus* Suffrage." The writer makes a strong plea in defense of anti-suffrage.——Arthur Page writing on the same subject says: "Surely the greatest national need to-day is not that women should be encouraged to develop upon masculine lines, but that men should be found more manly and women more womanly."——"The Unification of Italy," by Richard Bagot discusses the period through which Italy is now passing.

Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): "Religious Instruction in Girls' Schools," is the outline of a curriculum in "Divinity." It is suggested that a teacher of "Divinity" should have a definite faith.——"Richard Crashaw and Mary Collet," by E. Cruwys Sharland. A recent discovery of a letter ascribed to Richard Crashaw, is important, viewed in connection with the fresh light which it throws upon the intimacy that existed between Richard Crashaw and the Gidding household and the influence which their friendship must have had in the development of his character during twelve of the most impressionable years of his life.

Dublin Review (Jan.): Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson in his article "Phantasms of the Dead" affirms that personal knowledge firmly convinces him of the existence of such phantasms, especially where crime has been committed. Examining various plausible explanations for this, he concludes that the most satisfactory to him at present is: that an extraordinarily intense emotional storm involving two persons takes place, and that material objects of the room receive impressions which at times are given off to those of a receptive disposition.——"The Fortunes of Civilization," is a review of Prof. Flinders Petrie's "Revolutions of Civilization" by Canon William Barry. Archæological researches in Egypt in-

dicate that in "periods" of about 1350 years civilization would ascend, reach the "Golden Age," maintain this about half a century, then fall into gradual decay—the process to be repeated in each period. He comments on Professor Petrie's deduction that maximum wealth will eventually lead to downfall, saying that religious influence is overlooked by Professor Petrie and that, since decline is arrested to greater extent in the late periods, sound religion alone seems to preserve civilized order, arrest its decay and give it permanence. —Discussing the "Anti-Clerical Policy in Portugal" Father Camillo Torrend, S.J. analyzes the state of popular feeling against the present government due to its attempts to erase all religion and especially the Catholic, from Portugal. The inevitable result must be either a return to the Royalist government or the establishment of another Republic of a different kind.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Feb.): "Repetition of Extreme Unction and the Last Blessing," by Rev. T. Dunne, C.C. After examining legislation and authorities on the subject, the Reverend author, sets down the following conclusions as safe practice: 1st. The mere lapse of time, *vis.*, a month, does not in itself justify re-anointing in a long illness. Some inquiry should be made as to any change in the illness. If there is a *reasonable doubt* against recovery and a relapse has taken place, Extreme Unction may be administered after about a month. If it is *morally certain* that the patient has escaped the danger and relapsed, he may be re-anointed even after a shorter interval, *vis.*, a week. In neither case is there an obligation to do so. If there is no substantial change in the illness even after the lapse of a month or more, it is not lawful to re-anoint. —"Mr. Well's Scepticism," by C. Harrison. An examination and criticism of Mr. H. G. Well's first principles, in matters scientific and theological, as stated in his work, *First and Last Things*. —"The 'Catholicism' of St. Augustine," by Rev. W. B. O'Dowd. The author charges the editor of *A Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature* (London: John Murray, 1911), with having failed to carry out in the work, the unbiased and objective treatment

of debatable questions, that the Preface would lead one to expect. He takes exception particularly to the contribution on "St. Augustine."

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Jan.): A. Boudinhon writes of "The New Arrangement of the Psalter in the Roman Breviary."—E. B. Allo contributes "Some Words on 'Scientific Liberty' and the Study of the Beginning of Christianity."—G. G. Lapeyne chronicles "The Religious Movement in the German speaking Countries." He considers the Catholic Congress of Mainz, the Anti-modernist oath, also the growth of Pantheistic belief among the liberal Protestants.—"Literature in the Making," by E. Evrard, is concerned chiefly with the drama, in particular the late works of Bernstein, Maeterlinck, and others.—A. Bouyssonie writes "Apropos of the Philosophic Conditions of Evolution."

Études (5 Jan.): A selection from the second volume of Ferdinand Prat's "Theology of St. Paul." It deals with the pre-existence of Christ, the titles Lord and Son of God, the applying to Him of strict doxologies offered only to God, and the relation of the two natures.—Jean Rimaud praises the attempt of de Vogué to interpret Russian literature to the French. His style and critical powers are said to be of the highest order.—Charles Auzias-Turenne describes the work of The International Catholic Association for the Protection of Young Girls. In 1909 almost 300,000 were cared for and 34,000 assisted at railroad stations. The Association joins in neutral and mixed congresses where religion is not excluded and its own Catholic character is recognized. Thus far the faithful have not generally awoken to the importance of this preventive work.—Gabriel Huvelin expresses dissatisfaction at the ease with which Dr. A. Allgeier overthrows the hypothesis of double narratives in the book of Genesis.—The strained financial and dogmatic conditions of French Protestantism are described by Paul Dudon. Candidates for the ministry are becoming fewer; the synod of Montauban leaves the eligibility of women to the discretion of each church. The conviction of M. Jatho at Cologne last year has renewed the controversy as to

what authority in the Protestant Church can convict a pastor of heresy and depose him.

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): "To Joan of Arc," is a poem by George Rollin, commemorating the fifth centenary of her birth, January 6, 1912 ——"Berryer and Lammenais," by Augustus Boucher, presents the correspondence of Berryer with Lammenais, affording a character study of the former.—"A Great English Novelist," by M. De Teincey treats of the works of Robert Hugh Benson and his conversion to Catholicity.—"The Belgian Army," by General Maitrot describes the Belgian Army as it is, and what it is capable of becoming, if certain conditions are remedied.—"The Reform of the Grammar," by Noël Aymes describes the movement under way for simplifying the French Grammar.—"The Popular Song in Alsace," by J. F. Regamey describes the character of songs which appeal to the popular fancy, giving their text in full.

(25 Jan.): George Blondel writes on "The Reichstag Elections." "Many of those who are not Socialists," he says, "seem to prefer 'red' to 'black.'"—"The Triumph of Dickens" is a sympathetic appreciation by Henri Bremond. "His great charm was that he makes us laugh with, not at, his characters."—Édouard Chaupuisat publishes for the first time some letters that passed between Mme. Necker and Gibbon. They show how much in earnest Gibbon was in desiring to marry her.

Revue Benedictine (Jan.): Dom Morin gives an unpublished treatise of St. Pacian, Bishop of Barcelona. The document is entitled, "De Similitudine Carnis Peccati," and dates from the fourth century; it was used by the authors of the Adoptionist heresy, who attributed it to St. Jerome.—"A Greek Formulary of the Epiphany," by Dom P. de Puniet. This formulary is used in all the Oriental Churches on the Epiphany or on its vigil.—"The Auxiliary Bishops of Liège" is the title of a paper by Dom Berlière. It was not till the eighteenth century that auxiliary bishops, in the true sense, originated. However, as early as the tenth century, there were prelates exercising the functions of coadjutors, but it was usually a case of personal service, for a short time, to the regular diocesan bishop.

Revue Pratique D'Apologétique (15 Jan.): "The Old and the New Testaments," by H. Lesêtre. The article is a consideration of the two Testaments from three points of view: viz., dogma, moral and their spirit. The New Testament is a completion and perfection of the truths contained in the Old Law. As to the moral teaching of the Old Testament,—it always commanded the obedience, respect, worship and love of Jehovah. But it tolerated slavery, polygamy, divorce. Jesus Christ, condemned not only exaggerations of the doctors, but annulled certain concessions of the Old Law and led back morality to its primitive purity.—"Some Theology Upon the Passion of Our Savior," by J. Rivière. Three questions are considered: What were the sufferings of Christ? What was their purpose? What is the secret of their redemptive value?

(1 Feb.): "The Principle of the Neutral School," by Viqué, is a chapter of a volume, soon to appear, with the title: "Natural Rights and Christian Rights in Education." The neutral school is presented by the author as atheistic, because it is practically directed on the supposition that God does not exist.—"Apology for Christianity by the Law of Division of Moral Customs," by J. Ferchat. This article too, is an extract from a study (soon to be published) of the work of Henry Bordeaux. Bordeaux, in "Pèlerinages Littéraires," gives the life of M. Paul Bourget. Ferchat thinks Bordeaux inaccurate in his reference to Bourget's attitude to Christianity. A private letter is the basis of Ferchat's correction.—X. Moisan contrasts "Scholastic and Modern Psychology." While opposed to each other on several grounds, the opposition need not endure. There is hope of an ultimate union.

Biblische Zeitschrift (Feb.): "The Old Canaanitic Sanctuary in Gezer," by Dr. Evaristus Mader, discusses the results of the English Excavations in Gezer.—"The Divine Name Jehova in Cuneiform Inscriptions," by Dr. Landersdorfer, O.S.B. The writer says there can be no doubt that the Divine Name in question was used among the Semites long before the time of Moses.

Recent Events.

France. The recent crisis through which France has passed is one of the most remarkable of the many

which she has experienced. The last government in its negotiation with Germany was found not to have safeguarded the best interests of the nation, and in consequence the nation speedily visited it with condign punishment. M. Caillaux, the late Premier, while he was acting as Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of M. Monis had sent secret emissaries to Berlin and had even suggested the cession to Germany of a large piece of the French Congo. He had also mooted the question of admitting German stock to quotation on the Paris Bourse—a thing for which Germany has been longing for many years. These proceedings were unknown to most of the colleagues of M. Caillaux, both in the Cabinet of M. Monis, and in his own, and, of course, to the nation at large. He had assumed to himself the rights of a monarch, without either his powers or his duties. And yet when questioned on the subject before the Senate Committee, M. Caillaux gave his word of honor that there had been no secret negotiations. Convicted of falsehood, he could not but resign, although not without hesitation. But that France should have been placed in the hands of a man of this stamp, affords matter for serious reflection. The firm attitude of the nation as a whole was in marked contrast with the vacillation and weakness, and, it must be added, treachery of the ex-Premier; for he was controlled or influenced by certain financial interests. It is even said that in the scope of the secret negotiations carried on by the Prime Minister, was the conclusion of a general understanding with Germany, an understanding which would have involved as its price the acquiescence of France in the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and the break-up of the Triple Entente. M. Caillaux, although full of denials, did not dare to face the Assembly, and resigned in disgrace.

The new Cabinet that has been formed, with M. Raymond Poincaré as Prime Minister, is one of remarkable *strength*. With one exception all its members have held office before, and two have been Prime Ministers. They belong to every section of the Republican Party: the Prime Minister and an-

other are members of the Republican Union, which represents moderate Republicanism in the Senate: the Democratic Left, the Socialist-Radicals, and the Radical Left, are all represented, while there are three Independent Socialists. Whether the very strength of the Cabinet may not prove a source of weakness, time alone will prove. Its programme of measures includes, after the ratification of the Agreement with Germany and the Budget for 1912, the long-talked-of return to the *scrutin de liste* and the adoption of proportional representation; the measure for regulating the *status* of officials; and the personal income tax. The secular school (*l'école laïque*) is to be maintained and defended against the attacks that have been directed against it. At the same time liberty of conscience is to be maintained. This is understood to mean that no secular or religious proselytism will be allowed. The army and the navy are to be the object of attentive solicitude as they are the sacred (so it is said) bulwarks of the Republic and the country. The alliances and friendships already existing are to be faithfully maintained.

The first act of M. Briand, on his return to the Ministry of Justice, was to give a free pardon to the *Camelot du Roi*—who had been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for the assault upon M. Briand in November, 1910.

The organization of the new acquisition of France—for such it may be termed—has been taken in hand. A Commission has been formed to settle the details of the Protectorate over Morocco, which the Agreement with Germany renders feasible. Difficult negotiations, however, have to be conducted with Spain, which sees in the new Agreement the end of ambitions cherished for many years to secure to herself the reversion of the country. The secret Treaty between France and Spain, made in 1904, gives to the latter a larger zone and greater rights than was agreeable to many in France. But there seems now to be a general desire to deal fairly in the matter; and consequently there is every prospect of a satisfactory settlement of the question.

The first difficulty which confronted the new government was the action of Italy in seizing three ships for carrying what was alleged to be contraband of war. The Prime Minister, M. Poincaré, who is also Minister for Foreign Affairs, dealt with the matter in a way at once firm and conciliatory,

and consequently a question, which for a few days caused some anxiety, was satisfactorily settled. This settlement was reached through having recourse to the Hague Tribunal, and thus forms a new example of the usefulness of that Court. It also affords a proof that recent events—however disappointing they may have been—have not altogether put an end to the movement in favor of the settlement of disputes by arbitration. Now that the agreement with Germany has been ratified, although on the part of many with resignation rather than satisfaction, far less, if any, apprehension exists with reference to foreign relations. More attention therefore can be given to internal affairs. Among these the increase of crime holds a prominent place. Every rank seems to show signs of deterioration. The higher political circles, as shown in the recent underhand dealings of the chief minister, and in the making of secret treaties and the appending of secret articles to public treaties, have gone far to undermine confidence in those who are placed in power. A recent trial in which the wife of one of the nobles confessed that she had induced her son to shoot her husband and his own father, had supervised his training for the purpose, shows how far in these ranks the progress of evil has gone. While, if we go lower, so great a number of crimes has been committed that the mind of the public is becoming seriously alarmed. A special reference had to be made to this matter in the programme of the new ministry.

The chief reason for the change in the method of election which is to be one of the first works of the new Ministry, is the desire to find a remedy for the growing corruption of the members of the Assembly. Larger constituencies, it is hoped, will offer fewer opportunities for unworthy practices. On the other hand, less is heard of *sabotage* and the outrages which were recently so common. It is to be hoped that the promised bill to regulate the *status* of civil officials, will altogether prevent the occurrence of such outrages.

In January the elections took place for the Senate. This body is renewed by thirds, one election taking place in every three years. The outgoing Senators were 96 in number, and included 6 Conservatives, 23 Progressives, 13 Members of the Democratic Left, 20 Radicals, 32 Socialist-Radicals and 2 Socialists. No issues of first-rate importance were raised.

The appeal is not made directly to the people, but indirectly to the Departmental Electoral Colleges. The result showed no material change. The Conservatives returned, numbered 5; the Progressives, 23; Democrats, 20; Radicals and Socialist-Radicals, 48; and Socialists, 4. Among those re-elected, but with a reduced majority, was M. Combes. The Radicals lost 4 seats, and in a large number of places, the candidates of this party were defeated. Those who succeeded did so by virtue of the greater moderation of their views. If anything can be inferred from the results, it is a slight tendency to strengthen the moderate Republicanism which is characteristic of the Senate. The sanguine expectation of victory entertained by the Socialists was not fulfilled.

The General Election for the
Germany. Reichstag, which has just taken
place, is of course, the most im-

portant of recent occurrences in Germany, although as the government is not directly under the control of Parliament, its effect, while real, will be rather negative than positive; that is to say, the majority can prevent the proposal of the government from becoming law, but cannot make any laws to which the government is opposed, or even turn out the Ministry or any member of it. The most striking result of the election is the enormous increase in number of the Social Democrats. One in every three of the electors in the Empire belongs to that party, or at least, is willing to vote in support of it. The following table gives the strength of the numerous parties in the new Reichstag, the figures in brackets showing their respective strength at the date of dissolution:

Socialists	110	[53]
National Liberals	44	[51]
Radicals	46	[49]
Centre	93	[103]
Conservatives	43	[58]
Free Conservatives	13	[25]
Poles	19	[20]
Anti-Semites	14	[20]
Alsations, Guelphs, Danes and Independents	15	[17]

It will be seen that the Socialist Democrats have more than

doubled in number; that the Catholic Centre, which has up to the present been the largest single party, is now in the second place, and has lost ten seats; while the Conservatives have lost 27. What was called the Blue-Black *Bloc*, from which the government found support in the last Reichstag, is now almost exactly balanced by the parties of the Left.

Many causes are given for the amazing triumph of the Socialists. Perhaps the most influential was the fact that, when fresh taxation was imposed a few years ago, the Conservatives, aided and abetted to a certain extent by the Centre, defeated the proposal of the government to place a fair share of the burden upon the landed proprietors. This led to the imposition upon the working-classes of a burden that was unjust, even in the judgment of a Conservative Ministry. Keen resentment has been felt ever since, and the recent election has given an opportunity for its manifestation.

One good feature of the victory of the Social Democrats is the fact that as a body they are strongly in favor of peace. All the weight of their influence will be thrown on that side; and, even in Germany, a third of the electorate cannot be totally ignored by those in power.

Austria-Hungary.

The career of Count Aehrenthal has closed in the midst of an excited controversy and of strong opposition to his recent policy. Intense hostility exists in Austria to Italy, especially in the army. In these circles, for many years past Italy has been publicly designated as the enemy. Since the war in Tripoli began, earnest efforts have been made to bring on a war, on the pretext that Italy intended to attack Austria as soon as she had secured her possession of Tripoli. Count Aehrenthal, supported by the Emperor, set his face resolutely against this agitation, and thereby incurred the enmity of all who wished for war. It is somewhat strange that having begun his official career by taking a step which all but led to a European war, he should have ended it as a supporter of peace.

The successor of Count Aehrenthal at the Foreign Office, Count von Berchthold, is generally considered to be the man best fitted for the post. He has had a long diplomatic career, and is thought to have strong leanings to Russia. If this is

so, it may well happen that better relations between the two countries may be established. Whether this will be to the advantage of their neighbors there are some who will have grave doubts.

Italy.

After more than three months of warfare in Tripoli, the Italians find themselves in the occupation of a number of places upon the sea-coast; but not in the peaceful possession of any one of them. Behind the oasis of Tripoli, an advanced post, it is true, has been secured some fifteen or twenty miles inland; but this has not prevented the Turks and Arabs from making quite recently an attack upon Tripoli itself. There are at least 92,000 Italian soldiers, and yet they are for the most part on the defensive. With the smallest of means, cut off, too, from Turkey and the sea-coast, the 8,000 or so Turks with the allied Arabs have surprised the world by the activity which they have displayed and their success in resisting the Italian attack. They, too, in their turn have horrified the world by the barbarity of the treatment meted out to the Italian soldiers who fell into their hands. Mutilation is only a minor atrocity; for in some cases the prisoners have been crucified with the accompaniment of unmentionable barbarities. It is in this way that reprisals have been taken for the wholesale massacres of which the Italian troops in the beginning were guilty. The rest of the world has a right to express its condemnation of both—a right which Italians are precluded by their own bad conduct from exercising. What they did was by the order of the commanding officer, and he has not been removed. The common soldiers may, therefore, be acquitted of responsibility. This falls in its full weight upon the government.

How retrograde this government has proved itself, all the circumstances of this war have made clear. A large number of the leading jurists of the world have issued a public protest against the attack upon Tripoli, based upon purely juridical and legal grounds. In this protest the signers declare their conviction that the attack was inconsistent with national good faith, and calculated to throw discredit on treaties, and on the beneficent progress of arrangements for the peaceful settlement of disputes. Many Italians, as individuals, have distinguished themselves as supporters of this movement. It is

the present government that has counteracted these efforts. This protest is signed by men of great distinction belonging to nearly every country of Europe, as well as to our own country, Egypt, Canada, and Australia. They may be laughed at now, when, whatever may be said to the contrary, the worship of might is so strong, but in the long run the method they advocate will prove successful.

As the war has gone on the expenses have grown, and the \$12,000,000 a month which were thought at the beginning to be sufficient, when there were only 30,000 men in Tripoli, will not suffice for the 92,000 men that are there now. It would not be an unjust punishment if Italy, for moral delinquency, were to be landed in financial bankruptcy. A certain tension of mind seems to be indicated by the seizure of three French vessels by the Italian. In the first an aeroplane was seized on the ground, which proved to be quite unjustified, that it was going to be used by the Turks. In the second, twenty-nine members of the Turkish Red Crescent were taken from a French vessel, which had sailed from a French port and was on the way to another French port. For the third case, there was even less excuse, for the vessel was a coasting steamer sailing within French waters. Strong feelings of resentment were manifested throughout the length and breadth of France by all its various political parties, including even the Socialists. This is all the more remarkable, for of all the principal countries, France has been the one in which the conduct of Italy in declaring the war met with the least unfavorable criticism. But when her own honor, as was thought, was involved, no quarter was shown to the offender. There was, of course, no question of war, but so strong were the representations that were made that Italy gave up to France the twenty-nine prisoners, and consented to refer certain questions of international law to The Hague Tribunal for adjudication.

Turkey.

Italy's attempt to take possession of Tripoli, rendered it necessary for the Committee of Union and

Progress, the power of which had been waning, to put forth redoubled efforts to retain its influence. The usual effect of an external foe, is to bring about an alliance between contending factions at home. By this the Committee strove to profit,

and to a certain extent it has succeeded. The new Ministry is said to be more under its domination than was the one which has just fallen. A strong opposition has however developed. A new party has been formed, which aims at really effecting the reforms which were promised when the Constitutional *régime* was inaugurated—promises, which the government has hitherto so grossly violated. This party has taken to itself the name of Union and Liberty. While repudiating any project to grant autonomy to the various nationalities subject to the rule of the Ottomans, its action will be in the direction of decentralization. It proposes to give more extensive powers to the provincial councils. Instead of aiming at Ottomanizing the various races, in the way that the government has recently been attempting, the new party professes its readiness to guarantee to the non-Moslem communities all the privileges which they have enjoyed under Imperial irades, firmans and Bérats. Although still in a minority the new Party is large enough to have an influence upon the course of events, numbering as it does, some sixty members who are Turks, and having as allies the Greek members as well as most of the Albanians—the Armenians being doubtful.

The methods of governing adopted by the Committee of Union and Progress have led to the revival of all the evils which have for so many years made the Balkans a perennial centre of danger. The necessity of protecting themselves from massacre and robbery has led to the re-organization of the armed bands of Bulgarians. These bands live by brigendage, and perpetrate outrages almost as bad as those of the Turkish soldiers, and of the Moslem bands which have been in existence ever since the inauguration of the new *régime*. These bands have been guilty of the murder of large numbers of Greek and Bulgarian notables, and in no instance have the perpetrators of these crimes been brought to justice. The Young Turks, of set purpose, sent to destruction any person who might be fitted to be a leader of the Christian communities. Their fate was shared by some Moslems who were opposed to the Committee. In consequence, the state of insecurity in Macedonia is so great that in many parts the peasants fear to leave their homes, and seldom venture to visit the market towns except in caravans of 20 or 30 persons.

In Northern Albania, and in other parts of Albania, mur-

der and pillage are universal. Macedonia is in a state of anarchy, old inhabitants declaring that the existing conditions are without parallel, even in the worst days of the Hamidian régime. Yet the Powers, both those near-by and those at a distance, look calmly on, and do not make even a verbal protest. They are active enough to protect their merely material interests, or to seek an extension of territory; but the cry of the oppressed falls upon ears that are deaf. It may, however, well be that their hands will be forced. The whole of Macedonia, from the *Ægean* to the Adriatic, is ripe for rebellion. If the war with Italy is not brought to an end before the winter is over, it is not thought to be possible that an outbreak will be averted. In this event, no one can tell what will be the consequences. Italy has so far refrained from taking any action against the Turks in the Balkans, but the poor success of her attack upon Tripoli may lead her to assail Turkey in a more vulnerable part. This will not be agreeable either to Austria or to Russia. Hence every effort is being made to bring the war to a close by diplomacy; so far, however, little success has attended these efforts.

The first Parliament elected under the revived Constitution has been dissolved, and elections for a new Parliament are imminent. The premature dissolution was due to the desire of the Committee of Union and Progress to have the power to make the elections in the way so common upon the Continent among the Latin races. It is curious to note that the Senate was induced to consent to the dissolution in order to avoid the creation by the Sultan of a sufficient number of Senators, for the purpose of securing that consent—almost the youngest of the Upper Houses of Parliament being subjected to the same kind of coercion as that to which the British House of Lords has had to submit. Young Turks and British Radicals have shown themselves willing to adopt similar measures to secure their respective ends.

During the four years of its existence the Parliament, although it has by no means realized the hopes which were at first entertained, has done a certain amount of useful legislative work; it has manifested a desire to secure the economical administration of the finances. In a country where formerly no voice of criticism was tolerated, the representatives of the subject races have been allowed to ventilate their grievances,

although, indeed, to very little effect. The Committee of Union and Progress—the “irresponsible junta,” which has for the past three years controlled the destinies of the Ottoman Empire—has been able to frustrate every real improvement. But Rome was not built in one day, and, although pessimism in regard to the future is predominant, the hope that good will spring from the possession of even a small degree of liberty may still be cherished. In one respect, but that a sordid one, the Young Turks have done good work. The present condition of financial affairs is more promising than it was under Abdul Hamid. The interests of the bondholders have been safeguarded, and that is more important in the eyes of modern Europe than the interests of morality, religion, or humanity. Trade has slowly but surely developed, the Customs receipts have increased, the general resources of the Empire have been materially strengthened by improved administration. On the other hand, the amount spent upon the army in consequence of the attempts to suppress local privileges and the various uprisings that have followed upon these attempts, has greatly increased. In fact, more than one-third of the expenditure is for the army, while almost another third is devoted to the service of the debt. The war with Italy, so far, has cost very little. Still further reforms are necessary, such is the affirmation of financial experts, and upon those reforms, they say, depends the future of the Empire.

Persia. All efforts to save Mr. Shuster were unsuccessful; the opposition of Russia was too strong. As his

successor, it is proposed to appoint a Belgian who had been one of his most active opponents. This appointment, if made permanent, would be looked upon as a triumph of the elements that are opposed to real financial reform. It is said that M. Mornard received the support of the British Government as well as that of the Russian. This shows how difficult in politics as well as in morals is the pursuit of the right course. In some cases there seems nothing to do but choose the lesser of two evils. If Great Britain had simply in view the well-being of Persia, she would doubtless have given full support to Mr. Shuster. But the common action with Russia in Europe was felt to be more important, and the interests of Persia had to be sacrificed.

It is right, however, to say that Russia disclaims all purpose to annex Northern Persia. Her troops have not advanced to Teheran; nor do those of her troops in Persia number more than 8,000—too few to seize upon the country as a whole; too many, however, to be there at all, if the Persians are to be fully reassured. The accounts of the conduct of the Russian troops at Tabriz are said to have been much exaggerated. They acted in self-defense, and for the punishment of the treacherous conduct of a tribe.

Mr. Shuster has not abandoned the cause of Persia, although he has been forced to give up his office and to leave the country. He has addressed a large and influential meeting in London where there are many supporters of Persia's cause. A public opinion may be formed which will force upon the government a change of attitude.

The project of a railway to connect Russia and India through Persian territory, which was mooted some time ago, seems likely to be realized. The raising of the capital has been practically arranged. A Société d'Études is on the point of being formed to make a detailed survey for the line and to obtain from Persia the necessary concession.

China.

The United States have all at once ceased to be the largest Republic in the world. The oldest of absolutist monarchies, at the close of the 48th year of the 76th cycle of the Chinese era (each cycle comprising 60 years) has discovered that the republican is the best form of government. In order that the 400,000,000 of their subjects may be put into the possession of the best, with great self-sacrifice (although not without certain compensations), and after considerable hesitation (not altogether *proprio motu*), the Manchu dynasty has given in its abdication. Yuan Shih-kai has been made the first President with the duty of organizing a Republic on certain definite lines. The space at our disposal does not permit a satisfactory exposition either of what led up to this momentous change or of its precise character. But the fact that it is largely due to the influence of this country, in the universities of which so many Chinese have been educated made it necessary to make this very brief reference.

With Our Readers

“THE WEARIN’ O’ THE GREEN.”*

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON, JULY 30, 1900).

IRELAND was discovered by Mr. Alfred Austin in the spring of 1894 ; in the autumn of the following year he went back to verify his discovery. He found nothing to modify his first experiences and impressions and conclusions ; in this little work he proclaims *urbi et orbi*, from the summit of Parnassus (*orbis*, of course, means the British Empire, to the exclusion of all such “verminous nations,” as Dickens has it, as may exist elsewhere) that Ireland is beautiful, that the Irish are charming, and that the Poet laureate of England has said so. A great day for Ireland !

At the close of his book, Mr. Austin drops into verse ; and it conjures up before our imagination the beautiful spectacle of the Poet laureate, with his arm round Ireland’s waist, murmuring into her enamoured ear an imperialist Song of England. He writes with excellent intentions ; and he would doubtless be surprised to know that his pretty, sympathetic, prattling pages must seem to the majority of Irishmen but the last example of English literary condescension towards Ireland. It is an example, all unconsciously, of that English frame of mind which exasperates Ireland by its superior patronage. Mr. Austin’s predecessor, in “the wearing of the green” laurel, Edmund Spenser, wrote in his famous-infamous Irish treatise his frank conviction of Irish savagery ; to the Elizabethan Englishman the “wild Irish” were as “niggers.” And the tradition of Irish inherent inferiority has prevailed, and is, even where unfavored or repudiated, in force to-day.

“Kindness” to Ireland is indeed the present shibboleth both of Liberal and Conservative, but it is a kindness bred of pity, or fear, or weariness of importunity, rather than that courtesy of recognition which one country should accord to another. Ireland has a natural objection to the fire and sword, starvation and eviction and depopulation, by which the neighboring island has so often and so long expressed its sentiments towards her ; but the fashionable latter-day English smiles and pretty speeches and blarney are vastly irritating also. Boswell, in his *Corsican Journal*, relates a story of an Irish officer in the Neapolitan service :

It is with pleasure that I record an anecdote so much to the honor of a gentleman of that nation, on which illiberal reflections are too often thrown, by those of whom it little deserves them. Whatever may be the rough jokes

* Spring and Autumn in Ireland.” By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. (London : Blackwood, 3s. 6d.)

of wealthy insolence, or the envious sarcasms of needy jealousy, the Irish have ever been, and will continue to be, highly regarded upon the Continent.

Needless to say, we get from Mr. Austin neither "rough jokes" nor "envious sarcasms"; but his air of adventure, his ever latent, often patent, sense of having done something remarkable in unearthing really fine qualities in these strange "natives" and their country, will amuse or anger the Irish reader, according to his temperament. There are certain words written by an Englishman, a Tory of Tories, which the English visitor to Ireland would do well to bear in mind; they are the words of Cardinal Newman:

He does not at first recollect, as he ought to recollect, that he comes among the Irish people as the representative of persons, and actions, and catastrophes, which is not pleasant to any one to think about; that he is responsible for the deeds of his forefathers, and of his contemporary Parliaments and Executive; that he is one of a strong, unscrupulous, tyrannous race, standing upon the soil of the injured. He does not bear in mind that it is as easy to forget injuring as it is difficult to forget being injured. He does not admit, even in his imagination, the judgment and the sentence which the past history of Erin sternly pronounces upon him. He has to be recalled to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart, and indulge his honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them.

Mr. Austin has glimpses of the truth in Newman's stern words; but light, airy, vague glimpses. "Really, you know, we English must not judge these queer people by ourselves. For one thing, they have not had our advantages; and then, we have not always treated them very well. Let us take them under our wing, and be a motherly elder sister to them, and give them a few sweetmeats, and all will go right." These are not Mr. Austin's words, but they express his feelings. And in one delightful sentence, he surpasses himself:

Irish ideas are not always the same as English ideas. But in so far as they do not conflict with the moral law, or with the fundamental Constitution of the Realm, they surely are deserving of consideration—in Ireland.

Every word of this is priceless; the "moral law," the kindly pleading "surely," the culminating "— in Ireland." Could an Irishman upon the scaffold help laughing? Does not this go far to justify the foreign critic of John Bull and his endearing ways? Not all Mr. Austin's happiest pages, and they are many, upon the natural beauty of Ireland and the various charm of Irish character, can make that anything but a ludicrous and appalling new revelation to Irishmen, of the English temperament upon its least admirable side. And, obviously, the worst of it is that the writer so evidently wrote with a kind intention. We are reminded of a passage

in Mr. Stevenson's *Wrecker*. An Englishman mistakes an American for an Englishman. Upon learning his mistake,

He seemed the least bit taken aback, but recovered himself; and with the ready tact of his betters paid me the usual British compliment on the riposte. "You don't say so," he exclaimed; "well, I give you my word of honor I'd never have guessed it. Nobody could tell it on you," said he, as though it were some form of liquor. I thanked him, as I always do, at this particular stage, with his compatriots; not so much, perhaps, for the compliment to myself and my poor country, as for the revelation (which is ever fresh to me) of Britannic self-sufficiency and taste.

But at least Mr. Austin's praises of Irish scenery, are unstinted and cordial. His prose and his verse are alike at their best when he treats of nature, and though he modestly declares that "to portray scenery by language is not possible," he here goes some way towards disproving his declaration. Here is part of his tribute to Killarney, which Shelley ranked with Como:

The tender grace of wood and water is set in a framework of hills, now stern, now ineffably gentle, now dimpling with smiles, now frowning and rugged with impending storm, now muffled and mysterious with mist, only to gaze out at you again with clear and candid sunshine. Here the trout leaps, there the eagle soars, and there beyond, the wild deer dash through the arbutus coverts, through which they had come to the margin of the lake to drink, and scared by your footstep or your oar, are away back to crossiered bracken or heather-covered moor-land. But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney, is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of gaudeur and a look of awe only in order to heighten, by passing contrast, the sense of soft insinuating loveliness. How the missel-thrushes sing, as well they may! How the streams and runnels gurgle and leap and laugh! For the sound of journeying water is never out of your ears, the feeling of the moist, the fresh, the vernal, never out of your heart.

Ah, Mr. Austin! that is worth a thousand insinuations about the liability of "Irish ideas" to flout "the moral law!" Did not Sir John Davies, Attorney-General of Ireland to the Scottish Solomon, conclude his memorable "Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely Subdued, nor brought under Obedience of the Crowne of England untill the Beginning of His Maesties happie Raigne," in these words?

There is no Nation of people under the sunne, that doth love equal and indifferent Justice better than the Irish; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it bee against themselves; so as they may have the benefit and protection of the Law, when uppon just cause they may desire it. *Finis*.

Mr. Austin would have given us a better book, if he had alto-

gether merged the partisan politician in the nature-loving poet, and dwelled wholly upon the one fact about the "distressful country," which no one denies, that she is beautiful. Like Filicaja's Italy, Ireland has the *dono infelice di bellezza*, and therefore she has also had the *funesta dote d'infiniti guai*. It is something, that the Poet laureate of England acknowledges the *bellezza* in terms so felicitous and enthusiastic. The "brave and gifted Irish people," to whom he "tenders" his volume, will accept with pleasure a goodly part of it.

OUR readers will learn with regret of the sudden death, at Pouch Cove, Newfoundland, on January 27, of the Rev. Edward F. Curran. Father Curran was a contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. His able study of the work of Joseph Conrad met with the highest praise from those best able to judge. His versatility and critical acumen were plainly shown by the book reviews which he contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Many of the pages of that department for the last three years were from his pen.

Father Curran was educated at St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Newfoundland; Holy Cross College, Dublin, and at the Canadian College in Rome. He was a man who never lost his first zeal, and who always remembered that success should never mean any lowering of the standard of perfect work. Christian cheerfulness characterized him. A rare humility aided and guided him. Death cut short a career that would have contributed much, not only to the welfare of the souls among whom he labored directly, but also to the welfare of the Church throughout the English-speaking world.

In zeal for the Catholic faith, for the apostolate of the Catholic press, for the spread of healthy, upright, literary standards, Father Curran was indefatigable. A faithful, tireless worker; a writer of manifold gifts; a sincere friend and a willing co-operator—he has left to us the inspiration of his example and the memory of a friendship that will endure. We would ask our readers, who have so often been indebted to him, to pray for his soul that he may be at rest with God.

WE have frequently spoken of the encouraging manner in which the Catholic University at Washington is extending its work and influence. The recent letter sent by Pius X. to Cardinal Gibbons is an additional proof that it is reaching that place which Our Holy Father desires it to occupy. The letter says in part:

"By no means surprising or unexpected is the steady and vigorous growth of the Catholic University which, located at Washington, the capital city of the American Republic, built up by the offerings of the Catholic people, and invested by the Apostolic See

with full academic authority, is now become the fruitful parent of knowledge in all the sciences both human and divine.

We have, therefore, good reason to congratulate, first of all, you, Beloved Son, to whose solicitous and provident care We ascribe the prosperous condition of the University, then also the other Bishops of the United States who so ably assist you in the administration of the University, and finally the Rector and Professors whose teaching and devotion to their work have produced such splendid results.

But, as you yourself acknowledge, the University is still hampered and its full development retarded through lack of resources. Hence the necessity of appealing to the loyal generosity of the faithful, of which you have already received striking proof and which you would again call to the aid of this highly useful institution during a further period of ten years.

We take this occasion to renew the exhortation given by Our Predecessor of happy memory, Leo XIII., who, in writing to you on June 12, 1901, urged the Bishops of North America to send to the University from each diocese some specially chosen clerical students whose ability and eagerness for learning would give more than ordinary promise of success in their studies. We are quite certain, Beloved Son, that the Bishops will readily comply with Our express wish in this matter from which each diocese will derive beyond doubt the greatest benefit.

In this connection also, We bestow deserved praise upon the superiors of the Religious Orders whose houses of study are established at the University, forming as it were a circle of devoted children around their cherished mother. We regard these Colleges with special favor and we exhort the Superiors of other religious orders, while preserving intact their regular discipline, to establish similar institutes.

It was furthermore a pleasure to learn from you that the Bishops who are directors of the University had, with prudent foresight, devised a plan whereby the teaching Sisters also, without in any way slackening the observance of their religious rules, might more easily enjoy the advantages of university study and thus attain greater efficiency in their work of educating girls.

What We have thus far set forth makes it plain that We are fully determined on developing the Catholic University. For We clearly understand how much a Catholic university of high repute and influence can do towards spreading and upholding Catholic doctrine and furthering the cause of civilization. To prevent it, therefore, and to quicken its growth, is, in our judgment, equivalent to rendering the most valuable service to religion and to country alike."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Paperinas. By Evelyn Mary Buckenham. 85 cents. *Through the Desert*. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. \$1.35 net. *The Little Apostle on Crutches*. By Henriette Eugénie Delamare. 45 cents net. *St. Patrick*. By Abbé Rignuet. 75 cents. *With Christ, My Friend*. By Rev. Patrick J. Sloan. 75 cents net. *Spiritual Perfection Through Charity*. By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. \$1.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Other Sheep I Have. By Theodore Christian. \$2 net.

P. J. KENEDY'S SONS, New York:

Jesus, All Holy. By Alexander Gallerani, S.J. Translated from the Italian by F. Loughnan. 50 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Eve of Catholic Emancipation. By Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard Ward, F.R. Hist. S. Vols. I. and II. \$6 net. *The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*. By Wilfrid Ward. Vols. I. and II. \$9 net.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Tudor Shakespeare. Edited by William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. 85 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Lenten Sermons. From the German of Rev. B. Sauter. By Rev. J. F. Timmins. 25 cents net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

The Forged Coupon. By Leo Tolstoy. \$1.25 net. *Hadyi Murad*. By Leo Tolstoy. \$1.20 net.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Waiting for God. By Right Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. 25 cents net.

THE RUMFORD PRESS, Concord, N. H.:

Poems. By Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. \$1.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston:

A Little Pilgrimage in Italy. By Olave M. Potter. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. \$4 net. *Nietzsche*. By Paul Elmer More. \$1 net.

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Cleveland:

American Colonial Government, 1696-1765. By Oliver Morton Dickerson, Ph.D. \$4 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:

In Desert and Wilderness. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Max A. Dresmal. \$1.25 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

The Life of Cardinal Vaughan. By J. G. Snead-Cox. Vols I. and II. \$3.50. *Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me*. By a Religious. 15 cents. *The Duty of Happiness*. By Rev. J. M. Lelen. With a Foreword by Rev. Francis Finn, S.J. 15 cents. *Sacred Dramas*. By Augusta Theodosia Drahe. 90 cents.

HERBERT & DANIEL, London:

Cross-in-Hand Farm. By Viola Meynell. 6s. *The Porch of Paradise*. Poems by Anna Bunston. 3s. 6d. net. *The Wild Orchard Poems*, by Elinor Sweetman. 3s. 6d. net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, London:

Tasso and Eleonora. A Drama with Historical Note. By Gertrude Leigh. 5s.

P. LETHELLIEUX, Paris:

Les Semeurs de Vent. Par Francisque Parn.

A. TRALIN, Paris:

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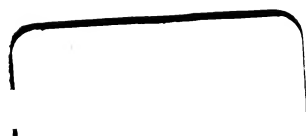
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